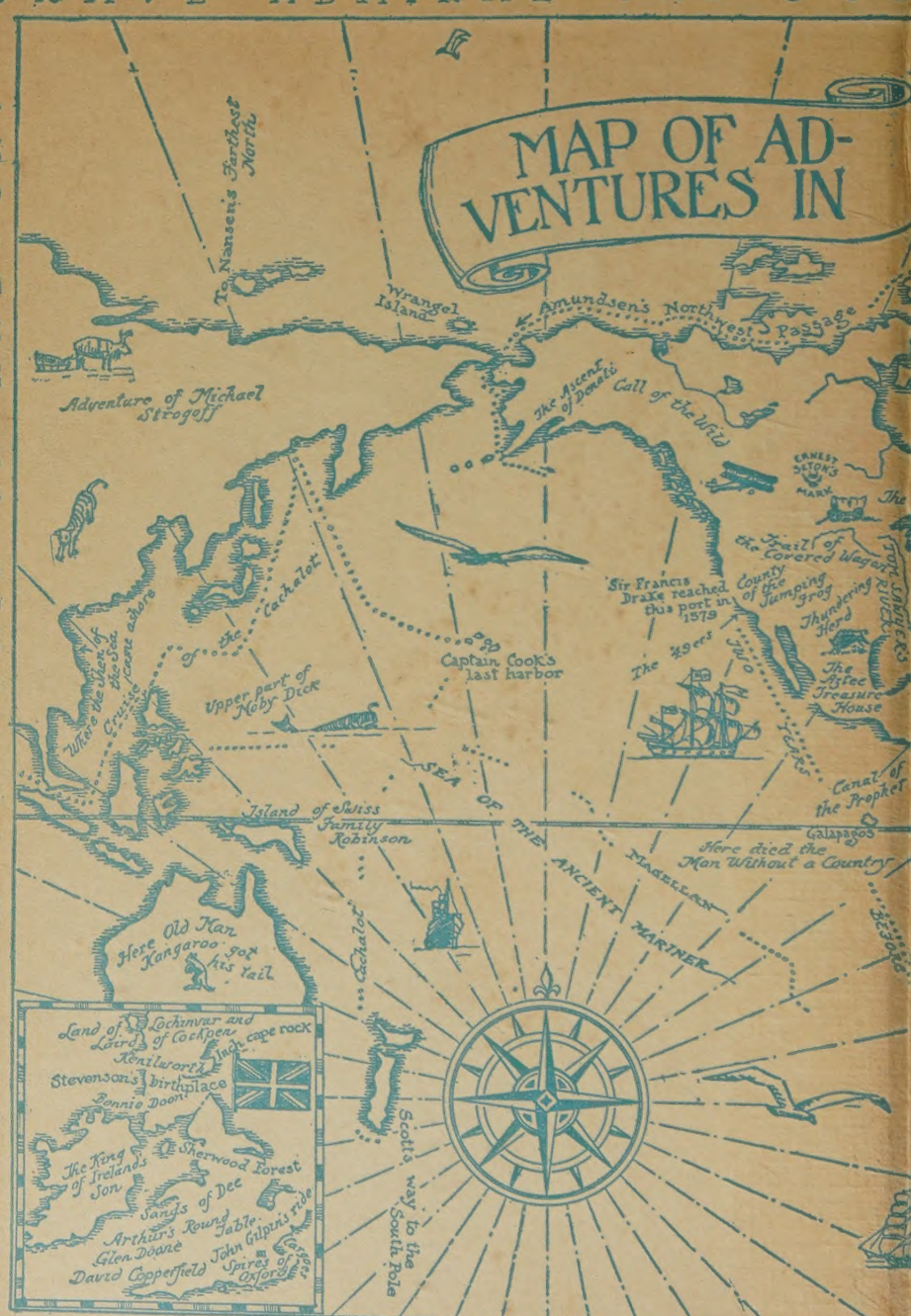


Adventures in Literature



MAP OF AD-
VENTURES IN



Bew Servers

Amundsen's Night
May 1925



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Adventures in Literature

Edited by

JACOB M. ROSS, PH.D.

Frederick Douglass Junior High School

New York

Book Seven



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OH for a Booke and shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out,
With the greene leaves whisp'ring overhede,
Or the Streete cryes all about.
Where I maie Reade all at my ease,
Both of the Newe and Olde,
For a jollie goode Booke, whereon to looke,
Is better to me than Golde.

— OLD ENGLISH SONG

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PREFACE TO THE TEACHER

It is the belief of the editor of this series that the teacher of English in the intermediate or the junior high school may choose as his objective the establishment of liberal, judicious, and enthusiastic reading habits in his students. The essential exploratory opportunity that a true junior high school must offer will result, then, in leading the student by varied and liberal reading to some areas of special interest, to some enthusiasms for friends among books that will give a healthy general direction to his later reading. The editor outlines below the principles upon which the selections were chosen, the material organized, and the study suggestions prepared.

1. Literature should give a view of life, not departmentalized and didactic, but clarified and made significant by the insight and expression of a great writer. It should give the enjoyment and form the taste which will mold reading habits in later life. The editor has taken special pains to include only what, in his opinion, has literary excellence. At the same time he has tried to choose material which will make a direct appeal to the attention and interest of the pupil. These motives have determined the balance between classic selections and fresh, modern material and have caused the inclusion of much humorous matter. The editor has tried to avoid in the organization, study material, and selections anything with a tinge of preaching or civic propaganda, loosely constructed anecdotes whose only virtue is a moral, and stories and poems so elementary as to be careless of all form and style.

2. The series is based on the fundamental assumption that reading in the junior high school or in the seventh and eighth grades of the intermediate school should be extensive and not analytical. This accords with recent recommendations for courses of study such as those proposed by *The Twenty-Fourth Yearbook* of the National Society for the Study of Education and the *Fifth Yearbook* of the Department of Superintendence. This explains why

so much material has been included, its varied nature, and the many suggestions for extended reading. The organization of the selections around types of literature is primarily for the convenience of the teacher and not for the study of their artistic values as representatives of literary types. It is also based, however, on the belief that various forms of literary experience should be consciously presented to the junior high school pupil. If he is left unguided in his reading, the junior high school pupil usually prefers one type of literature, the tale of adventure. It is the aim of this series so to arrange and select the material that he will acquire broader interests.

3. With few exceptions, pieces which could not be included in their entirety have not been included at all. Those exceptions are the unit selections, complete in themselves, from longer stories, the chapters from recent biographies, and excerpts from famous speeches.

4. The editor is heartily in accord with the recommendations of the *Twenty-Fourth Yearbook*, which suggests that "teachers of literature are peculiarly responsible for stimulating keen interest in recreational reading, for refining reading interests and tastes, for training pupils in the sources and values of different types of reading material, and for developing appropriate standards for use in selecting materials to read" (page 72). Teachers will find that this recommendation is fully carried out not only by the selections themselves but also by the reading lists, study material, and other editorial matter.

5. The editor is convinced that there is no one and only "best" approach to literature. How the content of the course is organized must depend primarily on the type of children, the locality, the training and temperament of the teacher, and, to some extent, the local course of study. It is not within the scope of a text-book to lay down a rigid procedure. What the editor has tried to do is to present material of high literary excellence, organized so that it may be easily adapted to any method of presentation. It seemed that an organization by types of literature was best for that purpose.

6. The best classroom work is that which arises spontaneously

in the give and take between teacher and pupils. Therefore, study material in ADVENTURES IN LITERATURE is aimed to motivate the reading and to prepare the students for a lively discussion in class. For instance, appearing here for the first time in any literature text are the "mastery tests" intended *not* as formal class exercises, but for the profit and amusement of the pupil — as a check by which he may discover for himself how well he has comprehended the selection *before coming to class*. They will also prove effective in saving the teacher's time in the classroom by securing better preparation on the pupil's part.

7. Since a special effort has been made to have ADVENTURES IN LITERATURE interest the pupil, it consists mainly of literature, with as little fine print in the form of study suggestions and teaching devices as possible. Too much of this material right along with a selection often tempts the teacher to rely on it to a harmful extent, or it may lead him to teach a selection too analytically. Both procedures will defeat the whole idea of wide and extended reading. The editor is firm in his belief that the literature period and literature books must be devoted, in the main, to literature and not to stunts about literature.

HOW TO USE THE BOOK

In its careful selection of content and in its suggestions for further reading in school, at home, and in the library, this book furnishes sufficient content for a year's course in literature. A wide range of content is supplied in order to meet the varying abilities of different classes and individual types of children.

Before starting the use of this volume the teacher should notice the following distinctive features:

1. A carefully graded selection of content suited to the tastes, interests, and abilities of junior high school pupils.
2. A variety and range of content in keeping with the exploratory nature of the reading suggested for junior high schools, covering modern as well as classic literature.
3. Provision for varying abilities and individual differences.
 - (a) The full and rich content makes possible a choice of selec-

tion that is easy, or one that is more difficult, to present to a class.

- (b) The study topics and questions furnish suggestions for pupils of varying abilities.
- 4. Pupil guides to appreciation of the selections.
 - (a) The introduction to each selection motivates the reading.
 - (b) Suggestions at the end of the selection lead pupils to interpret what they have read.
- 5. Guidance in the reading of good books and magazines outside the class room. The most interesting and suitable books for boys and girls based on the latest investigations of children's interests are listed at the end of each section of this volume in order to stimulate and develop the habit of reading good literature.

Other aids to the teacher in this series are equally definite and distinctive. The editor has aimed to avoid the over-annotation which results from regarding literature as a subject for the dissecting-room.

To use the book properly, the teacher, as well as the pupil, must think of it not as a text containing tasks to be assigned, but rather as a storehouse of interesting literature, an incentive to joyous reading and to the development of good taste.

FOREWORD TO THE TEACHER

LITERATURE IN THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Today's interpretation of the aims of literature study in the Junior High School demands not only a reorganization of subject matter but a change in the method of teaching. The past placed the emphasis on information and rhetorical analysis. The teacher of today considers literature as the reader's opportunity for the enrichment of experience and the enjoyment of leisure. Literary works are to be approached as human documents rather than as materials for dissection.

The literature period has assumed something of the character of a literary club meeting at which members refine and correct the impressions gained from their own reading. The pupils now do more reading and thinking, and less analyzing and explaining. In short, the newer method of teaching literature trains the future citizen in the use of books, and in the enjoyment of them through actual use.

It is hoped that a definite conception of what the teaching of literature should accomplish and a summary of the best current methods of teaching the subject, as well as the definite organization and selection of material in this book will provide a basis for the better teaching of literature in the Junior High School.

METHODS OF TEACHING

The New York City syllabus contains the following suggestions:

1. The successful teaching of literature depends largely upon the atmosphere and spirit of the classroom. The situation should be pleasant, comfortable, and informal, with the entire class a unit in interest and desire to contribute to the class discussion.
2. In presenting a selected text, discussion should be guided so that emphasis is placed on essential ideas rather than on details. A few skilful questions will guide the pupil so that he will get the greatest good from

his reading. These questions should be given when the assignment of home study is made.

3. It is a temptation to teach a literary selection too thoroughly, and thereby defeat the whole purpose of the study: comprehension of the essential idea and enjoyment of the reading. No study of a classic should drag on tediously until the pupils' interest is dulled.

In the *Twenty-Fourth Year Book* of the National Society for the Study of Education we find:

1. Real literature is most appreciated when it is approached in a recreational mood of curiosity and not in the way of study and work.
2. Provision should be made for the wide reading of wholesome books, rather than for the intensive study of a limited amount of material.

Since "appreciation is caught, not taught," it is essential that the teacher have a true appreciation of the nature and spirit of each selection presented to children.

The analytical treatment of all literary masterpieces, with an exhaustive study of notes, allusions, figures of speech, meanings of words, must give way to a more intelligent handling, based primarily on comprehension and enjoyment.

The teacher of literature should avoid vagueness both in the assignment of the lessons and in the conduct of the recitation. As a remedy for this evil it has been suggested that the teacher, before presenting each piece of literature, should ask himself such questions as these:

1. What is the value of this selection for the class and how must I try to bring this out?
2. What knowledge or experience of life has the author assumed on the part of his readers which these pupils lack and which is a necessary condition of intelligent appreciation?
3. What was the intent of the author? What emotion did he wish to arouse in the reader's mind?
4. How much of the intent of the author shall I try to communicate to the class?

In the interests of better pedagogy, the teacher should distinguish between the various types of literature and the different methods to be followed in their presentation. The following suggestions indicate some of the methods to be pursued:

I. TEACHING POETRY

Poetry is primarily intended to be read aloud, just as music is intended to be played or sung. This is the only way in which the full beauty of the rhythm can impress children. Teachers should read aloud in a pleasing voice so that the reading will be an effective interpretation of the author's meaning. Professor Corson was right when he said that only through the human voice can the spiritual truths of poetry be communicated to others.

In presenting a poem, teachers should not explain too much. Many a beautiful poem has been destroyed by detailed interpretation and superfluous explanation.

A. Narrative Poetry. In teaching narrative poetry, especially the ballad, the setting should be clearly suggested, the characters should be clearly traced, and the story should be brought out. Many of our ballads are so dramatic that it is easy to stir the young reader with them.

In the teaching of long poems like "The Courtship of Miles Standish" or "Horatius at the Bridge," an accurate knowledge of setting and characters is necessary. The teacher must exert all his skill in making the poem drive home its lessons of bravery, kindness, devotion.

B. Lyric Poetry. With very little technical discussion, the teacher can show the many devices whereby the lyric poet produces his wonderful effects. Since figures of speech make for beauty of language, the simple figures used should be discussed. Rhythm and rhyme should be stressed. The effects of alliteration are especially worthy of note in short lyrics. The child must understand what the poet means; his heart must be stirred by expressive reading so that he feels the emotion of the poet. Lastly, the child's mind must be stored with many beautiful lines from the lyrics of our language. The aim should be to awaken appreciation, and the teacher must help with the contagion of his own pleasure and the inspiration resulting from his own sympathetic reading.

II. TEACHING PROSE

A. *Fiction.*

1. The Short Story. — Stories are written primarily to entertain. The first thing to do with a story is to read it through. If a pupil finds a story interesting, the rest of the teaching process is easy. Several stories should be discussed in class in order that their types may be understood and appreciated. The pupil should keep in mind the chief characteristics of a good short story: a definite plot; character portrayal; and beauty of language.

2. Novel and Story of Adventure. — Discrimination should be made between the rapidly moving tale of adventure, like *The Call of the Wild*, that keeps one up half the night, and the novel of plot, character, and atmosphere, meant for slower reading. In the first year of the Junior High School the full-fledged novel is not discussed. It is not until the third year that it demands the attention of teacher and pupil. Pupils should be taught to read tales and novels in the way adults actually read them; that is, chiefly for the interest of the plot and the outcome. The reading of simple novels in class should increase the pupil's desire to read the better kind of novels independently.

The New York syllabus states that after reading a novel or tale of adventure, a student should have a distinct impression regarding the chief qualities of good fiction: a knowledge of the time and place in which the story is set; an understanding of the story of the novel; familiarity with the outstanding characters.

B. *Biography and Autobiography and Letters.* The teacher who follows literature must be impressed with the increasing importance of biography in American letters. Biography has often been among our "best sellers." The teacher should aim to cultivate in the average student a taste for reading other matter besides fiction.

Let the teacher consider why any boy or girl should read biography. In the first place, biography gives us a sense of reality. Secondly, there is nothing so interesting to people as other people. Biography is an easy approach to history. Biography tries to explain a great person, to let the reader know how he impressed those who knew him. Biography or autobiography is an attempt

to lead the reader into the company of " the intrinsically rich and powerful " and to let him dwell for a while with them.

In late years the letter has come to be looked upon as an important literary form. It often happens that great men and women express themselves so attractively in the letters they write that readers enjoy them as much as books.

The letter is personal in its nature and is in every way one of the truest expressions of the writer's personality. The letter is a distinct literary form with virtues of its own. A pupil should realize that the characteristics of good letters are simplicity, sincerity, sympathy, wit, cheerfulness, and grace of expression.

C. *The Essay*. To most Junior High School boys and girls, the essay is unfamiliar. Since in the essay the story element is lacking, the teacher should see that the introduction is made interesting. The pupil's interest and his enjoyment are of prime importance at first. In acquainting the pupil with this sort of literature, it is well to begin with the simplest essays.

The style of the informal essay is easy, conversational, rambling, follows the whim of the writer and suggests his personality. The informal essay must not be analyzed minutely; it must be enjoyed in the reading. An essay should be read, first, rapidly, to get the thought and the author's purpose; and again, to get the manner of treatment and to dwell on the beauties of language. The best parts of an essay will bear reading aloud.

Since much of essay writing centers around common, everyday experiences, pupils should recognize that they have much in common with the men whose essays they are enjoying. They should read contemporary essays as suggested in this book.

D. *Oratory*. A treatment similar to the essay should be given the public speeches chosen for the reading of pupils in the Junior High School. The pupils should be led to see that an effective speech is simple in structure, earnest and sincere in spirit, true in its statements, forceful and yet elegant in its language, and responsive to the significance of the occasion which called it forth. Boys and girls will readily note that the language of oratory is more emotional than ordinary prose, that all great orations are full of poetic prose. Teachers should make their pupils realize that speeches were first spoken and afterwards published. As

with the essay and the poem, parts of a speech should be read aloud by the teacher and pupils, and striking paragraphs should be memorized.

A study of oratory may be motivated effectively by proving it of great value to the boys and girls. The practice of making short speeches and addresses will help them to acquire a poise which will prove a valuable social and business asset.

III. PLAYS

The study of plays is included in the English course for Junior High Schools for the purpose of interesting young people in good plays, adding to their knowledge of literary varieties of reading, and giving them an added interest in the printed play and in the theater. Pupils may well feel that they are reading a kind of literature which is part of the everyday life of today.

The ultimate aim of the teacher is to build up an audience that will increase the readers of good plays and the supporters of good plays at the theaters.

In reading a play, the pupils must first have the narrative core clearly in mind. After that may come an appreciation of the characters, a discussion of the plot and setting, pondering of fine lines and underlying philosophy.

The play is the thing. The word "drama" comes from a Greek word meaning "to act." The reading of the play, classroom presentation of scenes, and the production of good parts in the school assembly will help vitalize the teaching. Young people need not study the technique of the drama, but they can understand division into acts.

HOME READING

There is too often a gulf between the literature read in school and the books read voluntarily at home or outside of school. The teacher should try to bridge this gulf by introducing into the classroom such books as children will be tempted to continue reading by themselves. By a vivid introduction to these books and a graphic presentation of portions of them, the teacher can awaken

in the children a desire to continue reading by themselves. Such outside reading should be plentifully provided.

With this aim in view, this volume presents lists of books suited to the interests and varying capabilities of the pupils. The teacher should encourage and guide children in the use of these lists.

The right method for encouraging outside reading is to start pupils with books which they themselves like to read and to lead them gradually on to the consideration of more worthy writings. The teacher should learn to build on the tastes and prejudices of his pupils. The work should not be too formal. The teacher can make provision in the literature period for questioning the pupils so that he may in a natural way ascertain their progress. He might ask for simple book talks or book reports, including the reading of excerpts likely to interest others and to encourage them to read the book. Pupils should realize that their outside reading is primarily for pleasure and profit, and not a preliminary to an examination. The ideal way of encouraging home reading is oral discussion between teacher and pupil, but since time does not permit of this, other devices for encouraging and testing home reading must be resorted to. Long written reports should never be required.

Teachers will find many suggestions in the following lists of books for home reading available for reference purposes:

American History in Fiction. New England School Library Association, 1921.

Books for Boys and Girls. Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston.

Books Girls Like. Brooklyn Public Library.

Books for Home Reading. High School and Junior High School National Council of Teachers of English, 1923.

Books for Summer Reading. Horace Mann School for Boys, 1920.

Books to Grow On. Buffalo Public Library, 1923.

Boston Reading Lists. School Document No. 11, 1924.

Children's Reading, by Terman and Lima. Appleton, 1926.

Drama. Brown University.

Hartford Reading Lists. Holt, 1922.

One Thousand of the Best Novels. Free Public Library, Newark, 1920.

Out-of-Door Books. Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston, 1918.

Poetry for Young People. New England School Library Association, 1921.

Stories of the Sea. New York Public Library, 1914.

Viewpoints in Biography. American Library Association, Chicago, 1921.

Viewpoints in Essays. American Library Association, 1923.

Viewpoints in Travel. American Library Association, 1919.

What Shall We Read Now? by H. W. Wilson. Pratt Institute, Free Library.

What to Read, by Lucy S. Curtiss and Frances H. Bickford. Holt, 1923.

Winnetka Graded Book List, by Washburne and Vogel. American Library Association, 1926.

TESTS

Various groups of pupils will betray to the sensitive teacher their own peculiar needs. To strengthen them where they are weak, he will develop tests along such lines as these, in connection with the different divisions of this book:

1. *Completion Test Questions.*

Write the words which correctly fill the blank in the sentence:

Rip's sole domestic adherent was —.

2. *Multiple Choice Test.*

Select the word or expression which makes a true statement.

"The Man Without a Country" is a (humorous, sad, patriotic) story.

3. *True-False Test.*

Some of the following statements are true; some are false.

Write "true" or "false" next to each statement.

Rip's long absence was due to his fear of his wife.

4. *Vocabulary Test.*

Choose a word which means the same as one already in the sentence:

The sun was setting upon a rich grassy dale. (hill, valley, farm)

5. *Recognition Test.*

Name the poem from which the lines are taken, and the author.

Into the jaws of death
Rode the six hundred!

6. *Recognition Test.*

Name the person described or the speaker of the lines.

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

In conclusion, modern method requires a willingness on the part of the teacher to humanize literature, to raise the teaching of it above a study of mechanical details, and to make it a recreative as well as an educative force in the lives of all boys and girls. To do this, the teacher should have a rich background. He should have a clear idea of each selection he teaches and familiarity with its fine lines. These things come through careful and loving study of a masterpiece. What a privilege it can be to teach a great piece of literature to a group of children who meet it for the first time!

SCHEDULE OF READINGS

This schedule presents two groups, each divided into first and second half-year readings. Group I suggests the reading course for the year with a normal progress class. Group II calls for more rapid reading that can be done by the brighter classes. The teacher may substitute other selections from this volume.

FIRST HALF YEAR

STORIES

Group I

1. *Rip Van Winkle*
2. *The Man Without a Country*

Group II

1. *Rip Van Winkle*
2. *Wee Willie Winkie*
3. *The Man Without a Country*
4. A chapter from *Little Women*

BIOGRAPHY

He Looks for Adventures and Finds Them

1. *He Looks for Adventures and Finds Them*
2. *Louisa May Alcott: The Girl of Concord*

LETTERS, ESSAYS, SPEECHES

1. Lewis Carroll to Gertrude Chataway
2. Robert Louis Stevenson to Alison Cunningham
3. *The Listener*
4. Patrick Henry
5. *The Roosevelt Creed*
6. Proverbs and prose gems

1. Lewis Carroll to Gertrude Chataway
2. Louisa May Alcott to Her Nephews
3. Letters of Stevenson
4. *Sleeping Outdoors*
5. *The Listener*
6. Lincoln to the 166th Ohio Regiment
7. *The American's Creed*
8. Proverbs and prose gems

STORY POEMS

1. *The Bonny Earl of Murray*
2. *The Charge of the Light Brigade*
3. *Jimisy*
4. *The Sands of Dee*
5. *Young Washington*

1. *The Bonny Earl of Murray*
2. *The Sands of Dee*
3. *An Incident of the French Camp*
4. *Horatius at the Bridge*

SCHEDULE OF READINGS

FIRST HALF YEAR

LYRICS

Group I

1. Psalm XXIII
2. *The Daffodils*
3. *The Pear Tree*
4. *Suppose*
5. *Tired Tim*
6. *Spring*

Group II

1. Psalm XXIII
2. *Innominatus*
3. *The Daffodils*
4. *Suppose*
5. *The Runaway*
6. *Roses in the Subway*
7. *Sea Fever*
8. *The Pear Tree*
9. *April*

POEMS OF LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM

1. *Pledge to the Flag*
2. *America*
3. *The Star-Spangled Banner*

1. *Pledge to the Flag*
2. *America*
3. *The Star-Spangled Banner*
4. *The Name of France*

POEMS TO MAKE YOU LAUGH

1. *The Twins*
2. *In Defense of Children*
3. *Three Famous Limericks*

1. *The Twins*
2. *The Walrus and the Carpenter*
3. *Three Famous Limericks*

PLAYS

*The Three Wishes**The Three Wishes*

SECOND HALF YEAR

STORIES

1. *The Freshman Full-Back*
2. *The Ransom of Red Chief*
3. *Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse*
4. *The Thundering Herd*

1. *A Christmas Carol*
2. *Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse*
3. *The Freshman Full-Back*
4. *The Thundering Herd*
5. *Penrod's Busy Day*

BIOGRAPHY

1. *Thomas Edison Himself*
2. *Clara Barton*

1. *Thomas Edison Himself*
2. *A Pioneer Boyhood in Indiana*
3. *Clara Barton*

LETTERS, ESSAYS, SPEECHES

1. *Carlyle to His Sister*
2. *Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby*
3. *Helen Keller to St. Nicholas*

1. *Carlyle to His Sister*
2. *Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby*
3. *Helen Keller to St. Nicholas*

SECOND HALF YEAR

LETTERS, ESSAYS, SPEECHES (*con.*)*Group I*

4. *Makers of the Flag*
5. *Our Feathered Friends*
6. *Proverbs*

Group II

4. Charles Dickens to Mary Tal-
fourd
5. Hugh Lofting to the Chil-
dren
6. *Makers of the Flag*
7. *Our Feathered Friends*
8. *Soldiers of Freedom*
9. *Athenian Boys' Oath*
10. Prose gems

STORY POEMS

1. *Lord Randall*
2. *Beth Gélert*
3. *The Highwayman*

1. *Lord Randall*
2. *Beth Gélert*
3. *The Highwayman*
4. *Courtship of Miles Standish*

LYRICS

1. Psalm CXXI
2. *I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little
Hill*
3. *Annabel Lee*
4. *The Ship of State*
5. *The Brook*
6. *Nathan Hale*
7. *The Dreamers*
8. *Texas*
9. *An Indian Summer Day on the
Prairie*
10. *I Meant to Do My Work Today*

1. *The Beatitudes*
2. *To a Mountain Daisy*
3. *The Bells* (parts)
4. *To a Water Fowl*
5. *Ring Out, Wild Bells*
6. *The White Ships and the Red*
7. *Credo*
8. *April*
9. *New York*
10. *The West Wind*
11. *An April Morning*
12. *Work*

POEMS OF LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM

1. *America the Beautiful*
2. *Concord Hymn*

1. *America the Beautiful*
2. *In Flanders Fields*
3. *America for Me*

POEMS TO MAKE YOU LAUGH

1. *Nonsense Rhymes*
2. *Suffering*
3. *The Ballad of Dennis McGinty*
4. *Some Limericks*

1. *Suffering*
2. *The Ballad of Dennis McGinty*
3. *John Gilpin*
4. *The Enchanted Shirt*
5. *Two Tricky Limericks*

PLAYS

The Snow Witch

The Snow Witch

For memorizing, it is suggested that a choice may be made from among the following if the teacher and pupils care to do so. They should feel free to replace this list with anything in the book which appeals to them.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 1. <i>The Star-Spangled Banner</i> | 6. <i>April</i> |
| 2. <i>America the Beautiful</i> | 7. <i>Sea Fever</i> |
| 3. <i>Credo</i> | 8. <i>Psalm XXIII</i> |
| 4. <i>The Daffodils</i> | 9. <i>Innominatus</i> |
| 5. <i>Good Name in Man and Woman</i> | 10. <i>I Meant to Do My Work Today</i> |

FOREWORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS

This introduction is written to aid you in getting all that you can out of a book which has been compiled for you. Think of it as a welcome companion to whom you can turn for pleasure, for information, and for inspiration.

The chief purpose of the book is to increase your enjoyment in good literature. All writings which find a permanent place in the minds of educated people become literature. Out of a great mass of writings of every age, a few novels, stories, poems, plays, essays, letters, biographies, autobiographies, and speeches please the educated people of the world so much that they read them with ever-increasing pleasure. Not everything that is written or printed is to be regarded as literature. Only when these writings are expressed in beautiful language and appeal to our love for the beautiful, the true, and the good can they be called literature in its fullest sense.

When we divide literary productions into different classes we find one group made up of imaginative stories called fiction; another group, oratory, consists of thoughts spoken to an audience; a third, letters, written in masterly fashion; a fourth, essays, expressing personal thoughts and intimate impressions; still another, poetry, consisting of thoughts and images put into rhythmic form; a sixth, in dialogue form, called drama. All these are types of literature.

This book has been planned according to this classification. You will find these types of literature represented by selections which will give you pleasure and a broader understanding of life. You will recognize your favorite kind of reading, you will learn more about it, and you may want to know more and read more of it. In addition, you may want to know other kinds of literature that are new to you, and you may want to read good examples of them. You will learn what a biography is and what a good drama

is, so that you may look forward to reading more of them as you grow up.

The selections comprise not only the classics that have stood the test of time, but also the treasures of the modern period of literature. I do not wish my readers to think that good literature was written only by authors of the past. Consequently, I have included in this book a large number of selections by living authors. It is true some may not survive, but there is value in setting them side by side with the old masters. This is the surest way to test them. Then, too, the living authors write for us rather than for posterity. Should we not read them?

The primary aim of this book is to give boys and girls pleasure, but it has the further aim of developing a discriminating taste so that from reading it, they may distinguish a good from a poor story, a good from a poor play, a good from a poor poem.

HOME READING

Your interest in the authors in this volume, aroused by reading their poems, stories, or plays, will make you wish to know more of their books. For example, your interest in the poems of Tennyson, presented here, may give you a desire for many more of his poems. Your interest in the life of Theodore Roosevelt may lead you to look up other biographies of great Americans; or "Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse," may send you on to other stories about animals written by Ernest Thompson Seton.

To make this easier, we are placing at your disposal a selected list of appealing books on the subjects treated in this volume. The list is extensive and is recommended by many teachers, who have found the books named in it attractive to boys and girls of your age.

You should plan a class report on your home reading, to give all the boys and girls a share in your pleasure. Your classmates will enjoy hearing you review a favorite book or a selection from one. You can read to the class such passages as you think they will enjoy.

In the school library, the public library, and in your home li-

brary, you are sure to find most of the books which have been listed here. Make your teacher your friend and guide in the choice of your home reading. He has heard the reports of many boys and girls on these books, and is in a position to tell you which ones were liked and enjoyed most.

PROSE



Stories for Old and Young

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

Prose fiction includes all kinds of stories. The kinds usually listed are: (a) the tale of adventure, (b) the novel, (c) the short story.

The tale of adventure relates thrilling incidents, any one of which could be omitted without harm to the story. This type of prose fiction is of greatest interest to youth and is deserving of your attention. Read as many listed tales as you can now, for in the high-school grades you will find little time for the thrilling tale of *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Treasure Island*, *Kim*, or *The Call of the Wild*.

Pupils sit up when they hear, "Once upon a time —" That is the spirit, if not the words, with which all short stories begin. No wonder, then, that the short story is the most widely read and most popular of literary forms nowadays. The short story is a tale which can be read easily at one sitting.

Although every good story has the three elements of setting, characters, and plot, only one of these is stressed in any one story. *Characters* are the persons of the story. *Setting* is the background, including the place where, the time when, and the conditions in which a story is laid. The *plot* is a carefully chosen series of incidents leading up to the climax of the story and then subsiding to a conclusion. The *theme* is the idea which the author intends to develop through the tale.

Stories are written to entertain and not for study. The first thing to do with a story is to read it through at a single sitting. If you read a story through, the rest will be easy.

THE SHORT STORY

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

By CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

A Christmas Carol is one of those great masterpieces of the English language which will never die, for it depicts in a most fascinating manner the Christmas spirit of "good will toward men." The author himself had a hard and poverty-stricken childhood, and the overwhelming sympathy and pity which are so well expressed in this "carol in prose" can be traced to the experiences of his own youth. With this tale, Dickens brought the spirit of Christmas to many homes and helped to make that day finer, better, and more noble.

STAVE ONE: MARLEY'S GHOST

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it; and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change,¹ for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a doornail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by

¹ Exchange — a place or building used in the interests of a Board of Trade.

the sad event but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night in an easterly wind upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot — say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance — literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names; it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, or wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he; no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose; no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome

looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle; no children asked him what it was o'clock; no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time — of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve — old Scrooge sat busy in his countinghouse. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, foggy withal; and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already; it had not been light all day; and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's countinghouse was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle, in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A Merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him

so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

“Bah!” said Scrooge. “Humbug!”

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge’s, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

“Christmas a humbug, uncle!” said Scrooge’s nephew. “You don’t mean that, I am sure.”

“I do,” said Scrooge. “Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You’re poor enough.”

“Come, then,” returned the nephew, gayly. “What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You’re rich enough.”

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, “Bah!” again; and followed it up with “Humbug.”

“Don’t be cross, uncle,” said the nephew.

“What else can I be,” returned the uncle, “when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What’s Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in ’em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will,” said Scrooge, indignantly, “every idiot who goes about with ‘Merry Christmas’ on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!”

“Uncle!” pleaded the nephew.

“Nephew!” returned the uncle, sternly, “keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.”

“Keep it!” repeated Scrooge’s nephew. “But you don’t keep it.”

“Let me leave it alone, then,” said Scrooge. “Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!”

“There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say,” returned the nephew, “Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought

of Christmas time, when it has come round — apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that — as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it! ”

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded; becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

“Let me hear another sound from you,” said Scrooge, “and you’ll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. You’re quite a powerful speaker, sir,” he added, turning to his nephew. “I wonder you don’t go into Parliament.”

“Don’t be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow.”

Scrooge said that he would see him — yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

“But why?” cried Scrooge’s nephew. “Why?”

“Why did you get married?” said Scrooge.

“Because I fell in love.”

“Because you fell in love!” growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. “Good afternoon!”

“Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?”

“Good afternoon,” said Scrooge.

“I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?”

“Good afternoon,” said Scrooge.

“I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I’ll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a Merry Christmas, uncle! ”

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"And a Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him, "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago this very night."

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the Union workhouses?" demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still," returned the gentleman, "I wish I could say they were not."

"The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge.

"I'm very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned; they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides — excuse me — I don't know that."

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping shyly down at Scrooge out of a Gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with

tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street at the corner of the court, some laborers were repairing the gas pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered; warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The waterplug being left in solitude, its overflowings sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke, a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in his stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, stirred up tomorrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sound of

God bless you, merry gentleman!
May nothing you dismay!

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the countinghouse arrived. With an ill will Scrooge dismounted from his stool and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown² for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his greatcoat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!"

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no greatcoat), went down a slide on Cornhill,³ at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blind-man's bluff.



STOOPED DOWN AT
SCROOGE'S KEYHOLE

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide and seek with other houses, and have

² A coin stamped with a crown. The English crown is five shillings sterling.

³ A well-known thoroughfare in London.

forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London, even including — which is a bold word — the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change — not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look — with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid color, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half ex-

pected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on; so he said "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs, slowly too, trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach and six up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter bar toward the wall, and the door toward the balustrades; and done it easy. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that; darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting room, bedroom, lumber room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table; nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber room as usual. Old fireguard, old shoes, two fish baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night.

He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter boats, hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge, and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight toward his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's Ghost!" and fell again.

The same face; the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling like his pigtail, and his coat skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before; he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!" — Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're particular — for a shade." He was going to say "*to* a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you — can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the Ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention and keeping down his terror; for the Specter's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the Specter's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels were still agitated as by the hot vapor from an oven.

"You see this toothpick?" said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the Vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the Ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the Ghost, "notwithstanding."

"Well!" returned Scrooge. "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you — humbug!"

At this the Spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise that Scrooge held on tight to his chair to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror when, the Phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful Apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the Specter raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why."

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to you?"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since. It is a ponderous chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable; but he could see nothing.

"Jacob," he said imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob."

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our countinghouse—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved

beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me! ”

It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes or getting off his knees.

“ You must have been very slow about it, Jacob,” Scrooge observed, in a businesslike manner, though with humility and deference.

“ Slow! ” the Ghost repeated.

“ Seven years dead,” mused Scrooge. “ And traveling all the time! ”

“ The whole time,” said the Ghost. “ No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse.”

“ You travel fast? ” said Scrooge.

“ On the wings of the wind,” replied the Ghost.

“ You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years,” said Scrooge.

The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the dead silence of the night that the Ward would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance.

“ Oh! captive, bound and double-ironed,” cried the Phantom, “ not to know that ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures, for this earth, must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life’s opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I! ”

“ But you were always a good man of business, Jacob,” faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

“ Business! ” cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. “ Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business! ”

It held up its chain at arm’s length, as if that were the cause

of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

"At this time of the rolling year," the Specter said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me!*"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the Specter going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my penance," pursued the Ghost. "I am here tonight to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee."

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow when the bell tolls one."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

When it had said these words, the Specter took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this by the smart sound its teeth made when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The Apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the Specter reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience as in surprise and fear; for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The Specter, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window, desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with the one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a doorstep. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power forever.

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being

from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigue of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

STAVE TWO: THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

He touched the spring of his repeater to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve, and stopped.

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!"

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was that it was still very foggy and extremely cold and that there was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day and taken possession of the world. This was a great relief, because "three days after sight of this First of Exchange pay to Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge or his order" and so forth, would have become a mere United States' security if there were no days to count by.

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought, and thought it over and over and over, and could make nothing of it.

The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought. Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chimes had gone three quarters more, when he remembered on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to heaven, this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half-past!" said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them; as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure — like a child; yet not so like a child as like an old man viewed through some supernatural medium which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view,

and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was that from the crown of its head there sprang a bright, clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was *not* its strangest quality. For, as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness; being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body; of which dissolving parts no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again, distinct, and clear as ever.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close behind him, it were at a distance.

"Who and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge; observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him; but he had a special desire to see the Spirit in his cap, and begged him to be covered.

“What!” exclaimed the Ghost, “would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of these whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow?”

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend, or any knowledge of having wilfully “bonneted” the Spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

“Your welfare!” said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately:

“Your reclamation, then. Take heed!”

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

“Rise! and walk with me!”

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown, and night-cap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman’s hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but finding that the Spirit made toward the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

“I am a mortal,” Scrooge remonstrated, “and liable to fall.”

“Bear but a touch of my hand *there*,” said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, “and you shall be upheld in more than this!”

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

“Good Heaven!” said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. “I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!”

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the

old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares, long, long forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge with fervor — "I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the Ghost. "Let us go on."

They walked along the road; Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree; until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting toward them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

The jocund travelers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at crossroads and byways, for their several homes! What was Merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon Merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the highroad, by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weather-cock-surmounted cupola on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their

windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach-houses and sheds were over-run with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savor in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle-light, and not too much to eat.

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms ⁴ and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor, forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the paneling, not a drip from the half-thawed waterspout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty storehouse door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man, in foreign garments, wonderfully real and distinct to look at, stood outside the window, with an ax stuck in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood, by the bridle.

"Why, it's Ali Baba!" ⁵ Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother, Orson; ⁶ there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! And the Sultan's Groom turned upside down by the Genii; there he is upon his

⁴ Deal forms — long benches used in English schools.

⁵ The poor wood-carrier in the story called "Ali Baba or the Forty Thieves" in the Arabian Nights.

⁶ Valentine and Orson, twins, were characters in a romance of the fifteenth century.

head! Serve him right. I'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess! "

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying, and to see his heightened and excited face would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

"There's the Parrot!" cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe,⁷ he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloo! Whoop! Halloo!"

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish—" Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff; "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrank, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously toward the door.

⁷ A reference is made to *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes," said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be that home's like Heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!" said the child, opening her eyes, "and are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, toward the door; and he, nothing loath to go, accompanied her.

A terrible voice in the hall cried, "Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!" and in the hall appeared the schoolmaster himself, who glared on Master Scrooge with a ferocious condescension, and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest old well of a shivering best-parlor that ever was seen, where the maps upon the wall and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the windows were waxy with cold. Here he produced a decanter of curiously light wine and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered installments of those dainties to the young people; at the same time sending out a meager servant to offer a glass of "something" to the postboy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but if it was the same tap as he had tasted before, he had rather not. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the schoolmaster goodby right willingly; and getting into it, drove gayly down the garden-sweep; the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost

and snow from off the dark leaves of the evergreens like spray.

"Always a delicate creature whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I'll not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here, too, it was Christmas time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here?"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters — one, two, three — had 'em up in their places — four, five six — barred 'em and pinned 'em — seven, eight, nine — and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered; the lamps were trimmed; fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at

last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a brand-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! the sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley."⁸ Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many, ah, four times, old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire; hold hands with your partner; bow and curtsy; corkscrew; thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut" — cut so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came up on his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When every-

⁸ A dance named in honor of an English baronet.

body had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back-shop.

During the whole of this time Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burned very clear.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig; and when he had done so, said:

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the Ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge, "no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now! That's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now, a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning-dress, in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said, softly. "To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"This is the even-handed dealing of the world!" he said. "There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!"

"You fear the world too much," she answered, gently. "All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed toward you."

She shook her head.

"Am I?"

"Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made, you were another man."

"I was a boy," he said impatiently.

"Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are," she returned. "I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart is fraught with misery now that we are two.

How often and how keenly I have thought of this I will not say. It is enough that I *have* thought of it and can release you."

"Have I ever sought release?"

"In words? No. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us," said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness, upon him; "tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!"

He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. But he said with a struggle, "You think not."

"I would gladly think otherwise if I could," she answered, "Heaven knows! When *I* have learned a Truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were free today, tomorrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl — you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by Gain; or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

He was about to speak; but with her head turned from him, she resumed:

"You may — the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will — have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!"

She left him, and they parted.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the Ghost.

"No more!" cried Scrooge. "No more. I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!"

But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in both his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place, a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw *her*, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there than Scrooge in his agitated state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem, they were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but every child was conducting itself like forty. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief, but no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the sports, got pillaged by the young brigands most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them! Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I wouldn't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it; I should have expected my arm to have grown round it for a punishment, and never come straight again. And yet I should have dearly liked, I own, to have touched her lips; to have questioned her, that she might have opened them; to have looked upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never raised a blush; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be a keepsake beyond price; in short, I should have liked, I do confess, to have had the lightest license of a child, and yet been man enough to know its value.

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that she with laughing face and plundered dress was borne toward it, the center of a flushed and boisterous group just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that was made on the defenseless porter. The scaling him with chairs for ladders to dive into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round the neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received! The

terrible announcement that the baby had been taken in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! The immense relief of finding this a false alarm! The joy, and gratitude, and ecstasy! They are all indescribable alike. It is enough that by degrees the children and their emotions got out of the parlor and by one stair at a time up to the top of the house, where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a spring-time in the haggard winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed.

"Belle," said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, "I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who was it?"

"Guess!"

"How can I? Tut, don't I know?" she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed. "Mr. Scrooge."

"Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe."

"Spirit!" said Scrooge in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed; "I cannot bear it!"

He turned upon the Ghost, and seeing that it looked upon him with a face in which in some strange way there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

"Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!"

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost with no visible resistance on its own part was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its light was

burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon his head.

The spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness, and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed, and had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy slumber.

STAVE THREE: THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger dispatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new Specter would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands, and lying down again, established a sharp lookout all around the bed. For he wished to challenge the Spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise and made nervous.

Gentlemen of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a move or two, and being usually equal to the time-of-day, express the wide range of their capacity for adventure by observing that they are good for anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter; between which opposite extremes, no doubt, there lies a tolerably wide and comprehensive range of subjects. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as hardily as this, I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was ready for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that nothing between a baby and rhinoceros would have astonished him very much.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any

means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the bell struck one, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time he lay upon his bed, the very core and center of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, he began to think — as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unquestionably have done it too — at last, I say, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by name and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of which bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney as that dull petrification of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the Spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanor, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the Ghost.

"A tremendous family to provide for!" muttered Scrooge.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. Tonight, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and

punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings and from the tops of their houses; whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow-storms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been plowed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and wagons; furrows that crossed and recrossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shoveling away on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee, calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball — better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest — laughing heartily if it went right and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that

people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The Grocers'! oh, the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes in the best humor possible; while the grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

But soon the steeples called good people all to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time

there emerged from scores of by-streets, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revelers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled with each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For, they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

In time the bells ceased, and the bakers' were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven; where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking too.

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit," said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge. "Wouldn't you?"

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the Seventh Day?" said Scrooge. "And it comes to the same thing."

"I seek!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family," said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name, who are strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's), that notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "bob"⁹ a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-room house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while

⁹ An English shilling.

he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when

she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see." Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage-and-onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witness — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern¹⁰ of ignited brandy, and bedight¹¹ with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the

¹⁰ A quartern — one fourth of a pint is a gill.

¹¹ Adorned, dressed.

Cratchit family drew around the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered What the surplus is, and Where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh, God! to hear the Insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.



“ MRS. CRATCHIT ENTERED WITH THE PUDDING ”

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed tomorrow morning for a good long rest; tomorrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song about a

lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But, they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchen, parlors, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. Here, the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cozy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There, all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbor's house; where woe upon the single man who saw them enter — artful witches! well they knew it — in a glow!

But if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth, on everything within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before, dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed; though little kenned the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas!

And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood

upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed, or would have done so but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

“What place is this?” asked Scrooge.

“A place where miners live, who labor in the bowels of the earth,” returned the Spirit. “But they know me. See!”

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced toward it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children’s children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gayly in their holiday attire. The old man in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste was singing them a Christmas song; it had been a very old song when he was a boy; and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigor sank again.

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge’s horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and rolled, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of seaweed clung to its base, and storm-birds — born of the wind one might suppose as seaweed of the water — rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands

over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them — the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figurehead of an old ship might be — struck up a sturdy song that was like a gale in itself.

Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea — on, on — until being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the lookout in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some by-gone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an unknown abyss, whose depths were secrets as profound as Death — it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at the same nephew with approving affability.

“Ha, ha!” laughed Scrooge's nephew. “Ha, ha, ha!”

If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blest in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to know him too. Introduce him to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way — holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions — Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as

he. And their assembled friends, being not a bit behindhand, roared out lustily.

“Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!”

“He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!” cried Scrooge’s nephew. “He believed it, too!”

“More shame for him, Fred!” said Scrooge’s niece, indignantly. Bless those women; they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty, exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature’s head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!

“He’s a comical old fellow,” said Scrooge’s nephew, “that’s the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him.”

“I’m sure he is very rich, Fred,” hinted Scrooge’s niece. “At least you always tell *me* so.”

“What of that, my dear!” said Scrooge’s nephew. “His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn’t do any good with it. He doesn’t make himself comfortable with it. He hasn’t the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit us with it.”

“I have no patience with him,” observed Scrooge’s niece. Scrooge’s niece’s sisters, and all of the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

“Oh, I have!” said Scrooge’s nephew. “I am sorry for him; I couldn’t be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won’t come and dine with us. What’s the consequence? He doesn’t lose much of a dinner.”

“Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner,” interrupted Scrooge’s niece. Everybody else said the same; and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just

had dinner, and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well! I'm very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister — the plump one with the lace tucker, not the one with the roses — blushed.

"Do go on, Fred," said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands.

"He never finishes what he begins to say! He is such a ridiculous fellow!"

Scrooge's nephew reveled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off, though the plump sister tried hard to do it with aromatic vinegar, his example was unanimously followed.

"I was only going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his moldy old office or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it — I defy him — if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, 'Uncle Scrooge, how are you?' If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, *that's* something; and I think I shook him yesterday."

It was their turn to laugh now at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their merriment, and passed the bottle joyously.

After tea, they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about when they sang a glee or catch, I can assure you; especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece

played well upon the harp; and played among other tunes a simple little air (a mere nothing; you might learn to whistle it in two minutes) which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge from the boarding school, as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things the Ghost had shown him came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that if he could have listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own happiness with his own hands, without resorting to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child Himself. Stop! There was first a game at blindman's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains; wherever she went, there went he. He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But when at last he caught her; when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape, then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her, his pretending that it was necessary to touch her headdress, and further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck, was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when, another blind man being in office, they were so very confidential together behind the curtains.

Scrooge's niece was not one of the blindman's buff party, but was made comfortable with a large chair and a footstool, in a snug corner, where the Ghost and Scrooge were close behind her. But she joined in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the letters of the alphabet. Likewise at the game of How, When, and Where, she was very great, and to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow; though they were sharp girls, too, as Topper could have told you. There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all played, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting, in the interest he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed quite right, too; for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to cut in the eye, was not sharper than Scrooge; blunt as he took it in his head to be.

The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood and looked upon him with such favor that he begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the Spirit said could not be done.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half-hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out:

"I have found it out! I know what it is! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

“It’s your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!”

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to “Is it a bear?” ought to have been “Yes”; inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge, supposing they had ever had any tendency that way.

“He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure,” said Fred, “and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, ‘Uncle Scrooge!’”

“Well! Uncle Scrooge!” they cried.

“A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!” said Scrooge’s nephew. “He wouldn’t take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!”

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery’s every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

It was a long night, if it were only a night: but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it until they left a children’s Twelfth-night¹² party, when, looking at the Spirit as they

¹² Twelfth Night — the twelfth after Christmas — was in olden times an occasion of universal festivity.

stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray.

"Are spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the Ghost. "It ends tonight."

"Tonight!" cried Scrooge.

"Tonight at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near."

The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that moment.

"Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, "but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?"

"It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it," was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. "Look here."

From the foldings of its robe it brought two children, wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

"Oh, Man! look here. Look, look, down here!" exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meager, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shriveled hand, like that of age, had pinched and twisted them and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow

I see written that which is Doom, unless the writing be erased, Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand toward the city. "Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! And bide the end!"

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words. "Are there no workhouses?"

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, toward him.

STAVE FOUR: THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this Spirit moved, it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night, and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately, when it came beside him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn dread. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?" said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us," Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?"

The upper portion of the garment was contracted for an instant in its folds, as if the Spirit had inclined its head. That was the only answer he received.

Although well used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath

him, and he found that he could hardly stand when he prepared to follow it. The Spirit paused a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to recover.

But Scrooge was all the worse for this. It thrilled him with a vague, uncertain horror, to know that behind the dusky shroud there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black.

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed. "I fear you more than any Specter I have seen. But, as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

The Phantom moved away as it had come toward him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its own act. But there they were, in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants; who hurried up and down, and chinked the money in their pockets, and conversed in groups, and looked at their watches, and trifled thoughtfully with their great gold seals, and so forth, as Scrooge had seen them often.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, taking a vast quantity of stuff out of a very large snuffbox. "I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman with a pendulous excrescence on the end of his nose, that shook like the gills of a turkey cock.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Left it to his Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That's all I know."

This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker, "for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed the gentleman with the excrescence on his nose. "But I must be fed if I make one."

Another laugh.

"Well, I am the most disinterested among you, after all," said the first speaker, "for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. Bye-bye!"

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked toward the Spirit for an explanation.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge listened again thinking that the explanation might lie here.

He knew these men, also, perfectly. They were men of business, very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point of always standing well in their esteem, in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a business point of view.

"How are you?" said one.

"How are you?" returned the other.

"Well!" said the first. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?"

"So I am told," returned the second. "Cold, isn't it?"

"Seasonable for Christmas time. You're not a skater, I suppose?"

"No. No. Something else to think of. Good morning!"

Not another word. That was their greeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial, but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. They could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future. Nor could he think of any one immediately connected with himself, to whom he could apply them. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had some latent moral for his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard and everything he saw; and especially to observe the shadow of himself when it appeared. For he had an expectation that the conduct of his future self would give him the clew he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the porch. It gave him little surprise, however; for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.

Quiet and dark beside him stood the Phantom, with its outstretched hand. When he aroused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the turn of the hand and its situation in reference to himself that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder and feel very cold.

They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation and its bad reputation. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools, disgorged their offenses of smell and dirt and life upon the straggling streets; and the whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth, and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort there was a low-browed, beetling shop, below a penthouse roof, where iron, old rags, bot-

tles, bones, and greasy offal were bought. Upon the floor within were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinize were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of corrupt fat, and sepulchers of bones. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal stove made of old bricks, was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had screened himself from the cold air without by a frowsy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Come into the parlor. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two an't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah! How it skreeks! There an't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe; and I'm sure there's no such old bones here as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suitable to our calling; we're well matched. Come into the parlor. Come into the parlor."

The parlor was the space behind the screen of rags. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair rod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night) with the stem of his pipe, put it in his mouth again.

While he did this, the woman who had already spoken threw her bundle on the floor, and sat down in a flaunting manner on

a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two.

"What odds then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did!"

"That's true, indeed!" said the laundress. "No man more so."

"Why, then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman! Who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not."

"Very well, then!" cried the woman. "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw," pursued the woman, "why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he struck with death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that was ever spoke," said Mrs. Dilber. "It's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier one," replied the woman; "and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here. I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced *his* plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil case, a pair of sleeve buttons, and a brooch of no great value were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each, upon the wall, and added them up into a total when he found there was nothing more to come.

"That's your account," said Joe, "and I wouldn't give another

sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?"

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner.

"I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself," said old Joe. "That's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal and knock off half a crown."

"And now undo *my* bundle, Joe," said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed curtains!"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes, I do," replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as *he* was, I promise you, Joe," returned the woman, coolly. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman. "He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?" said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up.

"Don't you be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! you may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked old Joe.

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman with a laugh. "Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation and disgust which could hardly have been greater, though they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the same woman when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, told out their several gains upon the ground. "This is the end of it, you see! He frightened every one away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. Merciful Heaven, what is this!"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed, a bare, uncurtained bed on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

Scrooge glanced toward the Phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the Specter at his side.

O cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command; for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honored head,

thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard dealing, griping cares? They have brought him to a rich end, truly!

He lay in the dark, empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child, to say that he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearthstone. What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

"I understand you," Scrooge returned, "and I would do it, if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power."

Again it seemed to look upon him.

"If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death," said Scrooge, quite agonized, "show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

The Phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing; and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were.

She was expecting some one, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could hardly bear the voices of the children in their play.

At length the long-expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door, and met her husband; a man whose face was careworn

and depressed, though he was young. There was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of serious delight of which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress.

He sat down to the dinner that had been hoarding for him by the fire; and when she asked him faintly what news (which was not until after a long silence), he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

"Is it good," she said, "or bad?" — to help him.

"Bad," he answered.

"We are quite ruined?"

"No. There is hope yet, Caroline."

"If *he* relents," she said, amazed, "there is! Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened."

"He is past relenting," said her husband. "He is dead."

She was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the emotion of the heart.

"What the half-drunken woman whom I told you of last night said to me when I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay, and what I thought was a mere excuse to avoid me, turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying, then."

"To whom will our debt be transferred?"

"I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep tonight with light hearts, Caroline!"

Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were lighter. The children's faces, hushed, and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the Ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge; "or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there

to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house, the dwelling he had visited before, and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

" 'And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them.' "

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he's walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with — I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was so very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble — no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter — he had need of it, poor fellow — came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all

the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went today, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart perhaps than they were.

He left the room, and went upstairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

They drew about the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little — "just a little down; you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the bye, how he ever knew *that*, I don't know."

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that!" said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now, it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us so much as for his kind way that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be surer of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised, mark what I say, if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with some one, and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim — shall we — or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was — although he was a little, little child — we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again.

"I am very happy," said little Bob, "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

"Specter," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before — though at a different time, he thought; indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions save that they were in the Future — into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the Spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come!"

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?"

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The Phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look around before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to one. He advanced toward it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of things that May be, only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept toward it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe. "Hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this if I am past all hope!"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down to a bedpost.

STAVE FIVE: THE END OF IT

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh, Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all.

They are here; I am here; the shadows of the things that would have been may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoön¹³ of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather; I am as happy as an angel; I am as merry as a schoolboy; I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting room, and was now standing there perfectly winded.

"There's ~~the~~ saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again and frisking round the fireplace. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right; it's all true; it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding, hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious. Glorious!

"What's today!" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

¹³ A figure of Greek myth, strangled by serpents.

"What's today, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow?"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey; the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!"¹⁴ exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller¹⁵ never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the Poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!"

¹⁴ An English slang expression. ¹⁵ An English comic actor.

Here's the turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you? Merry Christmas! "

It *was* a turkey! He could never have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em off short in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often, afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on toward him he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his countinghouse the day before and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may

not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness" — here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Mr. Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such munifi ——"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk — that anything — could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge

had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the tank.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again, "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding

him; and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very



TINY TIM

afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did *not* die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded

them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

TO THE STUDENT

The Questions and Topics have been prepared with great care — not just to make your English lesson harder or unpleasant, but to help you enjoy each selection more keenly. Like salt and pepper on a juicy beefsteak, they will bring out the flavor of the stories and poems, if you will take them in the spirit in which they are meant.

The Mastery Tests will help you in a little different way. They will enable you to find out how carefully you have read the selection. When you finish reading your assignment, run over the four or five questions in the Mastery Test that follows. If you cannot answer each and be sure in your own mind that you are right, you had better read the selection again.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Would you prefer to work for Scrooge or for a person like his old employer, Fezziwig? To which one would an employee be most loyal?
2. What picture in the story is most characteristic of the Christmas feeling?
3. Discuss the character of Scrooge. Do you sympathize with him or do you despise him?
4. What changes are brought about by the visits of the ghosts? How does Scrooge show the changes his character has undergone?
5. What other stories by the same author have you read? Compare this story with other stories of Christmas that you have read.
6. Select a few passages which you would like to read in class. Be ready to explain your choice.
7. This story would make a fine motion picture. Which episodes would you suggest for the purpose?

8. Which people in the story would you like to meet? Which do you admire?
9. What lesson is brought out by the story?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Choose three scenes suitable for dramatization, prepare the dramatization, and present it in class.

Tell about another short story by Dickens you have read at home.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement.
 - a. Scrooge was a (philanthropist, spendthrift, miser).
 - b. After his experiences with the ghost, Scrooge became (joyful, religious, generous).
 - c. The change in Scrooge resulted from (fright, his nephew's pleadings, a dream).
 - d. Mrs. Cratchit wore a (gay, elaborate, shabby) dress.
2. What words correctly fill the blanks in the sentences? Do not write in the book.
 - a. Each ghost appeared to Scrooge at — .
 - b. Scrooge was not to blame for becoming — .
 - c. The ghost in the story was — , his partner.
 - d. Scrooge's favorite exclamation was — .
3. Make a list of synonyms for "ghost," used by Dickens.
4. From the story select five sentences which express noble thoughts. Pick out some sentences in the story which you think humorous.
5. Name the person who says these words; also supply the missing words:
 - a. "A Merry Christmas, — God save you."
 - b. "Bah," said — . "Humbug!"

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822-1909)

It was a period of storm and stress when "The Man Without a Country" first appeared in 1863. The Civil War was at its height, and though the battles of Gettysburg and Vicksburg had just been fought and won, still the Union cause seemed at its lowest ebb. The morale of the country

was sadly shaken, and this story was just what was needed to renew the people's faith in their country. The author's chief purpose in writing the story was to show how great a virtue love of country is, and how sad a state it is to be a "man without a country."

I suppose that very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13th observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement,

NOLAN. Died, on board U.S. Corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11' S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan.

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission-House in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring, to the very stubble, all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, 'The Man Without a Country.'" For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in the three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was Nolan, or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's Administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps*¹ of the profession and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown — and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construc-

¹ A French expression meaning a spirit animating an organization of men.

tion, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields — who was in the Navy Department when he came home — he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a “*Non mi ricordo*,”² determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the “Legion of the West,” as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr³ made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two’s voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not

² An Italian phrase meaning “I do not remember.”

³ An officer in the Continental army and Vice-President from 1801 to 1805.

how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many *Weekly Arguses*; and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day — his arrival — to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood-tree, as he said — really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A Man Without a Country.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia⁴ of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason-trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is today, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage, and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of courts-martial on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough — that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhere with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped — rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy —

"D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat

⁴ Leading statesmen of Virginia.

in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation, where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor, that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with his face like a sheet, to say —

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court. The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans

in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them — certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy — it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember — was requested to put Nolan on board a Government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted — perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men — we are all old enough now — regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid* some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

Washington [with the date, which
must have been late in 1807].

SIR, — You will receive from Lt. Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might “never hear of the United States again.”

The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Resp’y yours,

W. SOUTHARD, for the

Sec’y of the Navy.

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it today as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met “The Man Without a Country” was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war — cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he

had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom — he always had a stateroom — which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was, that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then) some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time, at the best, hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod.⁵ Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a

⁵ An early Greek poet.

great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough, and more than enough, to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out *The Tempest* from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming —

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said —

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically —

This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on —

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand? —
If such there breathe, go, mark him well.

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self —

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, “and by Jove,” said Phillips, “we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him.”

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him — very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally — I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons⁶ — but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home — if, as I say, it was Shaw — rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the

⁶ Esprit Fléchier was a poet, priest, and bishop.

Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle-soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; ⁷ they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps — that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise — it was once when he was up the Mediterranean — that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence."⁸ So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody

⁷ A French expression meaning a place of meeting agreed upon beforehand.

⁸ Used in military circles as meaning news or information.

else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*.⁹ Only when some English lady — Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps — called for a set of “American dances,” an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what “American dances” were, and started off with “Virginia Reel,” which they followed with “Money-Musk,” which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by “The Old Thirteen.” But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, “The Old Thirteen, gentlemen and ladies!” as he had said, “Virginny Reel, if you please!” and “Money-Musk, if you please!” the captain’s boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to — the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. — As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said — so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say —

“I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?”

He did it so quickly, that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said —

“I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same,” just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius,¹⁰ and the French;

⁹ A French expression meaning any awkward occurrence.

¹⁰ A volcano in Italy.

and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking-time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly — a little pale, she said, as she told me the story, years after —

“ And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff? ”

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him! “ Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again! ” — and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order: nobody can now: and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the “ Iron Mask ”; ¹¹ and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of *Junius* ¹² who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the War. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways — and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun’s crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon’s people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority — who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him — perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished

¹¹ “ The man in the iron mask ” was a mysterious political prisoner in France under Louis XIV.

¹² *The Letters of Junius* were a series of communications on political subjects that appeared in an English periodical, 1769-1772.

loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck — sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time — showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot — making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders — and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward, by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said —

“ I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir.”

And this is a part of the story where all the legends agree: that the Commodore said —

“ I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir.”

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said —

“ Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here.”

And when Nolan came, the captain said —

“ Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the despatches.”

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the despatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter — that is the old Essex Porter not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service

in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my note-books, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrap-books." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap-books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My natural history is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and

fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house-fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera*; ¹³ but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them — why Linnaeus ¹⁴ knew as little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise, and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our slave-trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the house of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain — a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes

¹³ Latin names applied to classes of insects.

¹⁴ The great Swedish botanist.

he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and *patois*¹⁵ of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledjereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said —

“For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw¹⁶ to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English.”

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen¹⁷ were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

“Tell them they are free,” said Vaughan: “and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough.”

Nolan “put that in Spanish,” — that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to

¹⁵ A corrupt dialect used by the lower classes.

¹⁶ A tribe of American Indians.

¹⁷ Negroes from a section of the west coast of Africa.

such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan as the *deus ex machina*¹⁸ of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down, and said —

"He says 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die, if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said —

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon,¹⁹ if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

¹⁸ Latin, meaning literally "the god (let down upon the stage) from the machine." This phrase is applied to any intervention from without that solves a difficult problem.

¹⁹ A range of mountains in Central Africa.

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say, "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me

about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*,²⁰ involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr — asking him how he liked to be “without a country.” But it is clear, from Burr’s life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

Nolan, poor fellow, repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan’s handsome set of maps, and cut Texas out of it — from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan’s that a great blotch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American Station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore, and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of

²⁰ An Italian expression meaning “cleverly invented.”

Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit — so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously —

“Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years.”

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be with him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say —

“Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?”

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment — rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls²¹ of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The Government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

Levant, 2° 2' S. @ 131° W.

DEAR FRED, — I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor had been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom — a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there — the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but

²¹ Clement Laird Vallandighams was a fanatical states-right Democrat born in 1820, and Tatnalls was the captain of the *Merrimac*.

looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, "Here, you see, I have a country!" And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: "Indiana Territory," "Mississippi Territory," and "Louisiana Territory," as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"Oh, Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? — Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America — God bless her! — a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, "how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me — tell me something — tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? "Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?"

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, "God bless you! Tell me their names," he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. "The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi — that was where Fort Adams is — they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?"

Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon — that, he said, he had suspected

partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he, laughing, "brought off a good deal besides furs." Then he went back — heavens, how far! — to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again — and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, "God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him." Then he asked about the old war — told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java* — asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton²² and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson;²³ told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think he asked who was in command of the "Legion of the West." I told him it was a very gallant officer, named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, "Where was Vicksburg?" I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. "It must be at old Vicks's plantation," said he; "well, that is a change!"

I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him — of emigration, and the means of it — of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs — of inventions and books and literature — of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School — but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years.

I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. "Good for him!" cried Nolan; "I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families." Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian and the exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol — and the statues for the pediment — and Crawford's Liberty — and Greenough's Washington: Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its pros-

²² Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, the *Clermont*.

²³ General Winfield Scott was a commander in the War of 1812 and also in the Mexican War. General Andrew Jackson won the battle of New Orleans and was seventh President of the United States.

perity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!

And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian *Book of Public Prayer* which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place — and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, "For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou has continued to us Thy marvelous kindness," — and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: "Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority" — and the rest of the Episcopal collect.²⁴ "Danforth," said he, "I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years." And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.²⁵

We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper, at the place where he had marked the text —

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written —

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it —

IN MEMORY OF
PHILIP NOLAN
LIEUTENANT
IN THE ARMY OF
THE UNITED STATES

He loved his country as no other man has loved her;
but no man deserved less at her hands.

²⁴ The collect is a brief prayer adapted to certain occasions.

²⁵ An organization established by the officers of the American Revolutionary army.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Read any short article on Aaron Burr, and tell why Nolan was arrested in the first place. How did he accept the verdict of the court? Do you think he realized what it would mean?
2. Do you think the crime warranted the punishment? When did Nolan first begin to realize the severity of the verdict? What happened to him as he read Scott's lines in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"?
3. What other happenings show that Nolan really loved and yearned for his country?
4. Choose the correct answer. I like this story because it tells about:
 - a. The War of 1812.
 - b. Courage and patriotism.
 - c. The sea.

VOLUNTEER WORK

What episodes in this story would you choose for dramatizing? Prepare and present one scene with the help of your classmates.

Plan the principal scenes for a moving picture scenario based on this play.

What ideas did you get from your reading of the story that are worth remembering and applying?

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement. Do not write in the book.
 - a. "The Man Without a Country" is a (humorous, sad, patriotic) story.
 - b. Philip Nolan was (wicked, weak-minded, misled).
 - c. His sentence (weakened, reformed, embittered) him.
 - d. His sentence was (suited to the crime, unjust, well deserved, too severe).
2. What words correctly fill the blanks in the sentences?
 - a. Mr. Marshall, see that no one mentions ——— to the prisoner.
 - b. His favorite occupation was ———.
3. Name the speaker or person described.
 - a. ——— was as fine a young officer as there was in the Legion of the West.
 - b. "I wish I may never hear of the United States again."
 - c. "There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do."



RIP VAN WINKLE

By WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859)

Every country abounds in legendary tales of its early days. Among the legends of this country, "Rip Van Winkle" stands supreme. Young and old have read and re-read this tale and have learned to appreciate its fine qualities more each time.

The scene, a little Dutch village nestling in the Kaatskills, is exquisitely described, and gives us a real insight into the lives and habits of the old Dutch inhabitants of New York, prior to the Revolutionary War. The characters are clearly drawn and are true to life in every respect. Their quaint actions have a humor which flavors the entire story and makes it all the more enjoyable.

The story is based on an old Dutch legend which relates that Hendrick Hudson, the discoverer of the Hudson River, was wont to return to his old haunts every twenty years in order to see again the beautiful country he had discovered. How Rip Van Winkle stumbled upon Hudson and his men, and what resulted from that chance happening, is enchantingly related by the author.

To add to the local color of the legend, Washington Irving put forth the story as discovered among the writings of a fictitious Dutch character, Diedrich Knickerbocker.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER ¹

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre.

— CARTWRIGHT

[The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch History of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more, their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black letter, and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.]

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill ² Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of the fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by

¹ A fictitious character originated by Irving and assumed by him to be the author of *Knickerbocker's History of New York*.

² Catskill, a range of mountains in eastern New York.

some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant³ (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain,⁴ a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina.⁵ He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstances might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked these matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches,

³ The last Dutch governor of New Netherlands, now New York.

⁴ The English took control of New Netherlands and changed its name to New York.

⁵ A fort belonging to the Swedish settlers in Delaware.

and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clamoring on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run errands, and to do such odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them; — in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins,⁶ which he

⁶ A kind of leggings.

had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-enduring and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellowed with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener from constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which

held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George III.⁷ Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto⁸ were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, for every great man has his adherents, perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale and smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only

⁷ King of England from 1760 to 1820.

⁸ A select assembly.

alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say; "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live, thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of the precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted from the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van

Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of the deep ravine or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company

of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar. One had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands.⁹ He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were over-

⁹ Gin imported from Holland.

powered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at nine-pins — the flagon. “Oh, that wicked flagon!” thought Rip. “What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece he found an old firelock lying beside him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening’s gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. “These mountain beds do not agree with me,” thought Rip, “and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle.” With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and

dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut, indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children. The lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap,¹⁰ and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was printed, in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it,

¹⁰ A red cap was regarded as the symbol of liberty.

instead of the accustomed phlegm¹¹ and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — election — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short, but busy, fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe inquired in his ear "whether he was a Federal or Democrat."¹² Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King — God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A Tory!¹³ a Tory! a spy! a refugee! Hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the

¹¹ Dullness, stupidity.

¹² The party that favored the Constitution was the Federal party. Those who opposed it were called Democrats.

¹³ One who opposed the Revolutionary War and favored the British claims.



“ A TROOP OF STRANGE CHILDREN RAN AT HIS HEELS ”

cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man inquired in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder? Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point, others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand. War — Congress — Stony Point! He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair: "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not my-

self — I'm somebody else; that's me yonder — no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain — and they've changed my gun — and everything's changed — and I'm changed — and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am! ”

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which the self-important man with a cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. “ Hush, Rip,” cried she; “ hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you.” The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

“ What is your name, my good woman? ” asked he.

“ Judith Gardenier.”

“ And your father's name? ”

“ Ah, the poor man! his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him. But whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

“ Where's your mother? ”

“ Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.”

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. “ I am your father! ” cried he. “ Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle? ”

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: “ Sure enough! It is Rip Van

Winkle — it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years? ”

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head, upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the *Half-Moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to work at anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits ; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time ; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor — how that there had been a revolutionary war ; that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England ; and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George III, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician ; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him ; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end ; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes ; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins ; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood,

when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE. — The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*¹⁴ and the Kypphauser mountain: the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Where are the Kaatskills located?
2. Describe Rip's appearance. What can you say about his character? What good qualities did he possess? How can you account for his bad qualities? Conduct an open discussion on the good and bad traits of Rip.
3. Why did Rip desire to keep away from his home? Do you think Dame Winkle had good cause for her nagging?
4. What adventure befell Rip in the mountains?
5. What did Rip find on awakening? Why did he feel so sad and down-cast?
6. Dramatize Rip's entrance into the village.
7. Why was Rip bewildered at the questions which were hurled at him? What had happened during his long sleep? How was he finally recognized?
8. Note the humor of the author's final footnote.

VOLUNTEER WORK

This story is suitable for a motion picture. Name the episodes you would suggest for the picture.

A number of pupils can dramatize parts of this story and act the parts in class.

¹⁴ Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, 1152-1190. He is supposed to have fallen asleep as Rip Van Winkle did.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

- a. Rip Van Winkle is (a true story, a legend, founded on fact).
 - b. The adventures of Rip seem (probable, incredible, foolish).
 - c. Rip Van Winkle was a good (father, farmer, neighbor).
 - d. Rip Van Winkle was (thrifty, shiftless, good-natured, ill-tempered).
 - e. Rip's long absence was due to (his capture by robbers, a magic spell, a draught of liquor, fear of his wife).
2. What words correctly fill the blanks in the sentences?
- a. When Rip returned to his native village he was —— by the villagers.
 - b. Rip had a —— disposition.
 - c. Rip's sole domestic adherent was —— ——— ———.
 - d. "What excuse shall I make to —— ——— ——— ?"

THE GRAY CHAMPION

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864)

Hawthorne embodies in this powerful story of early New England days the Puritan colonists' high spirit of freedom and their stern resolve to retain their liberties and their right to worship as they saw fit. He had the ability to project himself into the period of which he wrote, and thus his stories are so vivid and realistic that it seems as if he himself must have been a participant in the events which he relates. "The Gray Champion" is a story of the struggles of the New Englanders to free themselves from the harsh yoke of the Stuart kings. Notice how well the author makes use of mystery and dramatic appeal to arouse interest. Who was the Gray Champion?

There was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II, the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King,

and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still, the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while, far and wide, there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councilors, being warm with wine, assembled the redcoats of the Governors' Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the

strong and somber features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the Scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshiped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"We are to be massacred, both man and male child!" cried others.

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His

predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended, at once, to strike terror, by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councilors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch-enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the

public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of Church and State, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the High-Churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop, and all the old councilors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood?

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the center of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command, the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave.

They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen — to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old roundheaded dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a tyrant on the throne of England, and by tomorrow noon his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended — tomorrow, the prison! — back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead

of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported, that when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marveled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our

fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit, and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe the picture the onlookers present as they watch the military display. Contrast their appearance with that of the governor and his bodyguard.
2. What does the author mean by the "Gray Champion"? How is this explained at the end of the story?
3. Do you think this incident really happened, or is it something which Hawthorne imagined, or is it both?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Dramatize as vividly as possible the coming of the Gray Champion. Let the whole class take part in this scene.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
 - a. Sir Edmund Andros' administration was (kindly, benevolent, tyrannical).
 - b. The people were (subservient, aroused, unwilling to make any resistance).
 - c. The Gray Champion (remained to see the result of his work, mysteriously disappeared, was never seen again).
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below. Do not write in the book.
 - a. Three of Andros' hated councilors were ———, ———, and ———.
 - b. Sir Edmund Andros suddenly saw himself confronted by the figure of ——— ——— ———.
 - c. The Gray Champion embodies the hereditary spirit of ——— ———.

THE RIVERMAN

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE (1873-)

Stories of men whose lifework consists in battling the forces of Nature always interest us. They satisfy in part our innate desire to live more closely to Nature than we really can in these modern days. The author of this story was born in Michigan and spent many years among the lumbering camps in which his State abounds. Thus his first-hand knowledge of logging and lumbering has added immensely to the great appeal of most of his books. This tale from *Blazed Trail Stories* gives a graphic picture of the sports and the activities of the typical lumberman.

I first met him one Fourth of July afternoon in the middle eighties. The sawdust streets and high board walks of the lumber town were filled to the brim with people. The permanent population, dressed in the stiffness of its Sunday best, escorted gingham wives or sweethearts; a dozen outsiders like myself tried not to be too conspicuous in a city smartness; but the great multitude was composed of the men of the woods. I sat, chair-tilted by the hotel, watching them pass. Their heavy woolen shirts crossed by the broad suspenders, the red of their sashes or leather shine of their belts, their short kersey trousers "staggered" off to leave a gap between the knee and the heavily spiked "cork boots" — all these were distinctive enough of their class, but most interesting to me were the eyes that peered from beneath their little round hats rakishly askew. They were all subtly alike, those eyes. Some were black, some were brown, or gray, or blue, but all were steady and unabashed, all looked straight at you with a strange humorous blending of aggression and respect for your own business, and all without exception wrinkled at the corners with a suggestion of dry humor. In my half-conscious scrutiny I probably stared harder than I knew, for all at once a laughing pair of the blue eyes suddenly met mine full, and an ironical voice drawled,

"Say, bub, you look as interested as a man killing snakes. Am I your long-lost friend?"

The tone of the voice matched accurately the attitude of the

man, and that was quite non-committal. He stood cheerfully ready to meet the emergency. If I sought trouble, it was here to my hand; or if I needed help, he was willing to offer it.

"I guess you are," I replied, "if you can tell me what all this outfit's headed for."

He thrust back his hat and ran his hand through a mop of closely cropped light curls.

"Birling match," he exclaimed briefly. "Come on."

I joined him, and together we followed the crowd to the river, where we roosted like cormorants on adjacent piles overlooking a patch of clear water among the filled booms.

"Drive's just over," my new friend informed me. "Rear come down last night. Fourther July celebration. This little town will scratch fer th' tall timber along about midnight when the boys goes in to take her apart."

A half-dozen men with peavies rolled a white pine log of about a foot and a half diameter into the clear water, where it lay rocking back and forth, three or four feet from the boom piles. Suddenly a man ran the length of the boom, leaped easily into the air, and landed with both feet square on one end of the floating log. That end disappeared in an ankle-deep swirl of white foam, the other rose suddenly, the whole timber, projected forward by the shock, drove headlong to the middle of the little pond. And the man, his arms folded, his knees just bent in the graceful nervous attitude of the circus rider, stood upright like a statue of bronze.

A roar approved this feat.

"That's Dicky Darrell," said my informant, "Roaring Dick. Watch him."

The man on the log was small, with clean, beautiful haunches and shoulders, but with hanging baboon arms. Perhaps his most striking feature was a mop of reddish brown hair that overshadowed a little triangular white face accented by two reddish brown quadrilaterals that served as eyebrows and a pair of inscrutable chipmunk eyes.

For a moment he poised erect in the great calm of the public performer. Then slowly he began to revolve the log under his feet. The lofty gaze, the folded arms, the straight supple waist

budged not by a hair's breadth; only the feet stepped forward, at first deliberately, then faster and faster, until the rolling log threw a blue spray a foot into the air. Then suddenly *slap! slap!* the heavy caulks stamped a reversal. The log came instantaneously to rest, quivering exactly like some animal that had been spurred through its paces.

"Magnificent!" I cried.

"That's nothing!" my companion repressed me; "anybody can birl a log. Watch this."

Roaring Dick for the first time unfolded his arms. With some appearance of caution he balanced his unstable footing into absolute immobility. Then he turned a somersault.

This was the real thing. My friend uttered a wild yell of applause which was lost in a general roar.

A long pike pole shot out, bit the end of the timber, and towed it to the boom pile. Another man stepped on the log with Darrell. They stood facing each other, bent-kneed, alert. Suddenly with one accord they commenced to birl the log from left to right. The pace grew hot. Like squirrels treading a cage their feet twinkled. Then it became apparent that Darrell's opponent was gradually being forced from the top of the log. He could not keep up. Little by little, still moving desperately, he dropped back to the slant, then at last to the edge, and so off into the river with a mighty splash.

"Clean birlled!" commented my friend.

One after another a half-dozen rivermen tackled the imperturbable Dick, but none of them possessed the agility to stay on top in the pace he set them. One boy of eighteen seemed for a moment to hold his own, and managed at least to keep out of the water even when Darrell had apparently reached his maximum speed. But that expert merely threw his entire weight into two reversing stamps of his feet, and the young fellow dove forward as abruptly as though he had been shied over a horse's head.

The crowd was by now getting uproarious and impatient of volunteer effort to humble Darrell's challenge. It wanted the best, and at once. It began, with increasing insistence, to shout a name.

"Jimmy Powers!" it vociferated, "Jimmy Powers."

And then by shamefaced bashfulness, by profane protest, by

muttered and comprehensive curses I knew that my companion on the other pile was indicated.

A dozen men near at hand began to shout. "Here he is!" they cried. "Come on, Jimmy." "Don't be a high banker." "Hang his hide on the fence."

Jimmy, still red and swearing, suffered himself to be pulled from his elevation and disappeared in the throng. A moment later I caught his head and shoulders pushing toward the boom piles, and so in a moment he stepped warily aboard to face his antagonist.

This was evidently no question to be determined by the simplicity of force or the simplicity of a child's trick. The two men stood half-crouched, face to face, watching each other narrowly, but making no move. To me they seemed like two wrestlers sparring for an opening. Slowly the log revolved one way; then slowly the other. It was a mere courtesy of salute. All at once Dick birdled three rapid strokes from left to right as though about to roll the log, leaped into the air and landed square with both feet on the other slant of the timber. Jimmy Powers felt the jar, and acknowledged it by the spasmodic jerk with which he counter-balanced Darrell's weight. But he was not thrown.

As though this daring and hazardous maneuver had opened the combat, both men sprang to life. Sometimes the log rolled one way, sometimes the other, sometimes it jerked from side to side like a crazy thing, but always with the rapidity of light, always in a smother of spray and foam. The decided *spat*, *spat* of the reversing blows from the caulked boots sounded like picket firing. I could not make out the different leads, feints, parries, and counters of this strange method of boxing, nor could I distinguish to whose initiative the various evolutions of that log could be ascribed. But I retain still a vivid mental picture of two men nearly motionless above the waist, nearly vibrant below it, dominating the insane gyrations of a stick of pine.

The crowd was appreciative and partisan — for Jimmy Powers. It howled wildly, and rose thereby to ever higher excitement. Then it forgot its manners utterly and groaned when it made out that a sudden splash represented its favorite, while the indom-

itable Darrell still trod the quarterdeck as champion birler for the year.

I must confess I was as sorry as anybody. I climbed down from my cormorant roost, and picked my way between the alleys of aromatic piled lumber in order to avoid the press, and cursed the little gods heartily for undue partiality in the wrong direction. In this manner I happened on Jimmy Powers himself seated dripping on a board and examining his bared foot.

"I'm sorry," said I behind him. "How did he do it?"

He whirled, and I could see that his laughing, boyish face had become suddenly grim and stern and that his eyes were shot with blood.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he growled disparagingly. "Well, that's how he did it."

He held out his foot. Across the instep and at the base of the toes ran two rows of tiny round punctures from which the blood was oozing. I looked very inquiring.

"He corked me!" Jimmy Powers explained. "Jammed his spikes into me! Stepped on my foot and tripped me, the —" Jimmy Powers certainly could swear.

"Why didn't you make a kick?" I cried.

"That isn't how I do it," he muttered, pulling on his heavy woolen sock.

"But, no," I insisted, my indignation mounting. "It's an outrage! That crowd was with you. All you had to do was to say something —"

He cut me short. "And give myself away as a fool — sure Mike. I ought to know Dickey Darrell by this time, and I ought to be big enough to take care of myself." He stamped his foot into his driver's shoe and took me by the arm, his good humor apparently restored. "No, don't you lose any hair, bub; I'll get even with Roaring Dick."

That night, having by the advice of the proprietor moved my bureau and trunk against the bedroom door, I lay wide awake listening to the taking of the town apart. At each especially vicious crash I wondered if that might be Jimmy Powers getting even with Roaring Dick.

The following year, but earlier in the season, I again visited

my little lumber town. In striking contrast to the life of that other midsummer day were the deserted streets. The landlord knew me, and after I had washed and eaten approached me with a suggestion.

"You got all day in front of you," said he; "why don't you take a horse and buggy and make a visit to the big jam? Everybody's up there more or less."

In response to my inquiry, he replied: "They've jammed at the upper bend, jammed bad. The crew's been picking at her for near a week now, and last night Darrell was down to see about some more dynamite. It's worth seein'. The breast of her is near thirty foot high, and lots of water in the river."

"Darrell?" said I, catching at the name.

"Yes. He's rear boss this year. Do you think you'd like to take a look at her?"

"I think I should," I assented.

The horse and I jogged slowly along a deep sand road, through wastes of pine stumps and belts of hardwood beautiful with the early spring, until finally we arrived at a clearing in which stood two huge tents, a mammoth kettle slung over a fire of logs, and drying racks about the timbers of another fire. A fat cook in the inevitable battered derby hat, two bare-armed cookees, and a chore "boy" of seventy-odd summers were the only human beings in sight. One of the cookees agreed to keep an eye on my horse. I picked my way down a well-worn trail toward the regular *clank, clank, clink* of the peavies.¹

I emerged finally on a plateau elevated some fifty or sixty feet above the river. A half-dozen spectators were already gathered. Among them I could not but notice a tall, spare, broad-shouldered young fellow dressed in a quiet business suit, somewhat wrinkled, whose square, strong, clean-cut face and muscular hands were tanned by the weather to a dark umber-brown. In another moment I looked down on the jam.

The breast, as my landlord had told me, rose sheer from the water to the height of at least twenty-five feet, bristling and formidable. Back of it pressed the volume of logs packed closely in an apparently inextricable tangle as far as the eye could reach.

¹ Iron levers used for handling logs.

A man near informed me that the tail was a good three miles up stream. From beneath this wonderful *chevaux-de-frise*² foamed the current of the river, irresistible to any force less mighty than the statics of such a mass.

A crew of forty or fifty men were at work. They clamped their peavies to the reluctant timbers, heaved, pushed, slid, and rolled them one by one into the current, where they were caught and borne away. They had been doing this for a week. As yet their efforts had made but slight impression on the bulk of the jam, but sometime, with patience, they would reach the key-logs. Then the tangle would melt like sugar in the freshet, and these imperturbable workers would have to escape suddenly over the plunging logs to shore.

My eye ranged over the men, and finally rested on Dickey Darrell. He was standing on the slanting end of an upheaved log dominating the scene. His little triangular face with the accents of the quadrilateral eyebrows was pale with the blaze of his energy, and his chipmunk eyes seemed to flame with a dynamic vehemence that caused those on whom their glance fell to jump as though they had been touched with a hot poker. I had heard more of Dickey Darrell since my last visit, and was glad of the chance to observe Morrison & Daly's best "driver" at work.

The jam seemed on the very edge of breaking. After half an hour's strained expectation it seemed still on the very edge of breaking. So I sat down on a stump. Then for the first time I noticed another acquaintance, handling his peavey near the very person of the rear boss.

"Hullo," said I to myself, "that's funny. I wonder if Jimmy Powers got even; and if so, why he is working so amicably and so near Roaring Dick."

At noon the men came ashore for dinner. I paid a quarter into the cook's private exchequer and so was fed. After the meal I approached my acquaintance of the year before.

"Hello, Powers," I greeted him, "I suppose you don't remember me?"

"Sure," he responded heartily. "Ain't you a little early this year?"

² A mass of sharp points and ragged edges.

"No," I disclaimed, "this is a better sight than a birling match."

I offered him a cigar, which he immediately substituted for his corncob pipe. We sat at the root of a tree.

"It'll be a great sight when that jam pulls," said I.

"You bet," he replied, "but she's a teaser. Even old Tim Shearer would have a picnic to make out just where the key-logs are. We've started her three times, but she's plugged tight every trip. Likely to pull almost any time."

We discussed various topics. Finally I ventured:

"I see your old friend Darrell is rear boss."

"Yes," said Jimmy Powers, dryly.

"By the way, did you fellows ever square up on the birling match?"

"No," said Jimmy Powers; then after an instant, "Not yet."

I glanced at him to recognize the square set to the jaw that had impressed me so formidably the year before. And again his face relaxed almost quizzically as he caught sight of mine.

"Bub," said he, getting to his feet, "those little marks are on my foot yet. And just you tie into one idea: Dickey Darrell's got it coming." His face darkened with a swift anger, and in its very deliberation I glimpsed the flare of an undying hatred.

About three o'clock that afternoon Jimmy's prediction was fulfilled. Without the slightest warning the jam "pulled." Usually certain premonitory *cracks*, certain sinkings down, groanings forward, grumblings, shruggings, and sullen, reluctant shiftings of the logs give opportunity for the men to assure their safety. This jam, after inexplicably hanging fire for a week, as inexplicably started like a sprinter almost into its full gait. The first few tiers toppled smash into the current, raising a water-spout like that made by a dynamite explosion; the mass behind plunged forward blindly, rising and falling as the integral logs were up-ended, turned over, thrust one side, or forced bodily into the air by the mighty power playing jackstraws with them.

The rivermen, though caught unaware, reached either bank. They held their peavies across their bodies as balancing-poles, and zigzagged ashore with a calmness and lack of haste that were in reality only an indication of the keenness with which they

fore-estimated each chance. Long experience with the ways of saw logs brought them out. They knew the correlation of these many forces just as the expert billiard-player knows instinctively the various angles of incident and reflection between his cue-ball and its mark. Consequently they avoided the centers of eruption, paused on the spots steadied for the moment, dodged moving logs, trod those not yet under way, and so arrived on solid ground. The jam itself started with every indication of meaning business, gained momentum for a hundred feet, and then plugged to a standstill. The "break" was abortive.

Now we all had leisure to notice two things. First, the movement had not been of the whole jam, as we had at first supposed, but only of a block or section of it twenty rods or so in extent. Thus between the part that had moved and the greater bulk that had not stirred lay a hundred feet of open water in which floated a number of loose logs. The second fact was, that Dickey Darrell had fallen into that open stretch of water and was in the act of swimming toward one of the floating logs. That much we were given just time to appreciate thoroughly. Then the other section of the jam rumbled and began to break. Roaring Dick was caught between two gigantic millstones moving to crush him out of sight.

An active figure darted down the tail of the first section, out over the floating logs, seized Darrell by the coat-collar, and so burdened began desperately to scale the very face of the breaking jam.

Never was a more magnificent rescue. The logs were rolling, falling, diving against the laden man. He climbed as over a treadmill, a treadmill whose speed was constantly increasing. And when he finally gained the top, it was as the gap closed splinteringly beneath him and the man he had saved.

It is not in the woodsman to be demonstrative at any time, but here was work demanding attention. Without a pause for breath or congratulation they turned to the necessity of the moment. The jam, the whole jam, was moving at last. Jimmy Powers ran ashore for his peavey. Roaring Dick, like a demon incarnate, threw himself into the work. Forty men attacked the jam at a dozen places, encouraging the movement, twisting aside the timbers that threatened to lock anew, directing pigmy-like

the titanic forces into the channel of their efficiency. Roaring like wild cattle the logs swept by, at first slowly, then with the railroad rush of the curbed freshet. Men were everywhere, taking chances, like cowboys before the stampeded herd. And so, out of sight around the lower bend swept the front of the jam in a swirl of glory, the rivermen riding the great boom back of the creature they subdued, until at last, with a slackening current, the logs floated by, free, cannoning with hollow sound one against the other. A half-dozen watchers, leaning statuesquely on the shafts of their peavies, watched the ordered ranks pass by.

One by one the spectators departed. At last only myself and the brown-faced young man remained. He sat on a stump, staring with sightless eyes into vacancy. I did not disturb his thoughts.

The sun dipped. A cool breeze of evening sucked up the river. Over near the cook-camp a big fire commenced to crackle by the drying frames. At dusk the rivermen straggled in from the down-river trail.

The brown-faced young man arose and went to meet them. I saw him return in close conversation with Jimmy Powers. Before they reached us he had turned away with a gesture of farewell.

Jimmy Powers stood looking after him long after his form had disappeared, and indeed even after the sound of his wheels had died toward town. As I approached, the riverman turned to me a face from which the reckless, contained self-reliance of the woods-worker had faded. It was wide-eyed with an almost awe-stricken wonder and adoration.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked me in a hushed voice. "That's Thorpe, Harry Thorpe. And do you know what he said to me just now, *me*? He told me he wanted me to work in Camp One next winter, Thorpe's One. And he told me I was the first man he ever hired straight into One."

His breath caught with something like a sob.

I had heard of the man and of his methods. I knew he had made it a practice of recruiting for his prize camp only from the employees of his other camps, that, as Jimmy said, he never "hired straight into One." I had heard, too, of his reputation

among his own and other woodsmen. But this was the first time I had ever come into personal contact with his influence. It impressed me the more in that I had come to know Jimmy Powers and his kind.

"You deserve it, every bit," said I. "I'm not going to call you a hero, because that would make you tired. What you did this afternoon showed nerve. It was a brave act. But it was a better act because you rescued your enemy, because you forgot everything but your common humanity when danger —"

I broke off. Jimmy was again looking at me with his ironically quizzical grin.

"Bub," said he, "if you're going to hang any stars of Bethlehem on my Christmas tree, just call a halt right here. I didn't rescue that scalawag because I had any Christian sentiments, nary bit. I was just naturally savin' him for the birling match next Fourther July."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe as vividly as possible the "birling" contest between Darrell and Powers.
2. How do the contest and the events which follow give you an indication of the characters of both Darrell and Powers?
3. Powers was right in refusing to disclose the foul play. Discuss.
4. Depict the rescue of Roaring Dick. What indication does this act give of Jimmy Powers' character?
5. From your reading of the story, tell how the major characters are described. Are they described in detail, or are their characters brought out by their words and actions?
6. Which people in the story do you admire?

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
 - a. Dickey Darrell won the birling match (because of his superior skill, through foul means, fairly).
 - b. Jimmy Powers was (right, wrong, foolish) in not protesting.
 - c. It was an (easy, hard, impossible) job to break the jam.
 - d. The rescue was (greeted with wild shouts, almost ignored, passed unnoticed) by the onlookers.

2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below. Do not write in the book.

- a. The writer first met — on the Fourth of July, the day of the —.
- b. Roaring Dick found himself caught between —.
- c. Jim Powers saved — in order to compete with him in the next —.



THE FRESHMAN FULL-BACK *

By RALPH D. PAINE

The determination to succeed and the ability to carry on when all the world looks black are two of the most important qualities a person can have. It is only in times of stress and strain that the true character of a man is brought to the fore. Whether or not he can overcome the difficul-

* From *College Years* by Ralph D. Paine. Copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ties in his way depends to a great extent on his possession of these qualities.

This story paints the picture of a man who, discouraged and almost beaten, finds his faith in himself renewed when he sees his son overcome difficulties and push himself doggedly on to victory.

The boyish night city editor glanced along the copy-readers' table and petulantly exclaimed:

"Isn't that spread head ready yet, Mr. Seeley? It goes on the front page and we are holding open for it. Whew, but you are slow. You ought to be holding down a job on a quarterly review."

A portly man of middle age dropped his pencil and turned heavily in his chair to face the source of this public humiliation. An angry flush overspread his face and he chewed at a grayish mustache as if fighting down rebellion. His comrades at the long table had looked up from their work and were eyeing the oldest copy-reader with sympathetic uneasiness while they hoped that he would be able to hold himself in hand. The night city editor felt the tension of this brief tableau and awaited the threatened outbreak with a nervous smile. But Seeley jerked his green eyeshade so low that his face was partly in eclipse, and wheeled round to resume his task with a catch of the breath and a tone of surrender in his reply.

"The head will be ready in five minutes, sir. The last pages of the story are just coming in."

A much younger man, at the farther end of the table, whispered to his neighbor:

"That's cheap and nasty, to call down old man Seeley as if he were a cub reporter. He may have lost his grip, but he deserves decent treatment for what he has been. Managing editor of this very sheet, London correspondent before that, and the crack man of the staff when most of the rest of us were in short breeches. And now Henry Harding Seeley isn't any too sure of keeping his job on the copy-desk."

"That's what the New York newspaper game can do to you if you stick at it too long," murmured the other. "Back to the farm for mine."

It was long after midnight when these two put on their coats and bade the city editor's desk a perfunctory "Good-night."

They left Henry Harding Seeley still slumped in his chair, writing with dogged industry.

"He's dead tired, you can see that," commented one of the pair as they headed for Broadway, "but, as usual, he is grinding out stuff for the Sunday sheet after hours. He must need the extra coin mighty bad. I came back for my overcoat at four the other morning, after the poker game, and he was still pegging away just like that."

Other belated editors and reporters of the *Chronicle* staff drifted toward the elevator, until the gray-haired copy-reader was left alone in the city room as if marooned. Writing as steadily as if he were a machine warranted to turn out so many words an hour, Seeley urged his pencil until the last page was finished. Then he read and corrected the "story," slipped it through a slit in a door marked "Sunday Editor," and trudged out, while the tower clock was striking three.

Instead of seeking the chop-house, wherein the vivacious and tireless youth of the staff were wont to linger over supper, he turned into a side street and betook himself to a small café as yet unfrequented by the night-owls of journalism. Seeley was a beaten man, and he preferred to nurse his wounds in a morbid isolation. His gait and aspect were those of one who was stolidly struggling on the defensive, as if hostile circumstances had driven him into a corner where he was making his last stand.

Through the years of his indomitable youth as a reporter of rare ability and resourcefulness, he had never spared himself. Burning the candle at both ends, with a vitality which had seemed inexhaustible, he had won step after step of promotion until, at forty, he was made managing editor of that huge and hard-driven organization, the *New York Chronicle*. For five years of rack-ing responsibility Henry Harding Seeley had been able to maintain the pace demanded of his position.

Then came an error of judgment—a midnight decision demanded of a fagged mind—and his O. K. was scrawled upon the first sheet of a story of embezzlement in Wall Street. By an incredible blunder the name of the fugitive cashier was coupled with that of the wrong bank. Publication of the *Chronicle* story started a terrific run on this innocent institution, which won its

libel suit against the newspaper in the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

The managing editor, two reporters, and the copy-reader who had handled the fatal manuscript, were swept out of the building by one cyclonic order from the owner thereof. Henry Seeley accepted his indirect responsibility for the disaster in grim, manly fashion, and straightway sought another berth befitting his journalistic station. But his one costly slip was more than a nine-days' scandal along Park Row, and other canny proprietors were afraid that he might hit them in the very vital regions of their pockets. Worse than this, his confidence in himself had suffered mortal damage. The wear and tear of his earlier years had left him with little reserve power, and he went to pieces in the face of adverse fortune.

"Worked out at forty-five," was the verdict of his friends, and they began to pity him.

The will to succeed had been broken, but Seeley might have rallied had not his wife died during the ebb-tide of his affairs. She had walked hand in hand with him since his early twenties, her faith in him had been his mainstay, and his happiness in her complete and beautiful. Bereft of her when he stood most in need of her, he seemed to have no more fight in him, and, drifting from one newspaper office to another, he finally eddied into his old "shop" as a drudging copy-reader and an object of sympathy to a younger generation.

There was one son, strong, bright, eager, and by dint of driving his eternally wearied brain overtime, the father had been able to send him to Yale, his own alma mater. More or less pious deception had led young Ernest Seeley to believe that his father had regained much of his old-time prestige with the *Chronicle* and that he had a hand in guiding its editorial destinies. The lad was a Freshman, tremendously absorbed in the activities of the autumn term, and his father was content that he should be so hedged about by the interests of the campus world as to have small time or thought for the grizzled, taciturn toiler in New York.

This was the kind of man that trudged heavily into the little German café of an early morning after his long night's slavery at the copy-desk. His mind, embittered and sensitive to slights like

a raw nerve, was brooding over the open taunt of the night city editor, who had been an office boy under him in the years gone by. From force of habit he seated himself at a table in the rear of the room, shunning the chance of having to face an acquaintance. Unfolding a copy of the city edition, which had been laid on his desk damp from the press-room, Seeley scanned the front page with scowling uneasiness, as if fearing to find some blunder of his own handiwork. Then he turned to the sporting page and began to read the football news.

His son Ernest had been playing as a substitute with the university eleven, an achievement which stirred the father's pride without moving his enthusiasm. And the boy, chilled by his father's indifference, had said little about it during his infrequent visits to New York. But now the elder Seeley sat erect, and his stolid countenance was almost animated as he read, under a New Haven date line:

The Yale confidence of winning the game with Princeton tomorrow has been shattered, and gloom enshrouds the camp of the Elis to-night. Collins, the great full-back, who has been the key-stone of Yale's offensive game, was taken to the infirmary late this afternoon. He complained of feeling ill after the signal practice yesterday; fever developed overnight, and the consulting physicians decided that he must be operated on for appendicitis without delay. His place in the Princeton game will be filled by Ernest Seeley, the Freshman, who has been playing a phenomenal game in the back-field, but who is so lacking in experience that the coaches are all at sea to-night. The loss of Collins has swung the betting around to even money instead of 5 to 3 on Yale.

The elder Seeley wiped his glasses as if not sure that he had read aright.

Ernest had seemed to him no more than a sturdy infant and here he was, on the eve of a championship football battle, picked to fight for the "old blue." The father's career at Yale had been a most honorable one. He, too, had played on the eleven and had helped to win two desperate contests against Princeton. But all this belonged to a part of his life which was dead and done for. He had not achieved in after years what Yale expected of him, and his record there was with his buried memories.

Supper was forgotten while Henry Seeley wondered whether he really wanted to go to New Haven to see his boy play. Many of

his old friends and classmates would be there and he did not wish to meet them.

And it stung him to the quick as he reflected:

"I should be very happy to see him win, but — but to see him whipped! I couldn't brace and comfort him. And supposing it breaks his heart to be whipped as it has broken mine? No, I won't let myself think that. I'm a poor Yale man and a worse father, but I couldn't stand going up there today."

Even more humiliating was the thought that he would shrink from asking leave of the city editor. Saturday was not his "day off," and he so greatly hated to ask favors at the office, that the possibility of being rebuffed was more than he was willing to face.

Into his unhappy meditations broke a boisterous hail:

"Diogenes Seeley, as I live. Why, you old rascal, I thought you were dead or something. Glad I didn't get foolish and go to bed. Here, waiter, get busy."

Seeley was startled, and he looked much more distressed than rejoiced as he lumbered from his table to grasp the outstretched hand of a classmate. The opera-hat of this Mr. Richard Giddings was cocked at a rakish angle, his blue eye twinkled good cheer and youthful hilarity, and his aspect was utterly care-free.

"How are you, Dick?" said Seeley, with an unusual smile which singularly brightened his face. "You don't look a day older than when I last saw you. Still cutting coupons for a living?"

"Oh, money is the least of my worries," gayly rattled Mr. Giddings. "Been doing the heavy society act tonight, and on my way home found I needed some sauerkraut and beer to tone up my jaded system. By Jove, Harry, you're as gray as badger. This newspaper game must be bad for the nerves. Lots of fellows have asked me about you. Never see you at the University Club, nobody sees you anywhere. Remarkable how a man can lose himself right here in New York. Still running the *Chronicle*, I suppose."

"I'm still in the old shop, Dick," replied Seeley, glad to be rid of this awkward question. "But I work nearly all night and sleep most of the day, and am like a cog in a big machine that never stops grinding."

"Shouldn't do it. Wears a man out," and Mr. Giddings sagely nodded his head. "'Course you are going up to the game today. Come along with me. Special car with a big bunch of your old pals inside. They'll be tickled to death to find I've dug you out of your hole. Hello! Is that this morning's paper? Let me look at the sporting page. Great team at New Haven, they tell me. What's the latest odds? I put up a thousand at five to three last week and am looking for some more easy money."

The alert eye of the volatile Richard Giddings swept down the New Haven dispatch like lightning.

With a grievous outcry he smote the table and shouted:

"Collins out of the game? Great Scott, Harry, that's awful news. And a green Freshman going to fill his shoes at the last minute. I feel like weeping, honest I do. Who the deuce is this Seeley? Any kin of yours? I suppose not or you would have bellowed it at me before this."

"He is my only boy, Dick," and the father held up his head with a shadow of his old manner. "I didn't know he had the ghost of a show to make the team until I saw this dispatch."

"Then, of course, you are coming up with me," roared Mr. Giddings. "I hope he's a chip of the old block. If he has your sand they can't stop him. Jumping Jupiter, they couldn't have stopped you with an axe when you were playing guard in our time, Harry. I feel better already to know that it is your kid going in at full-back today."

"No, I'm not going up, Dick," said Seeley slowly. "For one thing, it is too short notice for me to break away from the office, and I — I haven't the nerve to watch the boy go into the game. I'm not feeling very fit."

"Stuff and nonsense, you need a brain cure," vociferated Richard Giddings. "You, an old Yale guard, with a pup on the team, and he a Freshman at that! Throw out your chest, man; tell the office to go to the devil — where all newspapers belong — and meet me at the station at ten o'clock sharp. You talk and look like the oldest living grad with one foot in the grave."

Seeley flushed and bit his lip. His dulled realization of what Yale had been to him was quickened by this tormenting comrade

of the brave days of old, but he could not be shaken from his attitude of morbid self-effacement.

"No, Dick, it's no use," he returned with a tremulous smile. "You can't budge me. But give my love to the crowd and tell them to cheer for that youngster of mine until they're blue in the face."

Mr. Richard Giddings eyed him quizzically, and surmised that something or other was gravely wrong with his grizzled classmate. But Seeley offered no more explanations and the vivacious intruder fell to his task of demolishing sauerkraut with great gusto, after which he nimbly vanished into a cruising hansom with a sense of having been rebuffed.

Seeley watched him depart at great speed and then plodded toward his up-town lodgings. His sleep was distressed with unhappy dreams, and during a wakeful interval he heard a knock at his sitting-room door.

An office boy from the *Chronicle* editorial rooms gave him a note and waited for an answer.

Seeley recognized the handwriting of the managing editor and was worried, for he was always expecting the worst to happen. He sighed with relieved surprise as he read:

MY DEAR MR. SEELEY:

Please go to New Haven as soon as possible and do a couple of columns of descriptive introduction of the Yale-Princeton game. The sporting department will cover the technical story, but a big steamboat collision has just happened in North River, two or three hundred drowned and so on, and I need every man in the shop. As an old Yale player I am sure I can depend on you for a good story, and I know you used to do this kind of stuff in fine style.

Seeley fished his watch from under a pillow. It was after ten o'clock and the game would begin at two. While he hurried into his clothes he was conscious of a distinct thrill of excited interest akin to his old-time joy in the day's work. Could he "do this kind of stuff in fine style"? Why, before his brain had begun to be always tired, when he was the star reporter of the *Chronicle*, his football introductions had been classics in Park Row. If there was a spark of the old fire left in him he would try to strike it out,

and for the moment he forgot the burden of inertia which had so long crushed him.

"But I don't want to run into Dick Giddings and his crowd," he muttered as he sought his hat and overcoat. "And I'll be up in the press-box away from the mob of old grads. Perhaps my luck has turned."

When Henry Seeley reached the Yale field the eleven had gone to the dressing-rooms in the training house, and he hovered on the edge of the flooding crowds, fairly yearning for a glimpse of the Freshman full-back and a farewell grasp of his hand. The habitual dread lest the son find cause to be ashamed of his father had been shoved into the background by a stronger, more natural emotion. But he well knew that he ought not to invade the training quarters in these last crucial moments. Ernest must not be distraught by a feather's weight of any other interest than the task in hand. The coaches would be delivering their final words of instruction and the old Yale guard could picture to himself the tense absorption of the scene. Like one coming out of a dream, the past was returning to him in vivid, heart-stirring glimpses. Reluctantly he sought his place in the press-box high above the vast amphitheater.

The preliminary spectacle was movingly familiar: the rippling banks of color which rose on all sides to frame the long carpet of chalked turf; the clamorous outbursts of cheering when an eddy of Yale or Princeton undergraduates swirled and tossed at command of the dancing dervish of a leader at the edge of the field below; the bright, buoyant aspect of the multitude as viewed en masse. Seeley leaned against the railing of his lofty perch and gazed at this pageant until a sporting editor, long in harness, nudged his elbow and said:

"Hello! I haven't seen you at a game in a dozen years. Doing the story or just working the press-badge graft? That namesake of yours will be meat for the Tigers, I'm afraid. Glad he doesn't belong to you, aren't you?"

Seeley stared at him like a man in a trance and replied evasively:

"He may be good enough. It all depends on his sand and

nerve. Yes, I am doing the story for a change. Have you the final line-up?"

"Princeton is playing all her regular men," said the sporting editor, giving Seeley his note-book. "The only Yale change is at full-back — and that's a catastrophe."

Seeley copied the lists for reference and his pencil was not steady when he came to "Full-back, Ernest T. Seeley." But he pulled his thoughts away from the eleven and began to jot down notes of the passing incidents which might serve to weave into the fabric of his description. The unwonted stimulus aroused his talent as if it were not dead but dormant. The scene appealed to him with almost as much freshness and color as if he were observing it for the first time.

A roar of cheering rose from a far corner of the field and ran swiftly along the Yale side of the amphitheater, which blossomed in tossing blue. The Yale eleven scampered into view like colts at pasture, the substitutes veering toward the benches behind the side-line. Without more ado the team scattered in formation for signal practice, paying no heed to the tumult which raged around and above them. Agile, clean-limbed, splendid in their disciplined young manhood, the dark blue of their stockings and the white "Y" gleaming on their sweaters fairly trumpeted their significance to Henry Seeley. And poised behind the rush-line, wearing his hard-won university blue, was the lithe figure of the Freshman full-back, Ernest Seeley.

The youngster, whose fate it was to be called a "forlorn hope," looked fragile beside his comrades of the eleven. Although tall and wiry, he was like a greyhound in a company of mastiffs. His father, looking down at him from so great a height that he could not read his face, muttered to himself while he dug his nails into his palms:

"He is too light for this day's work. But he carries himself like a thoroughbred."

The boy and his fellows seemed singularly remote from the shouting thousands massed so near them. They had become the sole arbiters of their fate, and their impressive isolation struck Henry Seeley anew as the most dramatic feature of this magnificent picture. He must sit idly by and watch his only son battle

through the most momentous hour of his young life, as if he were gazing down from another planet.

The staccato cheers of Princeton rocketed along the other side of the field, and the eleven from Old Nassau ran briskly over the turf and wheeled into line for a last rehearsal of their machine-like tactics. Henry Seeley was finding it hard to breathe, just as it had happened in other days when he was waiting for the "kick-off" and facing a straining Princeton line. The minutes were like hours while the officials consulted with the captains in the center of the field. Then the two elevens ranged themselves across the brown turf, there was breathless silence, and a Princeton toe lifted the ball far down toward the Yale goal. It was the young full-back who waited to receive the opening kick, while his comrades thundered toward him to form a flying screen of interference. But the twisting ball bounded from his too eager arms, and another Yale back fell on it in time to save it from the clutches of a meteoric Princeton end.

"Nervous. Hasn't steadied down yet," exclaimed a reporter behind Henry Seeley. "But he can't afford to give Princeton any more chances like that. Her ends are faster than chain lightning."

The father groaned and wiped the sweat from his eyes. If the team were afraid of this untried full-back, such a beginning would not give them confidence. Then the two lines locked and heaved in the first scrimmage, and a stocky Yale half-back was pulled down in his tracks. Again the headlong Princeton defence held firm and the Yale captain gasped, "Third down and three yards to gain." The Yale interferers sped to circle one end of the line, but they were spilled this way and that and the runner went down a yard short of the needed distance.

The Yale full-back dropped back to punt. Far and true the ball soared into the Princeton field, and the lithe Freshman had somewhat redeemed himself. But now, for their own part, the sons of Old Nassau found themselves unable to make decisive gains against the Yale defence. Greek met Greek in these early clashes, and both teams were forced to punt again and again. Trick-plays were spoiled by alert end-rushers for the blue or the orange and black, fiercely launched assaults at center were torn asunder, and the longer the contest raged up and down the field

the more clearly it was perceived that these ancient rivals were rarely well matched in point of strength and strategy.

The Yale coaches were dismayed at this turn of events. They had hoped to see the ball carried toward the Princeton goal by means of shrewdly devised team-work, instead of which the burden of the game was shifted to one man, the weakest link in the chain, the Freshman at full-back. He was punting with splendid distance, getting the ball away when it seemed as if he must be overwhelmed by the hurtling Tigers. Once or twice, however, a hesitant nervousness almost wrought quick disaster, and the Yale partisans watched him with tormenting apprehension.

The first half of the game was fought into the last few minutes of play and neither eleven had been able to score. Then luck and skill combined to force the struggle far down into Yale territory. Only ten yards more of trampled turf to gain and Princeton would cross the last white line. The indomitable spirit which had placed upon the escutcheon of Yale football the figure of a bulldog rampant, rallied to meet this crisis, and the hard-pressed line held staunch and won possession of the ball on downs. Back to the very shadow of his own goal-posts the Yale full-back ran to punt the ball out of the danger zone. It shot fairly into his grasp from a faultless pass, but his fingers juggled the slippery leather as if it were bewitched. For a frantic, awful instant he fumbled with the ball and wildly dived after it as it caromed off to one side, bounded crazily, and rolled beyond his reach.

The Princeton quarter-back had darted through the line like a bullet. Without slackening speed or veering from his course, he scooped up the ball as he fled toward the Yale goal-line. It was done and over within a twinkling, and while the Yale team stampered helplessly in his wake the devastating hero was circling behind the goal-posts where he flopped to earth, the precious ball apparently embedded in his stomach. It was a Princeton touchdown fairly won, but made possible by the tragic blunder of one Yale man. While ten thousand Princeton throats were barking their jubilation, as many more loyal friends of Yale sat sad-eyed and sullen and glowered their unspeakable displeasure at the slim figure of the full-back as he limped into line to face the try for goal.

The goal was not scored, however, and the fateful tally stood five to nothing when the first half ended, with the blue banners drooping disconsolate.

Henry Seeley pulled his slouch hat over his eyes and sat with hunched shoulders staring at the Yale team as it left the field for the intermission. He had forgotten about his story of the game. The old spectre of failure obsessed him. It was already haunting the pathway of his boy. Was he also to be beaten by one colossal blunder? Henry Seeley felt that Ernest's whole career hung upon his behavior in the second half. How would the lad "take his medicine"? Would it break his heart or rouse him to fight more valiantly? As if the father had been thinking aloud, the sporting editor at his side observed:

"He may win the game yet. I like the looks of that boy. But he did make a hideous mess of it, didn't he? I hope he hasn't got a streak of yellow in him."

Henry Seeley turned on his neighbor with a savage scowl and could not hold back the quivering retort:

"He belongs to me, I want you to understand, and we'll say nothing about yellow streaks until he has a chance to make good next half."

"Whew-w-w, why did you hold it out on me, old man?" gasped the sporting editor. "No wonder you kicked me black and blue without knowing it. I hope he is a chip of the old block. I saw you play here in your last game."

Seeley grunted something and resumed staring at the field. He was thinking of the present moment in the training quarters, of the muddy, weary players sprawled around the head coach, of his wise, bitter, stinging rebukes and admonitions. Perhaps he would take Ernest out of the game. But Seeley was confident that the coaches would give the boy a chance to redeem himself if they believed his heart was in the right place. Presently the two teams trotted on the field, not as nimbly as at their first appearance, but with dogged resolution in their demeanor. Henry Seeley saw his son glance up at the "cheering sections," as if wondering whether their welcome was meant to include him. One cheer at least, was intended to greet him, for Henry Seeley stood on his chair, waved his hat, and thundered:

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, for Yale, my boy. Eat 'em alive as your daddy used to do."

The men from Princeton had no intention of being devoured in this summary fashion. They resumed their tireless, whirlwind attack like giants refreshed, and so harried their Yale foemen that they were forced to their utmost to ward off another touch-down. This incessant battering dulled the edges of their offensive tactics, and they seemed unable to set in motion a consistent series of advances. But the joy of Princeton was tempered by the knowledge that this, her dearest enemy, was not beaten until the last play had been signalled.

And somehow the Yale machine of muscle, brains, and power began to find itself when the afternoon shadows were slanting athwart the arena. With the ball on Princeton's forty-yard line the chosen sons of Eli began a heroic advance down the field. It was as if some missing cog had been supplied. "Straight old-fashioned football" it was, eleven minds and bodies working as one and animated by a desperate resolve, which carried the Yale team along for down after down into the heart of Princeton's ground.

Perhaps because he was fresher than the other backs, perhaps because the captain knew his man, the ball was given to the Yale full-back for one swift and battering assault after another. His slim figure pelted at the rush-line, was overwhelmed in an avalanche of striped arms and legs, but somehow twisted, wriggled, dragged itself ahead as if there was no stopping him. The multitude comprehended that this despised and disgraced Freshman was working out his own salvation along with that of his comrades. Once, when the scrimmage was untangled, he was dragged from beneath a heap of players, unable to regain his feet. He lay on the grass a huddled heap, blood smearing his forehead. A surgeon and the trainer doused and bandaged him, and presently he staggered to his feet and hobbled to his station, rubbing his hands across his eyes as if dazed.

When, at length, the stubbornly retreating Princeton line had been driven deep down into their end of the field, they, too, showed that they could hold fast in the last extremity. The Yale attack crumpled against them as if it had struck a stone wall. Young

Seeley seemed to be so crippled and exhausted that he had been given a respite from the interlocked, hammering onslaught, but at the third down the panting quarter-back croaked out his signal. His comrades managed to rip a semblance of an opening for him, he plunged through, popped clear of the line, fell to his knees, recovered his footing by a miracle of agility, and lunged onward, to be brought down within five yards of the coveted goal-posts.

He had won the right to make the last momentous charge. Swaying in his tracks, the full-back awaited the summons. Then he dived in behind the interference for a circuit of the right end. Two Princeton men broke through as if they had been shot out of mortars, but the Yale full-back had turned and was ploughing straight ahead. Pulled down, dragging the tackler who clung to his waist, he floundered to earth with most of the Princeton team piled above him. But the ball lay beyond the fateful chalk-line, the Yale touchdown was won, and the game was tied.

The captain clapped Seeley on the shoulder, nodded at the ball, and the full-back limped on to the field to kick the goal or lose a victory. There were no more signs of nervousness in his bearing. With grave deliberation he stood waiting for the ball to be placed in front of the goal-posts. The sun had dropped behind the lofty grand-stands. The field lay in a kind of wintry twilight. Thirty thousand men and women gazed in tensest silence at the mud-stained, battered youth who had become the crowning issue of this poignant moment. Up in the press-box a thick-set, grayish man dug his fists in his eyes and could not bear to look at the lonely, reliant figure down yonder on the quiet field. The father found courage to take his hands from his face only when a mighty roar of joy boomed along the Yale side of the amphitheatre, and he saw the ball drop in a long arc behind the goal-posts. The kick had won the game for Yale.

Once clear of the crowds, Henry Seeley hurried toward the training quarters. His head was up, his shoulders squared, and he walked with the free stride of an athlete. Mr. Richard Giddings danced madly across to him:

"Afraid to see him play were you, you silly old fool? He is a chip of the old block. He didn't know when he was licked. Wow, wow, wow, blood will tell! Come along with us, Harry."

"I must shake hands with the youngster, Dick. Glad I changed my mind and came to see him do it."

"All right, see you at Mory's tonight. Tell the boy we're all proud of him."

Seeley resumed his course, saying over and over again, as if he loved the sound of the words, "chip of the old block," "blood will tell."

This verdict was like the ringing call of bugles. It made him feel young, hopeful, resolute, that life were worth having for the sake of its strife. One thing at least was certain. His son could "take his punishment" and wrest victory from disaster, and he deserved something better than a coward and a quitter for a father.

The full-back was sitting on a bench when the elder Seeley entered the crowded, steaming room of the training house. The surgeon had removed the muddy, blood-stained bandage from around his tousled head and was cleansing an ugly, ragged gash. The boy scowled and winced but made no complaint, although his bruised face was very pale.

"Must have made you feel pretty foggy," said the surgeon. "I shall have to put in a few stitches. It was a deuce of a thump."

"I couldn't see very well and my legs went queer for a few minutes, but I'm all right now, thanks," replied the full-back, and then, glancing up, he espied his father standing near the door. The young hero of the game beckoned him with a grimy fist. Henry Seeley went over to him, took the fist in his two hands, and then patted the boy's cheek with awkward and unaccustomed tenderness.

"Sit still, Ernest. I won't interfere with the doctor's job. I just wanted to let you know that I saw your bully work. It made me think of — it made me think of —"

Henry Seeley's voice broke curiously and his lip quivered. He had not meant to show any emotion.

His son replied with a smile of affectionate admiration:

"It made you think of your own teams, didn't it? And I was thinking of you in that last half. It helped my nerve a whole lot to remember that my dad never knew when he was licked. Why, even the coaches told me that between the halves. It put more

ginger into me than anything else. We've got to keep up the family record between us."

The father looked beyond the boy as if he were thinking of a bigger, sterner game than football. There was the light of a resurrected determination in his eyes, and a vibrant earnestness in his voice as he said:

"I'm not worrying about your keeping the family record bright, Ernest. And, however things may go with me, you will be able to hang fast to the doctrine which helped you today, that your father, too, doesn't know when he is whipped."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Who is the hero of this story? Can you give reasons for your choice? What do you admire in your hero?
2. What thoughts come up in Henry Seeley's mind as he watches his son battle for the glory of his college?
3. The point of the story is (the winning of the game, the effect of the victory on the father).
4. Does the story recall any experience of yours of a similar kind? Tell the class about it.
5. Do you think the author ever played football himself? Explain your answer.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
 - a. Henry Seeley was (honored, ill-treated) by his employer.
 - b. Yale was expected (to win easily, to have a difficult game, to be utterly defeated).
 - c. Seeley's son (upheld the honor of the name, was found lacking, was obliged to quit the game).
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below. Do not write in the book.
 - a. Henry Seeley had lost his position as ———.
 - b. The substitute full-back was the ——— of ———.
 - c. Henry Seeley's courage was ——— by the example of his ———.

THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF

By O. HENRY (1862-1910)

O. Henry, the short-story master of human sympathy and humor, presents in this story a ludicrous situation in which he portrays the effects produced on two schemers by the ideas and acts of a very imaginative and self-willed youngster. The surprise element, always present in an O. Henry story, enters in at the conclusion, and we finish the story with a hearty laugh at the fate of the two conspirators. Read this story for its comic exaggerations and for amusing characterizations. The story is taken from his book *Whirligigs*.

It looked like a good thing; but wait till I tell you. We were down south, in Alabama — Bill Driscoll and myself — when this kidnaping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterwards expressed it, “during a moment of temporary mental apparition”; but we didn’t find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a town-lot scheme in western Illinois. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnaping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn’t get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the *Weekly Farmers’ Budget*. So it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy

at the news stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

"Hey, little boy!" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

That boy put up a fight like a welterweight cinnamon bear; but at last we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye the Spy, and announced that when his braves returned from the war-path I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and

bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this finè. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war whoop that made Old Hank the Trapper shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

"Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

"Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not right away," says I. "We'll stay here in the cave a while."

"All right!" says he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life."

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: "Hist! pard," in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnaped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or

yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs — they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He lay down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

"What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

"Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoiter."

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnapers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man plowing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek, no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a silvan attitude of somnolent

sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

"He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!"

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

"What's he up to now?" says Bill, anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

"No fear of it," says I. "He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbors. Anyhow, he'll be missed today. Tonight we must get a message to his father, demanding the two thousand dollars for his return."

Just then we heard a kind of war whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like one a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says, "Sam, do you know who my favorite Biblical character is?"

"Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses presently."

"King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here all alone, will you, Sam?"

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

"If you don't behave," says I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

"I was only funning," says he sullenly. "I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout today."

"I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go at once."

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnaping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquake, fire, and flood — in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies, and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnaped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

"I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. "I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans,

and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me."

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

EBENEZER DORSET, ESQ.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skillful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight tonight at the same spot and in the same box as your reply — as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger tonight at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them, no further communication will be attempted.

TWO DESPERATE MEN

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

"Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

"Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages."

"What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

"You are the hoss," says Black Scout. "Get down on your

hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss? ”

“ You’d better keep him interested,” said I, “ till we get the scheme going. Loosen up.”

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eyes like a rabbit’s when you catch it in a trap.

“ How far is it to the stockade, kid? ” he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

“ Ninety miles,” says the Black Scout. “ And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now! ”

The Black Scout jumps on Bill’s back and digs his heels in his side.

“ For Heaven’s sake,” says Bill, “ hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn’t made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me, or I’ll get up and warm you good.”

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post office and store, talking with the chawbacons that come in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset’s boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously, and came away. The postmaster said the mail carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response. So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wobbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat, and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

“ Sam,” says Bill, “ I suppose you’ll think I’m a renegade, but I couldn’t help it. I’m a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent

him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

"What's the trouble, Bill?" I asks him.

"I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways, and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized."

"But he's gone" — continues Bill — "gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse."

"Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

"Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnapers. The tree under which the answer was

to be left — and the money later on — was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence post, slips a folded piece of paper into it, and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern, and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

TWO DESPERATE MEN.

GENTLEMEN: I received your letter today by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbors believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

Very respectfully

EBENEZER DORSET

"Great pirates of Penzance!" says I, "of all the impudent —"

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

"Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

"Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves, too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom, and make our get-away."

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

"How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

"I'm not so strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

"Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern, and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Does this story appeal to you?
2. Do you think some of the situations are probable?
3. How does the author lead up to his surprising climax and ending?
4. Describe the character of Red Chief. Do you think it is overdrawn? Can you state why the author made these exaggerated portrayals?
5. What other stories by the same author have you read? Can you tell the plot of one to the class?

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
 - a. The kidnaped boy was (terrified, very quiet, entirely unconcerned about his abduction).
 - b. The two men (had to guard against the boy's attempt to escape, were anxious to get rid of their captive, grew very fond of the boy).

- c. Johnnie's father (was well acquainted with his boy's habits, was extremely frightened at the demand).
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below Do not write in the book.
- The two conspirators planned to get two thousand dollars by — the son of — .
 - In a short time, the kidnaped boy had terrorized the — .
 - Of the two men, — was most anxious to get rid of — .



WEE WILLIE WINKIE *

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

By RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-)

Rudyard Kipling was born in India, and it was there that he spent the early years of his life. It was during these years that he imbibed his great knowledge of Indian life and customs, which furnish the background for

* Published in India in 1888.

so many of his tales and poems. He is a master of the short story, and "Wee Willie Winkie" is a fine example of his ability. It portrays the life and thoughts of a child who was brought up under surroundings which impressed him daily with a sense of the sacred honor and high ideals of "an officer and a gentleman," and it depicts the great adventure whereby he rose to man's estate.

His full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah*¹ called him Willie-Baba,² but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered, strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered his opinion.

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the colonel could do made the station forego the nickname, and Mrs.

¹ Native East Indian nurse.

² *Baba* — child.

Collen remained Mrs. "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Coppo," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short in military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie, and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis — henceforward to be called "Coppo" for the sake of brevity — Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold things beyond his comprehension.

Coppo returned his liking with interest. Coppo had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword — just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppo had promised him a terrier puppy; and Coppo had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more — Coppo had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap box and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his father, who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong and valiant as Coppo with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppo be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing — vehemently kissing — a "big girl," Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppo so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppo ought first to be consulted.

"Coppo," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that

subaltern's bungalow early one morning — "I want to see you, Coppy!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a teacup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked: — "I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"Goodness! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie, calmly. "But ve groom didn't see. I stopped him."

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Coppy enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days — hang it, how can I make you see it? — I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie briefly. "But my faver says it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink *you'd* do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it, too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I *must* vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha — or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and — all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like — tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he had shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the colonel's little hayrick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment: deprivation of the good-conduct badge, and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks — the house and veranda, — coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering under-lip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery — called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house — that was not forbidden — and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river — dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy — the almost almighty Coppy — had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the princess and the goblins — a most wonderful tale of a land where the goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men, who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major

Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then — broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib, and went out at a foot pace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police post, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her overnight that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are you doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody — not even Coppy — must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and — I've bwoke my awwest! I've bwoke my awwest!"

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoke my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whinny. The little animal headed toward the cantonment.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming — one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My father says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man, but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden — he had seen the picture — and thus had they frightened the princess' nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three quarters, and said briefly and emphatically "*Jao!*"³ The pony had crossed the river bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the colonel's son is here with her." He spoke in Pushto.

"Put our feet into the trap!" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you — I, the colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the Bad Men — worse than goblins — and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his

³ "Obstinate one!"

mother's *ayah*, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little *Sahib* ⁴ *Bahadur*," ⁵ said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterward."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly, — "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular — and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three — was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's."

Another man joined the conference, crying: "O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breastbone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the color-sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack rooms, kicking up each room corporal as he passed. "Up,

⁴ Master.

⁵ Hero.

ye beggars! There's something happened to the colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer boy. "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'm in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river — sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the colonel finally overtook E Company struggling in the pebbles of the river bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The *pulton*⁶ are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, as silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

The men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indi-

⁶ Native infantry regiment.

cating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I *knew* she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy — "a *pukka*⁷ hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What do you think of the title of this story? Does it give a clue to the theme?
2. Discuss the character of Wee Willie Winkie, showing his manly qualities in spite of his age.
3. What shows Coppy's trust in Wee Willie Winkie's manliness? How is his trust fulfilled?
4. What is the climax of the story? What traits of Winkie's character are disclosed here?
5. What reasons had the colonel for being proud of his son?
6. Give reasons for the appeal which this story has for both young and old.
7. What other stories by the same author have you read?

VOLUNTEER WORK

What scene would be most suitable for dramatizing? Prepare it for class presentation.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
 - a. Winkie was (idolized, spoiled, disliked) by the soldiers.
 - b. Coppy knew that Winkie (could be trusted, could not be trusted, would be unable) to keep silent.
 - c. In talking with the Pathens, Winkie was (terrified, undismayed, childish in manner).
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences:
 - a. Wee Willie Winkie aspired to be —.
 - b. Winkie broke his — by following — into the dangerous — territory.
 - c. In time of danger the — acted like a —.

⁷ Good.

COALY-BAY, THE OUTLAW HORSE *

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON (1860-)

Since the beginning of history, the horse has been the friend and companion of man. We can scarcely imagine, as we see the duties which the average horse performs, that there are horses who have never felt the hand of human domination, and who are free to roam where they desire. Theirs is a life of perfect freedom, and their untamed spirits surmount all the difficulties of their wild, hard life.

This story presents, in an understanding and sympathetic manner, the attempts of a splendid horse to escape the human bondage in which he was raised, and thus to return to the wild life of his forbears. The author is well known as a naturalist and artist. You will enjoy reading his books of animal life, illustrated by himself. This selection is from *Wild Animal Ways*.

Five years ago in the Bitterroot Mountains of Idaho there was a beautiful little foal. His coat was bright bay; his legs, mane, and tail were glossy black — coal black and bright bay — so they named him Coaly-Bay.

"Coaly-Bay" sounds like "Kolibey," which is an Arab title of nobility, and those who saw the handsome colt, and did not know how he came by the name, thought he must be of Arab blood. No doubt he was, in a far-away sense; just as all our best horses have Arab blood, and once in a while it seems to come out strong and show in every part of the creature, in his frame, his power, and his wild, free, roving spirit.

Coaly-Bay loved to race like the wind; he gloried in his speed and his tireless legs; when he was careering with the heard of colts, if they met a fence or ditch, it was as natural for Coaly-Bay to overleap it as it was for the others to sheer off.

So he grew up strong of limb, restless of spirit, and rebellious at any thought of restraint. Even the kindly curb of the hay-yard or the stable was unwelcome, and he soon showed that he would rather stand out all night in a driving storm than be locked in a comfortable stall where he had no vestige of the liberty he loved so well.

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He became very clever at dodging the horse wrangler whose job it was to bring the herd to the corral. The very sight of that man set Coaly-Bay going. He became what is known as a "Quit-the-bunch"—that is, a horse of such independent mind that he will go his own way the moment he does not like the way of the herd.

So each month the colt became more set on living free, and more cunning in the means he took to win his way. Far down in his soul, too, there must have been a streak of cruelty, for he stuck at nothing and spared no one that seemed to stand between him and his one desire.

When he was three years of age, just in the perfection of his young strength and beauty, his real troubles began, for now his owner undertook to break him to ride. He was as tricky and vicious as he was handsome, and the first day's experience was a terrible battle between the horse-trainer and the beautiful colt.

But the man was skillful. He knew how to apply his power, and all the wild plunging, bucking, rearing, and rolling of the wild one had no desirable result. With all his strength the horse was hopelessly helpless in the hands of the skillful horseman, and Coaly-Bay was so far mastered at length that a good rider could use him. But each time the saddle went on, he made a new fight. After a few months of this the colt seemed to realize that it was useless to resist; it simply won for him lashings and spurrings, so he pretended to reform. For a week he was ridden each day, and not once did he buck, but on the last day he came home lame.

His owner turned him out to pasture. Three days later he seemed all right; he was caught and saddled. He did not buck, but within five minutes he went lame as before. Again he was turned out to pasture, and after a week, saddled, only to go lame again.

His owner did not know what to think, whether the horse really had a lame leg or was only shamming, but he took the first chance to get rid of him, and though Coaly-Bay was easily worth fifty dollars, he sold him for twenty-five. The new owner felt he had a bargain, but after being ridden half a mile Coaly-Bay went lame. The rider got off to examine the foot, whereupon Coaly-Bay broke away and galloped back to his old pasture. Here he was

caught, and the new owner, being neither gentle nor sweet, applied spur without mercy, so that the next twenty miles was covered in less than two hours, and no sign of lameness appeared.

Now they were at the ranch of this new owner. Coaly-Bay was led from the door of the house to the pasture, limping all the way, and then turned out. He limped over to the other horses. On one side of the pasture was the garden of a neighbor. This man was very proud of his fine vegetables and had put a six-foot fence around the place. Yet the very night after Coaly-Bay arrived, certain of the horses got into the garden somehow and did a great deal of damage. But they leaped out before daylight and no one saw them.

The gardener was furious, but the ranchman stoutly maintained that it must have been some other horses, since his were behind a six-foot fence.

Next night it happened again. The ranchman went out very early and saw all his horses in the pasture, with Coaly-Bay behind them. His lameness seemed worse now instead of better. In a few days, however, the horse was seen walking all right, so the ranchman's son caught him and tried to ride him. But this seemed too good a chance to lose; all his old wickedness returned to the horse; the boy was bucked off at once and hurt. The ranchman himself now leaped into the saddle; Coaly-Bay bucked for ten minutes, but finding he could not throw the man, he tried to crush his leg against a post, but the rider guarded himself well. Coaly-Bay reared and threw himself backward; the rider slipped off, the horse fell, jarring heavily, and before he could rise the man was in the saddle again. The horse now ran away, plunging and bucking; he stopped short, but the rider did not go over his head, so Coaly-Bay turned, seized the man's boot in his teeth, and but for heavy blows on the nose would have torn him dreadfully. It was quite clear now that Coaly-Bay was an "outlaw" — that is, an incurably vicious horse.

The saddle was jerked off, and he was driven, limping, into the pasture.

The raids on the garden continued, and the two men began to quarrel over them. But to prove that his horses were not guilty the ranchman asked the gardener to sit up with him and watch.

That night as the moon was brightly shining they saw, not all the horses, but Coaly-Bay, walk straight up to the garden fence — no sign of a limp now — easily leap over it, and proceed to gobble the finest things he could find. After they had made sure of his identity, the men ran forward. Coaly-Bay cleared the fence like a deer, lightly raced over the pasture to mix with the horseherd, and when the men came near him he had — oh, such an awful limp.

"That settles it," said the rancher. "He's a fraud, but he's a beauty, and good stuff, too."

"Yes, but it settles who took my garden truck," said the other.

"Wal, I suppose so," was the answer; "but luk a here, neighbor, you haven't lost more'n ten dollars in truck. That horse is easily worth — a hundred. Give me twenty-five dollars, take the horse, an' call it square."

"Not much I will," said the gardener. "I'm out twenty-five dollars' worth of truck; the horse isn't worth a cent more. I'll take him and call it even."

And so the thing was settled. The ranchman said nothing about Coaly-Bay being vicious as well as cunning, but the gardener found out, the very first time he tried to ride him, that the horse was as bad as he was beautiful.

Next day a sign appeared on the gardener's gate:

FOR SALE First-class horse, sound and gentle, \$10.00

THE BEAR BAIT

Now at this time a band of hunters came riding by. There were three mountaineers, two men from the city, and the writer of this story. The city men were going to hunt bear. They had guns and everything needed for bear-hunting, except bait. It is usual to buy some worthless horse or cow, drive it into the mountains where the bears are, and kill it there. So seeing the sign

the hunters called to the gardener: "Haven't you got a cheaper horse?"

The gardener replied: "Look at him there, ain't he a beauty? You won't find a cheaper horse if you travel a thousand miles."

"We are looking for an old bear-bait, and five dollars is our limit," replied the hunter.

Horses were cheap and plentiful in that country; buyers were scarce. The gardener feared that Coaly-Bay would escape. "Wal, if that's the best you can do, he's yourn."

The hunter handed him five dollars, then said: "Now stranger, the bargain's settled. Will you tell me why you sell this fine horse for five dollars?"

"Mighty simple. He can't be rode. He's dead lame when he's going your way and sound as a dollar going his own; no fence in the country can hold him; he's a dangerous outlaw. He's wickeder nor old Nick."

"Well, he's an almighty handsome bear bait," and the hunters rode on.

Coaly-Bay was driven with the pack horses, and limped dreadfully on the trail. Once or twice he tried to go back, but he was easily turned by the men behind him. His limp grew worse, and toward night it was painful to see him.

The leading guide remarked: "That thar limp is no fake. He's got some deep-seated trouble."

Day after day the hunters rode farther into the mountains, driving the horses along and hobbling them at night. Coaly-Bay went with the rest, limping along, tossing his head and his long splendid mane at every step. One of the hunters tried to ride him and nearly lost his life, for the horse seemed possessed of a demon as soon as the man was on his back.

The road grew harder as it rose. A very bad bog had to be crossed one day. Several horses were mired in it, and as the men rushed to the rescue, Coaly-Bay saw his chance of escape. He wheeled in a moment and turned himself from a limping, low-headed, sorry, bad-eyed creature into a high-spirited horse. Head and tail aloft now, shaking their black streamers in the wind, he gave a joyous neigh, and, without a trace of lameness, dashed for his home one hundred miles away, threading each narrow trail

with perfect certainty, though he had seen it but once before, and in a few minutes he had steamed away from their sight.

The men were furious, but one of them, saying not a word, leaped on his horse—to do what? Follow that free-ranging racer? Sheer folly. Oh, no!—he knew a better plan. He knew the country. Two miles around by the trail, half a mile by the rough cut-off that he took, was Panther Gap. The runaway must pass through that, and Coaly-Bay raced down the trail to find the guide below awaiting him. Tossing his head with anger, he wheeled on up the trail again, and within a few yards recovered his monotonous limp and his evil expression. He was driven into camp, and there he vented his rage by kicking in the ribs of a harmless little pack horse.

HIS DESTINED END

This was bear country, and the hunters resolved to end his dangerous pranks and make him useful for once. They dared not catch him; it was not really safe to go near him, but two of the guides drove him to a distant glade where bears abounded. A thrill of pity came over me as I saw that beautiful untamable creature going away with his imitation limp.

“Aren’t you coming along?” called the guide.

“No, I don’t want to see him die,” was the answer. Then as the tossing head was disappearing I called: “Say, fellows, I wish you would bring me that mane and tail when you come back!”

Fifteen minutes later a distant rifle crack was heard, and in my mind’s eye I saw that proud head and those superb limbs, robbed of their sustaining indomitable spirit, falling flat and limp—to suffer the unsightly end of fleshly things. Poor Coaly-Bay; he would not bear the yoke. Rebellious to the end, he had fought against the fate of all his kind. It seemed to me the spirit of an eagle or a wolf it was that dwelt behind those full, bright eyes—that ordered all his wayward life.

I tried to put the tragic finish out of mind, and had not long to battle with the thought, not even one short hour, for the men came back.

Down the long trail to the west they had driven him; there was

no chance for him to turn aside. He must go on, and the men behind felt safe in that.

Father away from his old home on the Bitterroot River he had gone each time he journeyed. And now he had passed the high divide and was keeping the narrow trail that leads to the valley of bears and on to Salmon River, and still away to the open, wild Columbian Plains, limping sadly as though he knew. His glossy hide flashed back the golden sunlight, still richer than it fell, and the men behind followed like hangmen in the death train of a nobleman condemned — down the narrow trail till it opened into a little meadow, with rank, rich grass, a lovely mountain stream, and winding bear paths up and down the waterside.

"Guess this'll do," said the older man. "Well, here goes for a sure death or a clean miss," said the other confidently, and, waiting till the limper was out in the middle of the meadow, he gave a short, sharp whistle. Instantly Coaly-Bay was alert. He swung and faced his tormentors, his noble head erect, his nostrils flaring; a picture of horse beauty — yes, of horse perfection.

The rifle was leveled, the very brain its mark, just on the cross line of the eyes and ears, that meant sure, sudden, painless death.

The rifle cracked. The great horse wheeled and dashed away. It was sudden death or miss — and the marksman *missed*.

Away went the wild horse at his famous best, not for his eastern home, but down the unknown western trail, away and away; the pine woods hid him from view, and left behind was the rifleman vainly trying to force the empty cartridge from his gun.

Down that trail with an inborn certainty he went, and on through the pines, then leaped a great bog, and splashed an hour later through the limpid Clearwater, and on, responsive to some unknown guide that subtly called him from the farther west. And so he went till the dwindling pines gave place to scrubby cedars and these in turn were mixed with sage, and onward still, till the far-away flat plains of Salmon River were about him, and ever on, tireless as it seemed, he went, and crossed the cañon of the mighty Snake, and up again to the high, wild plains where the wire fence still is not, and on, beyond the Buffalo Hump, till moving specks on the far horizon caught his eager eyes, and com-

ing on and near, they moved and rushed aside to wheel and face about. He lifted up his voice and called to them, the long shrill neigh of his kindred when they bugled to each other on the far Chaldean plain; and back their answer came. This way and that they wheeled and sped and caracoled, and Coaly-Bay drew nearer, called, and gave the countersigns his kindred know, till this they were assured — he was their kind, he was of the wild free blood that man had never tamed. And when the night came down on the purpling plain his place was in the herd as one who after many a long hard journey in the dark had found his home.

There you may see him yet, for still his strength endures, and his beauty is not less. The riders tell me they have seen him many times by Cedra. He is swift and strong among the swift ones, but it is that flowing mane and tail that mark him chiefly from afar.

There on the wild free plains of sage he lives; the stormwind smites his glossy coat at night and the winter snows are driven hard on him at times; the wolves are there to harry all the weak ones of the herd, and in the spring the mighty grizzly, too, may come to claim his toll. There are no luscious pastures made by man, no grain-foods; nothing but the wild, hard hay, the wind and the open plains, but here at last he found the thing he craved — the one worth all the rest. Long may he roam — this is my wish, and this — that I may see him once again in all the glory of his speed with his black mane on the wind, the spur-galls gone from his flanks, and in his eye the blazing light that grew in his far-off forebears' eyes as they spurned Arabian plains to leave behind the racing wild beast and the fleet gazelle — yes, too, the driving sandstorm that o'erwhelmed the rest, but strove in vain on the dusty wake of the desert's highest born.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe Coaly-Bay as a colt.
2. Do you sympathize with the outlaw horse? Are you glad when he escapes? How does the author feel about it? Quote lines to sustain your answer.
3. Choose for reading aloud to the class the sentences you like best in the last three paragraphs. Why do you like them?

4. Does the title give an indication of what is going to happen?
5. Which of the following terms do you think describes this story best?
Nature story, character story, mystery story.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
 - a. Coaly-Bay (was really lame, was just shamming, was occasionally lame).
 - b. Coaly-Bay (liked human companionship, yearned for a wild life, never escaped from his bondage).
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences.
 - a. Coaly-Bay was an ———.
 - b. The hunters desired to buy a horse for ———.
 - c. The marksman ——— as he shot at the noble horse.
 - d. As a wild horse he was marked from afar by his ——— and ———.

HOME READING

BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES

<i>American Boy Stories</i> , from <i>American Boy</i> (magazine)			
Bunner, Henry C.	.	.	<i>Short Sixes</i>
Chrisman, Arthur Bowie	.	.	<i>Shen of the Sea</i>
Davis, Richard Harding	.	.	<i>Boy Scout and Other Stories</i>
Finger, Charles	.	.	<i>Tales from Silverlands</i>
Ford, Sewell	.	.	<i>Horses Nine</i>
French, Joseph Lewis	.	.	<i>Great Sea Stories</i>
Grierson, Elizabeth W.	.	.	<i>Stories from Scottish Ballads</i>
Griffin, William Elliott	.	.	<i>Japanese Fairy Tales</i>
			<i>Swiss Fairy Tales</i>
Henry, O.	.	.	<i>Ransom of Red Chief</i>
Kipling, Rudyard	.	.	<i>Day's Work</i>
			<i>Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Scoutmasters</i>
London, Jack	.	.	<i>Dutch Courage and Other Stories</i>
Matthiews, F. K.	.	.	<i>Boy Scouts' Book of Campfire Stories</i>
Roosevelt, Theodore	.	.	<i>Stories of the Great West</i>
Tyler, Anna Cogswell	.	.	<i>Twenty-Four Unusual Stories</i>

STORIES FROM BOOKS

THE THUNDERING HERD

By CLARENCE HAWKES (1869-)

The days when the buffaloes roamed the western plains in endless numbers are gone. They have been so ruthlessly destroyed that there now remain but a few small herds which are carefully protected by law. The bison have given way to the enormous herds of cattle which are now found on the great ranches of the West. The glory and the wonder of the immense numbers of bison are gone, but the memories of "the thundering herd" still remain. In this selection from *King of the Thundering Herd*, we have a graphic description of an encounter between a pioneer family on a prairie schooner and one of these great herds of American bison.

They had been traveling for two days over a nearly unbroken stretch of slightly undulating prairie. The summer sun had baked the earth till it was hard and lifeless. Every tuft of grass was burned to a crisp. Even the sagebrush that grew in all the sandy spots seemed parched by the shimmering heat. The sky was a bright, intense blue, and each night the sunset was red and the afterglow partially obscured by a cloud of dust.

The second day of this trying desert-like prairie stretch of their journey was just drawing to a close when they noted upon the northern horizon what at first seemed to be a cloud of smoke.

At the thought of a prairie fire upon such a parched area as these plains, a horrible fear seized upon the little party, and Mr. Anderson hurried to the top of the nearest swell to learn if their worst fears were true. On mounting the eminence, he discovered that the cloud extended from the east to the west as far as the eye could reach. It certainly was not smoke, but each minute it grew in density and volume, like a menace, something dark and foreboding that would engulf them.

Presently as he watched, he thought he heard a low rumbling, like the first indistinct sounds of thunder, and putting his ear to

the ground in Indian fashion, he could hear the rumbling plainly. It was like the approach of a mighty earthquake, only it traveled much more slowly; like the rumbling of the surf; like the voice of the sea, or the hurricane, heard at a distance.

Again the anxious man scanned the dark, ominous-looking cloud, that now belted half the horizon, and this time he thought that he discerned dark particles like tiny dancing motes in the cloud. Then as he gazed, the specks grew larger, like gnats or small flies, close to where the horizon line should have been. Here and there were clouds of the dark specks, like swarms of busy insects. But what a myriad there was. In some places they fairly darkened the cloud.

All these tiny specks upon the horizon line were buffaloes. A mighty host stretching from east to west as far as the eye could reach, and to the north an unknown distance. Like an avalanche that rushes upon its way, unmindful of human life, the Thundering Herd was rolling down upon them.

For a few seconds he gazed, fascinated and held to the spot by his very fear and the wonder of it all. Darker and darker grew the cloud. Plainer and plainer the headlong rush of the countless host was seen, while the rumbling of their thousands of hoofs, which at first had been like distant thunder, now swelled to the volume of a rapidly approaching hurricane. The solid earth was felt to vibrate and rock, to tremble and quake.

Mr. Anderson waited to see no more, but fled back to his family, whose escape from this sea of hoofs now seemed to him almost hopeless. The boys hurried to meet him, their faces pale with fright, for even the rest of the family now realized that some great danger was swooping down upon them.

Mr. Anderson made his plan to escape as he ran. To think of fleeing was out of the question. Their slow-moving schooner would be overtaken in almost no time. There was no canyon, no coulee in which to take refuge; no butte to which they might flee; not even a tree or a rock behind which they might crouch, and thus be partly shielded. Out in the open the danger must be met, with nothing but the shelter of the wagon to keep off the grinding hoofs, and only the muzzles of their three guns to stand between them and annihilation when the crash came.

Hastily they turned the wagon about, with its hind end toward the herd. The mules were unhitched from the pole and each hitched to the front wheel. A rope was also passed through the side strap of the harness of each mule, and he was fastened to the hind wheel of the wagon, to that he could not swing about and be across the tide when this sea of buffaloes should strike them. This kept the mules with their heels toward the herd, thus securing the additional aid of a mule's heels on guard at each side of the wagon. Old Brindle was secured to the pole of the wagon, where the mules had been. The wheels were blocked. What furniture the wagon contained was piled up behind to help make a barricade. When all had been made as snug as possible, the family crawled under the wagon and awaited results. The muzzles of the two rifles were held in readiness for an emergency at either side of the wagon, while Mrs. Anderson had the shotgun in readiness to reënforce the garrison should they need more loaded weapons at a moment's notice.

Nearer and nearer came the Thundering Herd, while the vibrations in the solid earth grew with each passing second. The clouds of dust shut out the light of the setting sun, and made a dark pall over all the landscape, which was like the descending of the mantle of death.

Bennie gritted his teeth together and tried hard not to let the muzzle of his rifle shake as he pointed it out between the spokes of the hind wheel on his side of the wagon.

On came the terrible battalions of galloping hoofs, the massive heads and black beards of mighty bulls glowering through the clouds of dust. Each second the pounding of their hoofs swelled in volume, and each second the vibrations of the solid earth became more pronounced. Like the smoke of a great conflagration, the dust-clouds settled over the prairies until the crouching, trembling human beings, so impotent in this vast mad rush of wild beasts, could see the frontlets of the bulls but a few rods away. But almost before they had time to realize it, the mad, galloping, pushing, steaming, snorting herd was all about them, pounding by so close that the coats of the nearest bulls brushed the sides of the mules.

At first they seemed to turn out a bit for the wagon, but pres-

ently a bunch of buffaloes, more compact than the rest of the herd, was seen bearing down upon them as though they were charging the schooner, although they probably did not even notice it.

"Ready with your rifle, Bennie," called Mr. Anderson, and father and son both cocked their guns. When the bunch was almost upon them, both fired, and a mighty bull fell kicking against the back of the wagon, but his kicks were not of long duration, for at this short range the rifles did fearful execution.

There was no respite, however, for close behind the fallen bull came more, and Mr. Anderson reached for the shotgun, and piled another bull upon the first, although he had to finish him with a Colt's revolver, which was destined to stand them in much better stead than the guns.

It was with difficulty that the muzzle-loading rifles could be loaded while lying down in the cramped position under the wagon, but the Colt's revolver, which was a forty-four and just as effective at this short range as a rifle, could be readily reloaded, and Mrs. Anderson kept its five chambers full.

For a few minutes the two dead bulls at the rear of the wagon seemed to act as a buffer, and the others parted just enough to graze the wagon. The mules, which brayed and kicked whenever the buffaloes came too close, also helped, but presently another bunch was seen bearing down upon them. They were close together and crowding, and did not seem likely to give way for the crouching fugitives under the wagon.

Although Bennie and his father both fired, and Mr. Anderson followed up the rifle shots with both barrels from the shotgun, and three shots from the Colt's, yet they struck the wagon with a terrific shock.

There was frantic kicking and frenzied braying from both Abe and Ulysses and a violent kicking and pounding in the wagon that seemed to be immediately over their heads.

It was plain that instantaneous action of some kind was necessary if their domicile was to be saved, for one of the crowding bulls had been carried immediately into the wagon. He had become entangled in the top, and was pawing and kicking to free himself. His great head just protruded over the seat.

Mr. Anderson reached up quickly with the Colt's, and put an end to his kicking with two well-directed shots.

There were now four dead bulls piled up behind the wagon and one inside of it, and soon the blood from their last victim came trickling through upon the helpless family. It was a gruesome position, but they could not escape it, and all were so glad that the blood was not their own that they did not mind.

"We are pretty well barricaded now, Bennie," shouted Mr. Anderson, just making himself heard above the thunder of galloping hoofs. "I think we are safe. They cannot get at us over all that beef, and they cannot get through the side so I do not see but we are secure."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson fervently; "but I shan't feel safe until the last buffalo has passed."

She had barely ceased speaking when old Abe uttered a piercing bray, in which were both terror and pain. He accompanied the outcry with a vicious kick, but almost immediately sank to the earth, kicking and pawing. It was then seen that a bull had ripped open the mule's left side. His loss was irreparable, and the boys whimpered softly to themselves as they saw their old friend stretched out dead beside the wagon.

Old Brindle at this point became unmanageable, breaking her rope, so that the seething black mass swallowed her. "There goes Brindle, too," sobbed Tommy. "I guess we'll starve now."

Poor Shep, who had been securely tied at the forward end of the wagon, cowered and whimpered as though he too thought the judgment day had come, and it was his and Tommy's lot to comfort each other — the dog licking the boy's hands, and he in turn patting the dog's head.

The loss of old Brindle and Abe proved to be the turning-point in the misfortunes of the Andersons, for the herd now parted at the barricade made by the dead buffalo, the mule, and the wagon, so that although every few minutes it seemed as though they would be engulfed, yet the danger veered to one side and passed by.

Half an hour and then an hour went by, and still there was no diminution of the herd. The second hour and the third passed, and still they came, crowding and pushing, blowing and snorting, steaming and reeking.

"Won't they ever go by, father?" asked Bennie. "I should think there were a million of them."

"It is the most wonderful thing that I ever saw," replied Mr. Anderson. "I have often heard old hunters tell about the countless herds of buffaloes, but I had always supposed that they were lying. In the future I will believe anything about their numbers."

At last seeing that they were in no immediate danger, Mr. Anderson told the boys to go to sleep if they could, and he would watch. If there was any need of their help, he would call them.

The last thing Bennie remembered was the thunder of the myriad hoofs, and the rocking and trembling of the earth under him. But even these sounds soon ceased for him, and he and his brother slept.

When he again opened his eyes, the sun was shining brightly, and the clouds of dust that had obscured the moon when he fell asleep had been partly dissipated. Here and there he could see an occasional buffalo galloping southward, but the mighty herd, whose numbers had seemed like the stars, was gone.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Is this a story of today or of many years ago? How can you tell?
2. Tell about the approach of the Thundering Herd. What made it such an appalling sight?
3. How does the author give the impression of the great number of bison in the herd?
4. Bring to class a picture of a bison and come prepared to give a little talk on the habits of these animals.

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read the rest of the book, *King of the Thundering Herd*, and come to class ready to tell more of the interesting experiences related. Be prepared to speak on one of the following topics:

- a. The strange pet.
- b. The friendship of Shep and Buck, the pet bison.
- c. The new king of the herd.
- d. The fate of the thundering herd.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

- a. The herd of buffaloes were (harmless, a source of great danger to the prairie schooner, irresistible in their advance).
 - b. The Andersons (came forth unharmed, were trodden down, were killed) by the rush of the herd.
 - c. The herd passed by (quickly, in an hour, in two days).
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences:
- a. The Thundering Herd was rolling down like an ———.
 - b. ———, the mule, was killed.
 - c. The herd extended ——— as far as the eye could see.

A CHAPTER FROM "LITTLE WOMEN"

By LOUISA MAY ALCOTT (1833-1888)

Little Women is a story which has retained its great popularity with young people for more than half a century. Many of the incidents related in the novel are taken from the early life of the author herself, and this, combined with her fine sympathy for and understanding of boys and girls, gives the story a reality and simplicity which are almost irresistible. The book draws a picture of the lives and experiences of the four sisters of the March family. Their father is a chaplain in the field with the Northern army during the Civil War, and they and their mother are obliged to struggle with poverty while he is away. This selection portrays the great sacrifice of Jo, one of the girls, in order to help her mother reach the bedside of the father who is dangerously ill.

A TELEGRAM

"November is the most disagreeable month in the whole year," said Margaret, standing at the window one dull afternoon, looking out at the frost-bitten garden.

"That's the reason I was born in it," observed Jo pensively, quite unconscious of the blot on her nose.

"If something very pleasant should happen now, we should think it a delightful month," said Beth, who took a hopeful view of everything, even November.

"I dare say; but nothing pleasant ever *does* happen in this

family," said Meg, who was out of sorts. "We go grubbing along day after day, without a bit of change, and very little fun. We might as well be in a treadmill.

"My patience, how blue we are!" cried Jo. "I don't much wonder, poor dear, for you see other girls having splendid times, while you grind, grind, year in and year out. Oh, don't I wish I could manage things for you as I do for my heroines! You're pretty enough and good enough already, so I'd have some rich relation leave you a fortune unexpectedly; then you'd dash out as an heiress, scorn every one who has slighted you, go abroad, and come home my lady Something, in a blaze of splendor and elegance."

"People don't have fortunes left them in that style now-a-days; men have to work, and women to marry for money. It's a dreadfully unjust world," said Meg bitterly.

"Jo and I are going to make fortunes for you all; just wait ten years, and see if we don't," said Amy, who sat in a corner, making mud pies, as Hannah called her little clay models of birds, fruit, and faces.

"Can't wait, and I'm afraid I haven't much faith in ink and dirt, though I'm grateful for your intentions."

Meg sighed, and turned to the frost-bitten garden again; Jo groaned, and leaned both elbows on the table in a despondent attitude, but Amy spat out energetically; and Beth, who sat at the other window, said, smiling, "Two pleasant things are going to happen right away: Marmee is coming down the street, and Laurie is tramping through the garden as if he had something nice to tell."

In they both came, Mrs. March with her usual question, "Any letter from father, girls?" and Laurie to say in his persuasive way, "Won't some of you come for a drive. I've been working away at mathematics till my head is in a muddle, and I'm going to freshen my wits by a brisk turn. It's a dull day, but the air isn't bad, and I'm going to take Brooke home, so it will be gay inside, if it isn't out. Come, Jo, you and Beth will go, won't you?"

"Of course we will."

"Much obliged, but I'm busy"; and Meg whisked out her work-

basket, for she had agreed with her mother that it was best, for her at least, not to drive often with the young gentleman.

"We three will be ready in a minute," cried Amy, running away to wash her hands.

"Can I do anything for you, Madam Mother?" asked Laurie, leaning over Mrs. March's chair, with the affectionate look and tone he always gave her.

"No, thank you, except call at the office, if you'll be so kind, dear. It's our day for a letter, and the postman hasn't been. Father is as regular as the sun; there's some delay on the way, perhaps."

A sharp ring interrupted her, and a minute after Hannah came in with a letter.

"It's one of them horrid telegraph things, mum," she said, handling it as if she was afraid it would explode and do some damage.

At the word "telegraph," Mrs. March snatched it, read the two lines it contained, and dropped back into her chair as white as if the little paper had sent a bullet to her heart. Laurie dashed down stairs for water, while Meg and Hannah supported her, and Jo read aloud, in a frightened voice —

MRS. MARCH:

Your husband is very ill. Come at once.

S. Hale,
Blank Hospital, Washington.

How still the room was as they listened breathlessly, how strangely the day darkened outside, and how suddenly the whole world seemed to change, as the girls gathered about their mother, feeling as if all the happiness and support of their lives was about to be taken from them. Mrs. March was herself again directly; read the message over, and stretched out her arms to her daughters, saying, in a tone they never forgot, "I shall go at once, but it may be too late. O children, children, help me to bear it!"

For several minutes there was nothing but the sound of sobbing in the room, mingled with broken words of comfort, tender assurances of help, and hopeful whispers that died away in tears. Poor Hannah was the first to recover, and with unconscious wisdom

she set all the rest a good example; for, with her, work was the panacea for most afflictions.

"The Lord keep the dear man! I won't waste no time a-cryin', but git your things ready right away, mum," she said heartily, as she wiped her face on her apron, gave her mistress a warm shake of the hand with her own hard one, and went away, to work like three women in one.

"She's right; there's no time for tears now. Be calm, girls, and let me think."

They tried to be calm, poor things, as their mother sat up, looking pale, but steady, and put away her grief to think and plan for them.

"Where's Laurie?" she asked presently, when she had collected her thoughts, and decided on the first duties to be done.

"Here, ma'am. Oh, let me do something!" cried the boy, hurrying from the next room, whither he had withdrawn, feeling that their first sorrow was too sacred for even his friendly eyes to see.

"Send a telegram saying I will come at once. The next train goes early in the morning. I'll take that."

"What else? The horses are ready; I can go anywhere, do anything," he said, looking ready to fly to the ends of the earth.

"Leave a note at Aunt March's. Jo, give me that pen and paper."

Tearing off the blank side of one of her newly copied pages, Jo drew the table before her mother, well knowing that money for the long, sad journey must be borrowed, and feeling as if she could do anything to add a little to the sum for her father.

"Now go, dear; but don't kill yourself driving at a desperate pace; there is no need of that."

Mrs. March's warning was evidently thrown away; for five minutes later Laurie tore by the window on his own fleet horse, riding as if for his life.

"Jo, run to the rooms, and tell Mrs. King that I can't come. On the way get these things. I'll put them down; they'll be needed, and I must go prepared for nursing. Hospital stores are not always good. Beth, go and ask Mr. Laurence for a couple of bottles of old wine: I'm not too proud to beg for father; he shall

have the best of everything. Amy, tell Hannah to get down the black trunk ; and, Meg, come and help me find my things, for I'm half bewildered."

Writing, thinking, and directing, all at once, might well bewilder the poor lady, and Meg begged her to sit quietly in her room for a while, and let them work. Every one scattered like leaves before a gust of wind ; and the quiet, happy household was broken up as suddenly as if the paper had been an evil spell.

Mr. Laurence came hurrying back with Beth, bringing every comfort the kind old gentleman could think of for the invalid, and friendliest promises of protection for the girls during the mother's absence, which comforted her very much. There was nothing he didn't offer, from his own dressing-gown to himself as escort. But that last was impossible. Mrs. March would not hear of the old gentleman's undertaking the long journey ; yet an expression of relief was visible when he spoke of it, for anxiety ill fits one for travelling. He saw the look, knit his heavy eyebrows, rubbed his hands, and marched abruptly away, saying he'd be back directly. No one had time to think of him again till, as Meg ran through the entry, with a pair of rubbers in one hand and a cup of tea in the other, she came suddenly upon Mr. Brooke.

"I'm very sorry to hear of this, Miss March," he said, in the kind, quiet tone which sounded very pleasantly to her perturbed spirit. "I came to offer myself as escort to your mother. Mr. Laurence has commissions for me in Washington, and it will give me real satisfaction to be of service to her there."

Down dropped the rubbers, and the tea was very near following, as Meg put out her hand, with a face so full of gratitude, that Mr. Brooke would have felt repaid for a much greater sacrifice than the trifling one of time and comfort which he was about to make.

"How kind you all are ! Mother will accept, I'm sure ; and it will be such a relief to know that she has some one to take care of her. Thank you very, very much ! "

Meg spoke earnestly, and forgot herself entirely till something in the brown eyes looking down at her made her remember the cooling tea, and lead the way into the parlor, saying she would call her mother.

Everything was arranged by the time Laurie returned with a

note from Aunt March, enclosing the desired sum, and a few lines repeating what she had often said before, — that she had always told them it was absurd for March to go into the army, always predicted that no good would come of it, and she hoped they would take her advice next time. Mrs. March put the note in the fire, the money in her purse, and went on with her preparations, with her lips folded tightly, in a way which Jo would have understood if she had been there.

The short afternoon wore away ; all the other errands were done, and Meg and her mother busy at some necessary needlework while Beth and Amy got tea, and Hannah finished her ironing with what she called a "slap and a bang," but still Jo did not come. They began to get anxious ; and Laurie went off to find her, for no one ever knew what freak Jo might take into her head. He missed her, however, and she came walking in with a queer expression of countenance, for there was a mixture of fun and fear, satisfaction and regret, in it, which puzzled the family as much as did the roll of bills she laid before her mother, saying, with a little choke in her voice, "That's my contribution towards making father comfortable and bringing him home! "

"My dear, where did you get it? Twenty-five dollars! Jo, I hope you haven't done anything rash?"

"No, it's mine honestly ; I didn't beg, borrow, or steal it. I earned it! and I don't think you'll blame me, for I only sold what was my own."

As she spoke, Jo took off her bonnet, and a general outcry arose, for all her abundant hair was cut short.

"Your hair! Your beautiful hair! " "Oh, Jo, how could you? Your one beauty." "My dear girl, there was no need of this." "She doesn't look like my Jo any more, but I love her dearly for it! "

As every one exclaimed, and Beth hugged the cropped head tenderly, Jo assumed an indifferent air, which did not deceive any one a particle, and said, rumpling up the brown bush, and trying to look as if she liked it, "It doesn't affect the fate of the nation, so don't wail, Beth. It will be good for my vanity ; I was getting too proud of my wig. It will do my brains good to have that mop taken off ; my head feels deliciously light and cool, and the barber

said I could soon have a curly crop, which will be boyish, becoming, and easy to keep in order. I'm satisfied; so please take the money, and let's have supper."

"Tell me all about it, Jo. I am not quite satisfied, but I can't blame you, for I know how willingly you sacrificed your vanity, as you call it, to your love. But, my dear, it was not necessary, and I'm afraid you will regret it, one of these days," said Mrs. March.

"No, I won't!" returned Jo stoutly, feeling much relieved that her prank was not entirely condemned.

"What made you do it?" asked Amy, who would as soon have thought of cutting off her head as her pretty hair.

"Well, I was wild to do something for father," replied Jo, as they gathered about the table, for healthy young people can eat even in the midst of trouble. "I hate to borrow as much as mother does, and I knew Aunt March would croak; she always does, if you ask for a ninepence. Meg gave all her quarterly salary toward the rent, and I only got some clothes with mine, so I felt wicked, and was bound to have some money, if I sold the nose off my face to get it."

"You needn't feel wicked, my child: you had no winter things, and got the simplest with your own hard earnings," said Mrs. March, with a look that warmed Jo's heart.

"I hadn't the least idea of selling my hair at first, but as I went along I kept thinking what I could do, and feeling as if I'd like to dive into some of the rich stores and help myself. In a barber's window I saw tails of hair with the prices marked; and one black tail, not so thick as mine, was forty dollars. It came over me all of a sudden that I had one thing to make money out of, and without stopping to think, I walked in, asked if they bought hair, and what they would give for mine."

"I don't see how you dared to do it," said Beth, in a tone of awe.

"Oh, he was a little man who looked as if he merely lived to oil his hair. He rather stared, at first, as if he wasn't used to having girls bounce into his shop and ask him to buy their hair. He said he didn't care about mine, it wasn't the fashionable color, and he never paid much for it in the first place; the work put into

it made it dear, and so on. It was getting late, and I was afraid, if it wasn't done right away, that I shouldn't have it done at all, and you know when I start to do a thing, I hate to give it up; so I begged him to take it, and told him why I was in such a hurry. It was silly, I dare say, but it changed his mind, for I got rather excited, and told the story in my topsy-turvy way, and his wife heard, and said so kindly, —

" ' Take it, Thomas, and oblige the young lady; I'd do as much for our Jimmy any day if I had a spire of hair worth selling.' "

" Who was Jimmy? " asked Amy, who liked to have things explained as they went along.

" Her son, she said, who was in the army. How friendly such things make strangers feel, don't they? She talked away all the time the man clipped, and diverted my mind nicely. "

" Didn't you feel dreadfully when the first cut came? " asked Meg, with a shiver.

" I took a last look at my hair while the man got his things, and that was the end of it. I never snivel over trifles like that; I will confess, though, I felt queer when I saw the dear old hair laid out on the table, and felt only the short, rough ends on my head. It almost seemed as if I'd an arm or a leg off. The woman saw me look at it, and picked out a long lock for me to keep. I'll give it to you, Marmee, just to remember past glories by; for a crop is so comfortable I don't think I shall ever have a mane again. "

Mrs. March folded the wavy chestnut lock, and laid it away with a short gray one in her desk. She only said " Thank you, deary, " but something in her face made the girls change the subject, and talk as cheerfully as they could about Mr. Brooke's kindness, the prospect of a fine day tomorrow, and the happy times they would have when father came home to be nursed.

No one wanted to go to bed, when, at ten o'clock, Mrs. March put by the last finished job, and said, " Come, girls. " Beth went to the piano, and played the father's favorite hymn; all began bravely, but broke down one by one, till Beth was left alone, singing with all her heart, for to her music was always a sweet consoler.

" Go to bed and don't talk, for we must be up early, and shall

need all the sleep we can get. Good-night, my darlings," said Mrs. March, as the hymn ended, for no one cared to try another.

They kissed her quietly, and went to bed as silently as if the dear invalid lay in the next room. Beth and Amy soon fell asleep in spite of the great trouble, but Meg lay awake, thinking the most serious thoughts she had ever known in her short life. Jo lay motionless, and her sister fancied that she was asleep, till a stifled sob made her exclaim, as she touched a wet cheek, —

"Jo, dear, what is it? Are you crying about father?"

"No, not now."

"What then?"

"My — my hair!" burst out poor Jo, trying vainly to smother her emotion in the pillow.

It did not sound at all comical to Meg, who kissed and caressed the afflicted heroine in the tenderest manner.

"I'm not sorry," protested Jo, with a choke. "I'd do it again tomorrow, if I could. It's only the vain selfish part of me that goes and cries in this silly way. Don't tell any one, it's all over now. I thought you were asleep, so I just made a little private moan for my one beauty. How came you to be awake?"

"I can't sleep, I'm so anxious," said Meg.

"Think about something pleasant, and you'll soon drop off."

"I tried it, but felt wider awake than ever."

"What did you think of?"

"Handsome faces, — eyes particularly," answered Meg, smiling to herself, in the dark.

"What color do you like best?"

"Brown — that is, sometimes; blue are lovely."

Jo laughed, and Meg sharply ordered her not to talk, then amiably promised to make her hair curl, and fell asleep to dream of living in her castle in the air.

The clocks were striking midnight, and the rooms were very still, as a figure glided quietly from bed to bed, smoothing a coverlid here, settling a pillow there, and pausing to look long and tenderly at each unconscious face, to kiss each with lips that mutely blessed, and to pray the fervent prayers which only mothers utter. As she lifted the curtain to look out into the dreary night, the moon broke suddenly from behind the clouds, and shone upon her

like a bright, benignant face, which seemed to whisper in the silence, "Be comforted, dear soul! There is always light behind the clouds."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What effect did the telegram have on the March family?
2. How can you tell that the family was very poor? Discuss: Mrs. March's actions show her strength of character and purpose.
3. What indications of Jo's character are given by her brave act? Show why her sacrifice is so great.

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read the whole book and be prepared to discuss one of the following topics:

- a. Principal characters. Which do you admire?
- b. Do you want to read other stories by the same author? Give reasons.
- c. Does the book remind you of any similar incidents which happened in your own life or in the life of any member of your family?

Read to the class a selection from the book that you enjoyed most.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

- a. The March family was (well-to-do, rich, poor).
- b. The telegram said that their father (was dead, was very ill, was at the point of death).
- c. Jo (regretted, did not care about, wept very much about) the loss of her hair.

2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below. Do not write in the book.

- a. The names of the four sisters were — .
- b. Jo's sacrifice was the loss of her — , her one — .
- c. — was the one to comfort Jo on the loss of her — .



PENROD'S BUSY DAY

By BOOTH TARKINGTON (1869-)

Throughout the country boys and girls are reading of the pranks of Penrod Schofield, the popular boy, as told by Tarkington, the American author.

Booth Tarkington, although a fine novelist, is best known for his stories of boyhood and adolescence. His gift in this direction is so truly great that we thoroughly enjoy his books and lay them down with a sigh of regret when we come to the last page. To older readers, these stories are intensely funny; but when we realize that they present the life and experiences of real boys, we see that fine sympathy and wonderful skill have gone into the depiction of these characters. This story presents an exciting day in the life of his well-known character, Penrod Schofield, as recorded in the volume, *Penrod and Sam*. Was Penrod justified in seeking revenge?

Although the pressure had thus been relieved and Penrod found peace with himself, nevertheless there were times during the rest of that week when he felt a strong distaste for Margaret. His schoolmates frequently reminded him of such phrases in her letter as they seemed least able to forget, and for hours after each of these experiences he was unable to comport himself with human courtesy when constrained (as at dinner) to remain for any length of time in the same room with her. But by Sunday these moods had seemed to pass; he attended church in her close company, and

had no thought of the troubles brought upon him by her correspondence with a person who throughout remained unknown to him.

Penrod slumped far down in the pew with his knees against the back of that in front, and he also languished to one side, so that the people sitting behind were afforded a view of him consisting of a little hair and one bored ear. The sermon — a noble one, searching and eloquent — was but a persistent sound in that ear, though, now and then, Penrod's attention would be caught by some detached portion of a sentence, when his mind would dwell dully upon the phrases for a little while — and lapse into a torpor. At intervals his mother, without turning her head, would whisper, "Sit up, Penrod," causing him to sigh profoundly and move his shoulders about an inch, this mere gesture of compliance exhausting all the energy that remained to him.

The black backs and gray heads of the elderly men in the congregation oppressed him; they gave him a lethargic and indefinite feeling that he was immersed among lives of repellent dullness. But he should have been grateful to the lady with the artificial cherries upon her hat. His gaze lingered there, wandered away, and hopelessly returned again and again, to be a little refreshed by the glossy scarlet of the cluster of tiny globes. He was not so fortunate as to be drowsy; that would have brought him some relief — and yet, after a while, his eyes became slightly glazed; he saw dimly, and what he saw was distorted.

The church had been built in the early 'Seventies, and it contained some naïve stained glass of that period. The arch at the top of a window facing Penrod was filled with a gigantic Eye. Of oyster-white and raw blues and reds, inflamed by the pouring sun, it had held an awful place in the infantile life of Penrod Schofield, for in his tenderer years he accepted it without question as the literal Eye of Deity. He had been informed that the church was the divine dwelling — and there was the Eye!

Nowadays, being no longer a little child, he had somehow come to know better without being told, and though the great flaming Eye was no longer the terrifying thing it had been to him during his childhood, it nevertheless retained something of its ominous character. It made him feel spied upon, and its awful glare

still pursued him, sometimes, as he was falling asleep at night. When he faced the window his feeling was one of dull resentment.

His own glazed eyes, becoming slightly crossed with an *ennui* which was peculiarly intense this morning, rendered the Eye more monstrous than it was. It expanded to horrible size, growing mountainous; it turned into a volcano in the tropics, and yet it stared at him, indubitably an Eye implacably hostile to all rights of privacy forever. Penrod blinked and clinched his eyelids to be rid of this dual image, and he managed to shake off the volcano. Then, lowering the angle of his glance, he saw something most remarkable — and curiously out of place.

An inverted white soup-plate was lying miraculously balanced upon the back of a pew a little distance in front of him, and upon the upturned bottom of the soup-plate was a brown coconut. Mildly surprised, Penrod yawned, and, in the effort to straighten his eyes, came to life temporarily. The coconut was revealed as Georgie Bassett's head, and the soup-plate as Georgie's white collar. Georgie was sitting up straight, as he always did in church, and Penrod found this vertical rectitude unpleasant. He knew that he had more to fear from the Eye than Georgie had, and he was under the impression (a correct one) that Georgie felt on intimate terms with it and was actually fond of it.

Penrod himself would have maintained that he was fond of it, if he had been asked. He would have said so because he feared to say otherwise; and the truth is that he never consciously looked at the Eye disrespectfully. He would have been alarmed if he thought the Eye had any way of finding out how he really felt about it. When not off his guard, he always looked at it placatively.

By and by, he sagged so far to the left that he had symptoms of a "stitch in the side," and, rousing himself, sat partially straight for several moments. Then he rubbed his shoulders slowly from side to side against the back of the seat, until his mother whispered, "Don't do that, Penrod."

Upon this, he allowed himself to slump inwardly till the curve in the back of his neck rested against the curved top of the back of the seat. It was a congenial fit, and Penrod again began to move

slowly from side to side, finding the friction soothing. Even so slight a pleasure was denied him by a husky, "Stop that!" from his father.

Penrod sighed, and slid farther down. He scratched his head, his left knee, his right biceps, and his left ankle, after which he scratched his right knee, his right ankle, and his left biceps. Then he said, "Oh, hum!" unconsciously, but so loudly that there was a reproving stir in the neighborhood of the Schofield pew, and his father looked at him angrily.

Finally, his nose began to trouble him. It itched, and after scratching it, he rubbed it harshly. Another "Stop that!" from his father proved of no avail, being greeted by a desperate-sounding whisper, "I *got* to!"

And, continuing to rub his nose with his right hand, Penrod began to search his pockets with his left. The quest proving fruitless, he rubbed his nose with his left hand and searched with his right. Then he abandoned his nose and searched feverishly with both hands, going through all of his pockets several times.

"What *do* you want?" whispered his mother.

But Margaret had divined his need, and she passed him her own handkerchief. This was both thoughtful and thoughtless—the latter because Margaret was in the habit of thinking that she became faint in crowds, especially at the theater or in church, and she had just soaked her handkerchief with spirits of ammonia from a small phial which she carried in her muff.

Penrod hastily applied the handkerchief to his nose and even more hastily exploded. He sneezed stupendously; he choked, sneezed again, wept, passed into a light convulsion of coughing and sneezing together—a mergence of sound which attracted much attention—and, after a few recurrent spasms, convalesced into a condition marked by silent tears and only sporadic instances of sneezing.

By this time his family were unanimously scarlet—his father and mother with mortification, and Margaret with the effort to control the almost irresistible mirth which the struggles and vociferations of Penrod had inspired within her. And yet her heart misgave her, for his bloodshot and tearful eyes were fixed upon her from the first and remained upon her, even when half-

blinded with his agony; and their expression — as terrible as that of the windowed Eye confronting her — was not for an instant to be misunderstood. Absolutely, he considered that she had handed him the ammonia-soaked handkerchief deliberately and with malice, and well she knew that no power on earth could now or at any time henceforth persuade him otherwise.

“Of course I didn’t mean it, Penrod,” she said, at the first opportunity upon their homeward way. “I didn’t notice — that is, I didn’t think —” Unfortunately for the effect of sincerity which she hoped to produce, her voice became tremulous and her shoulders moved suspiciously.

“Just you wait! You’ll see!” he prophesied, in a voice now choking, not with ammonia, but with emotion. “Poison a person, and then laugh in his face!”

He spake no more until they had reached their own house, though she made some further futile efforts at explanation and apology.

And after brooding abysmally throughout the meal that followed, he disappeared from the sight of his family, having answered with one frightful look his mother’s timid suggestion that it was almost time for Sunday-school. He retired to his eyry — the sawdust-box in the empty stable — and there gave rein to his embittered imaginings, incidentally forming many plans for Margaret.

Most of these were much too elaborate, but one was so alluring that he dwelt upon it, working out the details with gloomy pleasure, even after he had perceived its defects. It involved a considerable postponement — in fact, until Margaret should have become the mother of a boy about Penrod’s present age. This boy would be precisely like Georgie Bassett — Penrod conceived that as inevitable — and, like Georgie, he would be his mother’s idol. Penrod meant to take him to church and force him to blow his nose with an ammonia-soaked handkerchief in the presence of the Eye and all the congregation.

Then Penrod intended to say to this boy, after church, “Well, that’s exac’ly what your mother did to me, and if you don’t like it, you better look out!”

And the real Penrod in the sawdust-box clenched his fists.

"Come ahead, then!" he muttered. "You talk too much!" Whereupon, the Penrod of his dream gave Margaret's puny son a contemptuous thrashing under the eyes of his mother, who besought in vain for mercy. This plan was finally dropped, not because of any lingering nepotism within Penrod, but because his injury called for action less belated.

One after another, he thought of impossible things; one after another, he thought of things merely inane and futile, for he was trying to do something beyond his power. Penrod was never brilliant, or even successful, save by inspiration.

At four o'clock he came into the house, still nebulous, and as he passed the open door of the library he heard a man's voice, not his father's.

"To me," said this voice, "the best lines in all literature are those in Tennyson's 'Maud' —

Had it lain for a century dead,
My dust would hear her and beat,
And blossom in purple and red,
There somewhere around near her feet.

"I think I have quoted correctly," continued the voice nervously, "but, at any rate, what I wished to — ah — say was that I often think of those — ah — words; but I never think of them without thinking of — of — of *you*. I — ah —"

The nervous voice paused, and Penrod took an oblique survey of the room, himself unobserved. Margaret was seated in an easy chair and her face was turned away from Penrod, so that her expression of the moment remained unknown to him. Facing her, and leaning toward her with perceptible emotion, was Mr. Claude Blakely — a young man with whom Penrod had no acquaintance, though he had seen him, was aware of his identity, and had heard speech between Mrs. Schofield and Margaret which indicated that Mr. Blakely had formed the habit of calling frequently at the house. This was a brilliantly handsome young man; indeed, his face was so beautiful that even Penrod was able to perceive something about it which might be explicable pleasing — at least to women. And Penrod remembered that, on the last evening before Mr. Robert Williams's departure for college, Margaret had been

peevish because Penrod had genially spent the greater portion of the evening with Robert and herself upon the porch. Margaret made it clear, later, that she strongly preferred to conduct her conversations with friends unassisted — and as Penrod listened to the faltering words of Mr. Claude Blakely, he felt instinctively that, in a certain contingency, Margaret's indignation would be even more severe today than on the former occasion.

Mr. Blakely coughed faintly and was able to continue.

"I mean to say that when I say that what Tennyson says — ah — seems to — to apply to — to a feeling about you —"

At this point, finding too little breath in himself to proceed, in spite of the fact that he had spoken in an almost inaudible tone, Mr. Blakely stopped again.

Something about this little scene was making a deep impression upon Penrod. What that impression was, he could not possibly have stated; but he had a sense of the imminence of a tender crisis, and he perceived that the piquancy of affairs in the library had reached a point which would brand an intentional interruption as the act of a cold-blooded ruffian. Suddenly it was as though a strong light shone upon him: he decided that it was Mr. Blakely who had told Margaret that her eyes were like blue stars in heaven — *this* was the person who had caused the hateful letter to be written! That decided Penrod; his inspiration, so long waited for, had come.

"I — I feel that perhaps I am not plain," said Mr. Blakely, and immediately became red, whereas he had been pale. He was at least modest enough about his looks to fear that Margaret might think he had referred to them. "I mean, not plain in another sense — that is, I mean not that *I* am not plain in saying what I mean to you — I mean, what you mean to *me*! I feel —"

This was the moment selected by Penrod. He walked carelessly into the library, inquiring in a loud, bluff voice:

"Has anybody seen my dog around here anywheres?"

Mr. Blakely had inclined himself so far toward Margaret, and he was sitting so near the edge of the chair, that only a really wonderful bit of instinctive gymnastics landed him upon his feet

instead of upon his back. As for Margaret, she said, "Good gracious!" and regarded Penrod blankly.

"Well," said Penrod breezily, "I guess it's no use lookin' for him—he isn't anywheres around. I guess I'll sit down." Here-with, he sank into an easy chair, and remarked, as in comfortable explanation, "I'm kind of tired standin' up, anyway."

Even in this crisis, Margaret was a credit to her mother's training.

"Penrod, have you met Mr. Blakely?"

"What?"

Margaret primly performed the rite.

"Mr. Blakely, this is my little brother Penrod."

Mr. Blakely was understood to murmur, "How d'ye do?"

"I'm well," said Penrod.

Margaret bent a perplexed gaze upon him, and he saw that she had not divined his intentions, though the expression of Mr. Blakely was already beginning to be a little compensation for the ammonia outrage. Then, as the protracted silence which followed the introduction began to be a severe strain upon all parties, Penrod felt called upon to relieve it.

"I didn't have anything much to do this afternoon, anyway," he said. And at that there leaped a spark in Margaret's eye; her expression became severe.

"You should have gone to Sunday-school," she told him crisply.

"Well, I didn't!" said Penrod, with a bitterness so significant of sufferings connected with religion, ammonia, and herself, that Margaret, after giving him a thoughtful look, concluded not to urge the point.

Mr. Blakely smiled pleasantly. "I was looking out of the window a minute ago," he said, "and I saw a dog run across the street and turn the corner."

"What kind of a lookin' dog was it?" Penrod inquired, with languor.

"Well," said Mr. Blakely, "it was a—it was a nice-looking dog."

"What color was he?"

"He was—ah—white. That is, I think——"

"It wasn't Duke," said Penrod. "Duke's kind of brownish-gray-like."

Mr. Blakely brightened.

"Yes, that was it," he said. "This dog I saw first had another dog with him — a brownish-gray dog."

"Little or big?" Penrod asked, without interest.

"Why, Duke's a little dog!" Margaret intervened. "Of course, if it was little, it must have been Duke."

"It *was* little," said Mr. Blakely too enthusiastically. "It was a little bit of a dog. I noticed it because it was so little."

"Couldn't 'a' been Duke, then," said Penrod. "Duke's a kind of a middle-sized dog." He yawned, and added: "I don't want him now. I want to stay in the house this afternoon, anyway. And it's better for Duke to be out in the fresh air."

Mr. Blakely coughed again and sat down, finding little to say. It was evident, also, that Margaret shared his perplexity; and another silence became so embarrassing that Penrod broke it.

"I was out in the sawdust-box," he said, "but it got kind of chilly." Neither of his auditors felt called upon to offer any comment, and presently he added, "I thought I better come in here where it's warmer."

"It's too warm," said Margaret, at once. "Mr. Blakely, would you mind opening a window?"

"By all means!" the young man responded earnestly, as he rose. "Maybe I'd better open two?"

"Yes," said Margaret; "that would be much better."

But Penrod watched Mr. Blakely open two windows to their widest, and betrayed no anxiety. His remarks upon the relative temperatures of the sawdust-box and the library had been made merely for the sake of creating sound in a silent place. When the windows had been open for several minutes, Penrod's placidity, though gloomy, denoted anything but discomfort from the draft, which was powerful, the day being windy.

It was Mr. Blakely's turn to break a silence, and he did it so unexpectedly that Margaret started. He sneezed.

"Perhaps —" Margaret began, but paused apprehensively. "Perhaps-per-per —" Her apprehensions became more and more poignant; her eyes seemed fixed upon some incredible dis-

aster; she appeared to inflate while the catastrophe she foresaw became more and more imminent. All at once she collapsed, but the power decorum had over her was attested by the mildness of her sneeze after so threatening a prelude.

"Perhaps I'd better put one of the windows down," Mr. Blakely suggested.

"Both, I believe," said Margaret. "The room has cooled off, now, I think."

Mr. Blakely closed the windows, and, returning to a chair near Margaret, did his share in the production of another long period of quiet. Penrod allowed this one to pass without any vocal disturbance on his part. It may be, however, that his gaze was disturbing to Mr. Blakely, upon whose person it was glassily fixed with a self-forgetfulness that was almost morbid.

"Didn't you enjoy the last meeting of the Cotillion Club?" Margaret said finally.

And upon Mr. Blakely's answer absently in the affirmative, she suddenly began to be talkative. He seemed to catch a meaning in her fluency, and followed her lead, a conversation ensuing which at first had all the outward signs of eagerness. They talked with warm interest of people and events unknown to Penrod; they laughed enthusiastically about things beyond his ken; they appeared to have arranged a perfect way to enjoy themselves, no matter whether he was with them or elsewhere—but presently their briskness began to slacken; the appearance of interest became perfunctory. Within ten minutes the few last scattering semblances of gayety had passed, and they lapsed into the longest and most profound of all their silences indoors that day. Its effect upon Penrod was to make him yawn and settle himself in his chair.

Then Mr. Blakely, coming to the surface out of deep inward communings, snapped his finger against the palm of his hand impulsively.

"By George!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

"What is it?" Margaret asked. "Did you remember something?"

"No, it's nothing," he said. "Nothing at all. But, by the way, it seems a pity for you to be missing the fine weather. I wonder if I could persuade you to take a little walk?"

Margaret, somewhat to the surprise of both the gentlemen present, looked uncertain.

"I don't know ——" she said.

Mr. Blakely saw that she missed his point.

"One can talk better in the open, don't you think?" he urged, with a significant glance toward Penrod.

Margaret also glanced keenly at Penrod. "Well, perhaps." And then, "I'll get my hat," she said.

Penrod was on his feet before she left the room. He stretched himself.

"I'll get mine, too," he said.

But he carefully went to find it in a direction different from that taken by his sister, and he joined her and her escort not till they were at the front door, whither Mr. Blakely — with a last flickering of hope — had urged a flight in haste.

"I been thinkin' of takin' a walk, all afternoon," said Penrod pompously. "Don't matter to me which way we go."

The exquisite oval of Mr. Claude Blakely's face merged into outlines more rugged than usual; the conformation of his jaw became perceptible, and it could be seen that he had conceived an idea which was crystallizing into a determination.

"I believe it happens that this is our first walk together," he said to Margaret, as they reached the pavement, "but, from the kind of tennis you play, I judge that you could go a pretty good gait. Do you like walking fast?"

She nodded. "For exercise."

"Shall we try it then?"

"You set the pace," said Margaret. "I think I can keep up."

He took her at her word, and the amazing briskness of their start seemed a little sinister to Penrod, though he was convinced that he could do anything that Margaret could do, and also that neither she nor her comely friend could sustain such a speed for long. On the contrary, they actually increased it with each fleeting block they covered.

"Here!" he panted, when they had thus put something more than a half-mile behind them. "There isn't anybody has to have a doctor, I guess! What's the use our walkin' so fast?"

In truth, Penrod was not walking, for his shorter legs permitted no actual walking at such a speed; his gait was a half-trot.

"Oh, *we're* out for a *walk*!" Mr. Blakely returned, a note of gayety beginning to sound in his voice. "Marg — ah — Miss Schofield, keep your head up and breathe through your nose. That's it! You'll find I was right in suggesting this. It's going to turn out gloriously! Now, let's make it a little faster."

Margaret murmured inarticulately, for she would not waste her breath in a more coherent reply. Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes were brimming with the wind, but when she looked at Penrod, they were brimming with something more. Gurgling sounds came from her.

Penrod's expression had become grim. He offered no second protest, mainly because he, likewise, would not waste his breath, and if he would, he could not. Of breath in the ordinary sense — breath, breathed automatically — he had none. He had only gasps to feed his straining lungs, and his half-trot, which had long since become a trot, was changed for a lope when Mr. Blakely reached his own best burst of speed.

And now people stared at the flying three. The gait of Margaret and Mr. Blakely could be called a walk only by courtesy, while Penrod's was becoming a kind of blind scamper. At times he zigzagged; other times, he fell behind, wobbling. Anon, with elbows flopping and his face sculptured like an antique mask, he would actually forge ahead, and then carom from one to the other of his companions as he fell back again.

Thus the trio sped through the coming of autumn dusk, outflying the fallen leaves that tumbled upon the wind. And still Penrod held to the task that he had set himself. The street lamps flickered into life, but on and on Claude Blakely led the lady, and on and on reeled the grim Penrod. Never once was he so far from them that they could have exchanged a word unchaperoned by his throbbing ear.

"*Oh!*" Margaret cried, and, halting suddenly, she draped herself about a lamp-post like a strip of bunting. "*Guh-uh-guh-goodness!*" she sobbed.

Penrod immediately drooped to the curb-stone, which he reached, by pure fortune, in a sitting position. Mr. Blakely leaned

against a fence, and said nothing, though his breathing was eloquent. "We — we must go — go home," Margaret gasped. "We must, if — if we can drag ourselves!"

Then Penrod showed them what mettle they had tried to crack. A paroxysm of coughing shook him; he spoke through it sobbingly:

"'Drag!' 'S jus' lul-like a girl! Ha-why I walk — *oof!* — faster'n that every day — on my — way to school." He managed to subjugate a tendency to nausea. "What you — want to go — home for?" he said. "Le's go on!"

In the darkness Mr. Claude Blakely's expression could not be seen, nor was his voice heard. For these and other reasons, his opinions and sentiments may not be stated.

. . . Mrs. Schofield was looking rather anxiously forth from her front door when the two adult figures and the faithful smaller one came up the walk.

"I was getting uneasy," she said. "Papa and I came in and found the house empty. It's after seven. Oh, Mr. Blakely, is that you?"

"Good-evening," he said. "I fear I must be keeping an engagement. Good-night. Good-night, Miss Schofield."

"Good-night."

"Well, good-night," Penrod called, staring after him. But Mr. Blakely was already too far away to hear him, and a moment later Penrod followed his mother and sister into the house.

"I let Della go to church," Mrs. Schofield said to Margaret. "You and I might help Katie get supper."

"Not for a few minutes," Margaret returned gravely, looking at Penrod. "Come upstairs, mamma; I want to tell you something."

Penrod cackled hoarse triumph and defiance.

"Go on! Tell! What *I* care? You try to poison a person in church again, and then laugh in his face, you'll see what you get!"

But after his mother had retired with Margaret to the latter's room, he began to feel disturbed in spite of his firm belief that his cause was wholly that of justice victorious. Margaret had insidious ways of stating a case; and her point of view, no matter how

absurd or unjust, was almost always adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Schofield in cases of controversy.

Penrod became uneasy. Perceiving himself to be in danger, he decided that certain measures were warranted. Unquestionably, it would be well to know beforehand in what terms Margaret would couch the charges which he supposed he must face in open court — that is to say, at the supper-table. He stole softly up the stairs, and, flattening himself against the wall, approached Margaret's door, which was about an inch ajar.

He heard his mother making sounds which appalled him — he took them for sobs. And then Margaret's voice rang out in a peal of insane laughter. Trembling, he crept nearer the door. Within the room Margaret was clinging to her mother, and both were trying to control their hilarity.

"He did it all to get even!" Margaret exclaimed, wiping her eyes. "He came in at just the right time. That *goose* was beginning to talk his silly, soft talk — the way he does with every girl in town — and he was almost proposing, and I didn't know how to stop him. And then Penrod came in and did it for me. I could have hugged Penrod, mamma, I actually could! And I saw he meant to stay to get even for that ammonia — and, oh, I worked so hard to make him think I wanted him to *go*! Mamma, mamma, if you could have *seen* that walk! That *goose* kept thinking he could wear Penrod out or drop him behind, but I knew he couldn't so long as Penrod believed he was worrying us and getting even. And that *goose* thought I *wanted* to get rid of Penrod, too; and the conceited thing said it would turn out 'gloriously,' meaning we'd be alone together pretty soon — I'd like to shake him! You see, I pretended so well, in order to make Penrod stick to us, that *goose* believed I meant it! And if he hadn't tried to walk Penrod off his legs, he wouldn't have wilted his own collar and worn himself out, and I think he'd have hung on until you'd have had to invite him to stay to supper, and he'd have stayed on all evening, and I wouldn't have had a chance to write to Robert Williams. Mamma, there have been lots of times when I haven't been thankful for Penrod, but today I could have got down on my knees to you and papa for giving me such a brother!"

In the darkness of the hall, as a small but crushed and broken

form stole away from the crack in the door, a gigantic Eye seemed to form — seemed to glare down upon Penrod — warning him that the way of vengeance is the way of bafflement, and that genius may not prevail against the trickeries of women.

“This has been a *nice* day!” Penrod muttered hoarsely.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe Penrod's actions in church. Are they amusing?
2. How does Penrod finally get his revenge? Describe the parlor scene and the events following, bringing out the humor.
3. Is the ending surprising to you? Why?
4. Do you like this story? Tarkington has written many other stories like this. Read some and compare them with this story.
5. Does the story remind you of your own experiences in any way? Tell of one of your own.
6. Read to the class a selection from another Penrod story that you enjoyed for its humor.

VOLUNTEER WORK

With the help of your classmates, dramatize an episode from this story that will give a laugh to your audience.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
 - a. Penrod (listened attentively to, was bored by, did not hear) the sermon.
 - b. Margaret handed Penrod the ammonia-soaked handkerchief (deliberately, without thinking).
 - c. Penrod was (really helping Margaret, very annoying to her and her caller).
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below. Do not write in the book.
 - a. A frequent caller at the house was a — by the name of —.
 - b. Penrod's idea of revenge was to intrude upon the privacy of — and —.

THE GREAT BLIZZARD

By HAMLIN GARLAND (1860—)

Never does man feel so helpless as when he finds himself in the midst of a great storm. It is then that he realizes how slight is his power over Nature. This graphic description, taken from *Boy Life on the Prairie*, depicts a great blizzard on the prairie. The pitiless fury of the storm is vividly portrayed and we realize how great were some of the perils with which the pioneers had to contend in their struggle to establish homes on the prairies of our country.

A blizzard on the prairie corresponds to a storm at sea; it never affects the traveler twice alike. Each Norther seems to have a manner of attack all its own. One storm may be short, sharp, high-keyed, and malevolent, while another approaches slowly, relentlessly wearing out the souls of its victims by its inexorable and long-continued cold and gloom. One threatens for hours before it comes, the other leaps like a tiger upon the defenseless settlement, catching the children unhoused, the men unprepared; of this character was the first blizzard Lincoln ever saw.

The day was warm and sunny. The eaves dripped musically, and the icicles dropping from the roof fell occasionally with a pleasant crash. The snow grew slushy, and the bells of wood teams jingled merrily all the forenoon, as the farmers drove to their timber-lands some miles away. The school room was uncomfortably warm at times, and the master opened the outside door. It was the eighth of January. During the afternoon recess, as the boys were playing in their shirt-sleeves, Lincoln called Milton's attention to a great cloud rising in the west and north. A vast, slaty-blue, seamless dome, silent, portentous, with edges of silvery, frosty light.

"It's going to storm," said Milton. "It always does when we have a south wind and a cloud like that in the west."

When Lincoln set out for home, the sun was still shining, but the edge of the cloud had crept, or more properly slid, across the sun's disk, and its light was growing cold and pale. In fifteen minutes more the wind from the south ceased — there was a moment of breathless pause and then, borne on the wings of the

north wind, the streaming clouds of soft, large flakes of snow drove in a level line over the homeward-bound scholars, sticking to their clothing and faces and melting rapidly. It was not yet cold enough to freeze, though the wind was colder. The growing darkness troubled Lincoln most.

By the time he reached home, the wind was a gale, the snow a vast, blinding cloud, filling the air and hiding the road. Darkness came on instantly, and the wind increased in power, as though with the momentum of the snow. Mr. Stewart came home early, yet the breasts of his horses were already sheathed in snow. Other teamsters passed, breasting the storm, and calling cheerily to their horses. Finally, two men and a woman, neighbors living seven miles north, gave up the contest and turned their team in at the gate for shelter, confident that they would be able to go on in the morning. In the barn, while rubbing the ice from the horses, the men joked and told stories in a jovial spirit, with the feeling generally that all would be well by daylight. The boys made merry also, singing songs, popping corn, playing games, in defiance of the storm.

But when they went to bed, at ten o'clock, Lincoln felt some vague premonition of a dread disturbance of Nature, far beyond any other experience in his short life. The wind howled like ten thousand tigers, and the cold grew more and more intense. The wind seemed to drive in and through the frail tenement; water and food began to freeze within ten feet of the fire.

Lincoln thought the wind at that hour had attained its utmost fury, but when he awoke in the morning, he saw how mistaken he had been. He crept to the fire, appalled by the steady, solemn, implacable clamor of the storm. It was like the roaring of all the lions of Africa, the hissing of a wilderness of serpents, the lashing of great trees. It benumbed his thinking, it appalled his heart, beyond any other force he had ever known.

The house shook and snapped, the snow beat in muffled, rhythmic pulsations against the walls, or swirled and lashed upon the roof, giving rise to strange, multitudinous sounds; now dim and far, now near and all-surrounding; producing an effect of mystery and infinite reach, as though the cabin were a helpless boat, tossing on an angry, limitless sea.

Looking out, there was nothing to be seen but the lashing of the wind and snow. When the men attempted to face it, to go to the rescue of the cattle, they found the air impenetrably filled with fine, powdery snow mixed with the dirt caught up from the plowed fields by a terrific blast moving ninety miles an hour. It was impossible to see twenty feet, except at long intervals. Lincoln could not see at all when facing the storm. When he stepped into the wind, his face was coated with ice and dirt, as by a dash of mud — a mask which blinded the eyes, and instantly froze to his cheeks. Such was the power of the wind that he could not breathe an instant unprotected. His mouth being once open, it was impossible to draw breath again without turning from the wind.

The day was spent in keeping warm and in feeding the stock at the barn, which Mr. Stewart reached by desperate dashes, during the momentary clearing of the air following some more than usually strong gust. Lincoln attempted to water the horses from the pump, but the wind blew the water out of the pail. So cold had the wind become that a dipperful, thrown into the air, fell as ice. In the house it became more and more difficult to remain cheerful, notwithstanding the family had fuel and food in abundance.

Oh, that terrible day! Hour after hour they listened to that prodigious, appalling, ferocious uproar. All day Lincoln and Owen moved restlessly to and fro, asking each other, "Won't it ever stop?" To them the storm now seemed too vast, too ungovernable, ever again to be spoken to a calm, even by God Himself. It seemed to Lincoln that no power whatever could control such fury; his imagination was unable to conceive of a force greater than this war of wind and snow.

On the third day the family rose with weariness, and looked into each other's faces with a sort of horrified surprise. Not even the invincible heart of Duncan Stewart, nor the cheery good nature of his wife, could keep a gloomy silence from settling down upon the house. Conversation was scanty; nobody laughed that day, but all listened anxiously to the invisible tearing at the shingles, beating against the door, and shrieking around the eaves. The frost upon the windows, nearly half an inch thick in the morning, kept thickening into ice, and the light was dim at mid-day. The fire melted the snow on the windowpanes and upon the

door, while around the keyhole and along every crack, frost formed. The men's faces began to wear a grim, set look, and the women sat with awed faces and downcast eyes full of unshed tears, their sympathies going out to the poor travelers, lost and freezing.

The men got to the poor dumb animals that day to feed them; to water them was impossible. Mr. Stewart went down through the roof of the shed, the door being completely sealed up with solid banks of snow and dirt. One of the guests had a wife and two children left alone in a small cottage six miles farther on, and physical force was necessary to keep him from setting out in face of the deadly tempest. To him the nights seemed weeks, and the days interminable, as they did to the rest, but it would have been death to venture out.

That night, so disturbed had all become, they lay awake listening, waiting, hoping for a change. About midnight Lincoln noticed that the roar was no longer so steady, so relentless, and so high-keyed as before. It began to lull at times, and though it came back to the attack with all its former ferocity, still there was a perceptible weakening. Its fury was becoming spasmodic. One of the men shouted down to Mr. Stewart, "The storm is over," and when the host called back a ringing word of cheer, Lincoln sank into deep sleep in sheer relief.

Oh, the joy with which the children melted the ice on the windowpanes, and peered out on the familiar landscape, dazzling, peaceful, under the brilliant sun and wide blue sky. Lincoln looked out over the wide plain, ridged with vast drifts; on the far blue line of timber, on the near-by cottages sending up cheerful columns of smoke (as if to tell him the neighbors were alive), and his heart seemed to fill his throat. But the wind was with him still, for so long and continuous had its voice sounded in his ears, that even in the perfect calm his imagination supplied its loss with fainter, fancied roarings.

Out in the barn the horses and cattle, hungry and cold, kicked and bellowed in pain, and when the men dug them out, they ran and raced like mad creatures, to start the blood circulating in their numbed and stiffened limbs. Mr. Stewart was forced to tunnel to the barn door, cutting through the hard snow as if it

were clay. The drifts were solid, and the dirt mixed with the snow was disposed on the surface in beautiful wavelets, like the sands at the bottom of a lake. The drifts would bear a horse. The guests were able to go home by noon, climbing above the fences, and rattling across the plowed ground.

And then in the days which followed, came grim tales of suffering and heroism. Tales of the finding of stage-coaches with the driver frozen on his seat and all his passengers within; tales of travelers striving to reach homes and families. Cattle had starved and frozen in their stalls, and sheep lay buried in heaps beside the fences where they had clustered together to keep warm. These days gave Lincoln a new conception of the prairies. It taught him that however bright and beautiful they might be in summer under skies of June, they could be terrible when the Norther was abroad in his wrath. They seemed now as pitiless and destructive as the polar ocean. It seemed as if nothing could live there unhoused. All was at the mercy of that power, the north wind, whom only the Lord Sun could tame.

This was the worst storm of the winter, though the wind seemed never to sleep. To and fro, from north to south and south to north, the dry snow sifted till it was like fine sand that rolled under the heel with a ringing sound on cold days. After each storm the restless wind got to work to pile the new-fallen flakes into ridges behind every fence or bush, filling every ravine and forcing the teamsters into the fields and out upon the open lands. It was a savage and gloomy time for the boys, with only the pleasure of their school to break the monotony of cold.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What does the author do in the beginning of the story to make the storm which follows more terrifying?
2. Imagine yourself one of the inmates of the house, and tell how you felt as you beheld the storm.
3. What effect did the storm have on the various members of the household? How did it particularly affect Lincoln Garland?
4. Tell of the effects of the storm on the countryside.
5. After reading this thrilling story of a blizzard on the frontier plains, you will wish to read the rest of the book from which this chapter is taken,

Boy Life on the Prairie. Hamlin Garland was born in Wisconsin in 1860, of a farmer-pioneer family which later moved to Iowa and Dakota. When he turned to literature, he resolved to interpret the life of the western farmer, its great hardships no less than its joys. In doing this, he won fame and success by writing an intensely interesting and valuable record of experiences in the development of the Middle West. After reading the book at home, come prepared to give the class a two-minute talk on any of the following topics:

- a. What the story is about?
- b. The principal characters.
- c. Do you want to read other stories by the same author? Why?
- d. Which people in the book would you like to meet?
- e. What ideas did you get from your reading that are worth remembering?

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

- a. The storm occurred during the month of (December, January, February).
- b. The storm (soon passed, lasted for days, was over in a few hours).
- c. All the live stock (had succumbed to the cold, were hungry and cold, could not move when released).

2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below. Do not write in the book.

- a. The storm lasted for — days and nights.
- b. It had been the — of the winter.
- c. The smiling prairies would be as — and — as the polar ocean.

HOME READING

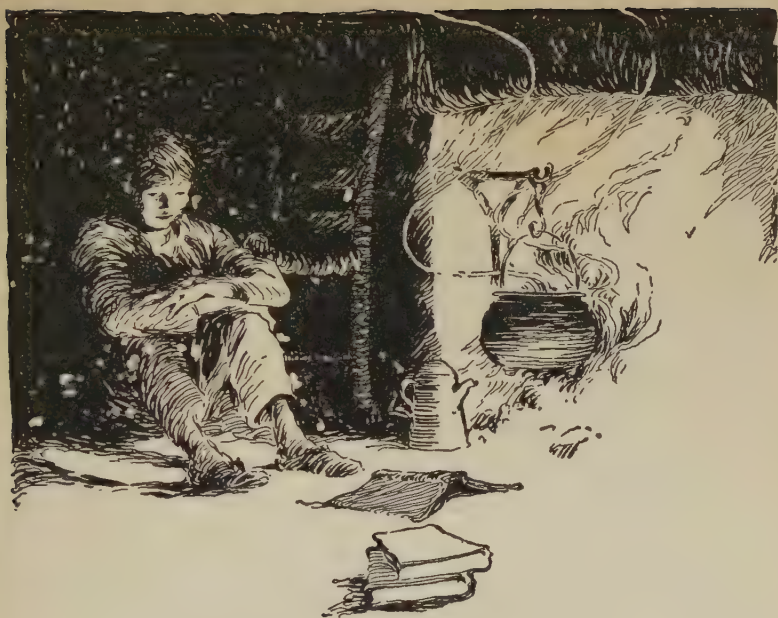
Aanrud, Hans	<i>Lisbeth Longfrock</i>
Adams, Katharine	<i>Midsummer</i>
Alcott, Louisa M. . . .	<i>Little Men</i>
Altsheler, Joseph A. . . .	<i>Horsemen of the Plains</i>
Ashmun, Margaret	<i>Marian Frear's Summer</i>
Barbour, Ralph Henry	<i>Behind the Line</i>
Bennett, John	<i>Barnaby Lee</i>
Bill, Alfred H. . . .	<i>Clutch of the Corsican</i>
Boyer, Wilbur S. . . .	<i>Johnnie Kelly</i>
Burnett, Frances H. . . .	<i>Lost Prince</i>
Camp, Walter	<i>Danny, the Freshman</i>
Charskaya, L. A. . . .	<i>Little Princess Nina</i>
Dix, Beulah Marie	<i>Blithe McBride</i>

Drysdale, W.	<i>Fast Mail</i>
Duncan, Norman	<i>Billy Topsail, M.D.</i>
Fisher, Dorothy Canfield	<i>Understood Betsy</i>
French, Allen	<i>Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow</i>
Gates, Eleanor	<i>Poor Little Rich Girl</i>
Gollomb, Joseph	<i>That Year at Lincoln High</i>
Grinnell, G. B.	<i>Blackfoot Lodge Tales</i>
Hale, Lucretia P.	<i>Peterkin Papers</i>
Haskell, Helen E.	<i>Katrinka</i>
Hawes, Charles Boardman	<i>Dark Frigate</i>
Heyliger, William	<i>High Benton</i>
James, Will	<i>Smoky</i>
Knapp, Adeline E.	<i>Boy and the Baron</i>
Lofting, Hugh	<i>Dr. Doolittle</i>
London, Jack	<i>Jerry</i>
Malot, Hector	<i>Nobody's Boy</i>
Martineau, Harriet	<i>Feats on the Fiord</i>
Meigs, Cornelia	<i>Rain on the Roof</i>
Munroe, Kirk	<i>Flamingo Feather</i>
Moon, Grace and Carl	<i>Lost Indian Magic</i>
McNeil, Everett	<i>Tonty of the Iron Hand</i>
Nordhoff, Charles	<i>Pearl Lagoon</i>
Page, Thomas Nelson	<i>Two Little Confederates</i>
Paine, Ralph D.	<i>Stroke Oar</i>
Pyle, Howard	<i>Merry Adventures of Robin Hood</i>
Sawyer, Ruth	<i>This Way to Christmas</i>
Seaman, Augusta H.	<i>Boarded-up House</i>
Seawell, M. E.	<i>Little Jarvis</i>
Skinner, Constance L.	<i>Silent Scott</i>
Sublette, C. M.	<i>Scarlet Cockerell</i>
Tarkington, Booth	<i>Seventeen</i>
Terhune, Albert Payson	<i>Lad, a Dog</i>
Verne, Jules	<i>Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea</i>
Wallace, Dillon	<i>Ungava Bob</i>
Webster, Jean	<i>When Patty went to College</i>
White, Stewart Edward	<i>Magic Forest</i>
Wiggin, Kate Douglas	<i>Polly Oliver's Problem</i>
Yonge, Charlotte	<i>Prince and the Page</i>

GENERAL REVIEW TOPICS ON STORIES

1. Tell the class of the most interesting thing to you, in the book you read.
2. What reading have you done of your own choice?

3. What are your favorite books?
4. Who are your favorite authors?
5. What interests you most in reading a long story?
6. Make a list of ten important characters from the stories read. Star the one you liked best.
7. Tell of an experience of your own that parallels an incident in any story you have read.



Stories of Achievement

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Why should boys and girls find real pleasure in reading biography and autobiography?

There are many good reasons. First, biography gives us a sense of meeting real people, those who have lived in the flesh and not only in the story book. We cannot meet Edison in person, but we can sit down with his biographer, Mr. Meadowcroft, and listen to him talk about Thomas Edison as he knows him and sees him. We can spend a day with Mark Twain by means of his autobiography, and he will give us the joy of talking with him and hearing his conversation. Then, there is nothing more interesting than to read about other people, especially the people we should like to be. If we admire Roosevelt, we want to read about him. Biography will also lead us to a much better understanding of history,

for history is composed of the numberless biographies of the men and women who made it.

The same ideas hold good of autobiographies. They are about real people who tell of their lives in their own way. Most autobiographies are vivid and gripping. Read the autobiographies of Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Carnegie, Colonel Cody, Booker T. Washington, Jacob A. Riis, Edward Bok, Michael Pupin, Mark Twain, Dr. Grenfell, Mary Antin, Helen Keller.

Biography is taking a place of increasing importance in American life and literature. Biography and autobiography are crowding fiction from the first place in popularity.

A PIONEER BOYHOOD IN INDIANA¹

By CARL SANDBURG (1878-)

This story of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood days presents the great President as a boy and also gives us a fine picture of life on the frontier. We see "Abe" as a child of eight, helping to do his bit for the household and hiking eighteen miles a day in order to get a little schooling. Later we see him as a youth, strong, tall, and able to hold his head high with any man in the countryside. It was during these years that his kind, benevolent character was developing and taking form. Those qualities which were to stand him in such good stead in later life were at this time being forged by a hard, rough life. His rise from such humble surroundings to the highest place in the hearts of his countrymen has been a source of inspiration to all who are struggling and surmounting difficulties. The following excerpt from a masterful biography will give you a distinct idea of the kind of boy Lincoln was and the kind of man he grew to be. The author is a well-known poet of today who springs from the same soil as Lincoln.

During the year 1817, little Abe Lincoln, eight years old, going on nine, had an ax put in his hands, and helped his father cut down trees and make logs for the corners of their new cabin, forty yards from the pole-shed where the family was cooking, eating, and sleeping.

Wild turkey, ruffed grouse, partridge, coon, rabbit, were to be had for the shooting of them. Before each shot Tom Lincoln

¹ Copyright, 1926. Reprinted from *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years* by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company.

took a rifle-ball out of a bag and held the ball in his left hand; then with his right hand holding the gunpowder horn he pulled the stopper with his teeth, slipped the powder into the barrel, followed with the ball; then he rammed the charge down the barrel with a hickory ramrod held in both hands, looked to his trigger, flint, and feather in the touchhole — and he was ready to shoot.

Having loaded his shotgun just that way several thousand times in his life, he could do it in the dark or with his eyes shut. Once Abe took the gun as a flock of wild turkeys came toward the new log cabin, and, standing inside, shot through a crack and killed one of the big birds; and after that, somehow, he never felt like pulling the trigger on game-birds. A mile from the cabin was a salt lick where deer came; there the boy could have easily shot the animals, as they stood rubbing their tongues along the salty slabs or tasting of a saltish ooze. His father did the shooting; the deer killed gave them meat for Nancy's skillet; and the skins were tanned, cut, and stitched into shirts, trousers, mitts, moccasins. They wore buckskin; their valley was called the Buckhorn Valley.

After months, the cabin stood up, four walls fitted together with a roof, a one-room house eighteen feet square, for a family to live in. A stick chimney plastered with clay ran up outside. The floor was packed and smoothed dirt. A log-fire lighted the inside; no windows were cut in the walls. For a door there was a hole cut to stoop through. Bedsteads were cleated to the corners of the cabin; pegs stuck in the side of a wall made a ladder for young Abe to climb up in a loft to sleep on a hump of dry leaves; rain and snow came through chinks of the roof on to his bearskin cover. A table and three-legged stools had the top sides smoothed with an ax, and the bark-side under, in the style called "puncheon."

A few days of this year in which the cabin was building, Nancy told Abe to wash his face and hands extra clean; she combed his hair, held his face between her two hands, smacked him a kiss on the mouth, and sent him to school — nine miles and back — Abe and Sally hand in hand hiking eighteen miles a day. Tom Lincoln used to say Abe was going to have "a real eddication," explaining, "You air a-goin' to larn readin', writin', and cipherin'."

He learned to spell words he didn't know the meaning of, spell-

ing the words before he used them in sentences. In a list of " words of eight syllables accented upon the sixth," was the word " incomprehensibility." He learned that first, and then such sentences as " Is he to go in? " and " Ann can spin flax."

Some neighbors said, " It's a pore make-out of a school," and Tom complained it was a waste of time to send the children nine miles just to sit with a lot of other children and read out loud all day in a " blab " school. But Nancy, as she cleaned Abe's ears in corners where he forgot to clean them, and as she combed out the tangles in his coarse, sandy black hair, used to say, " Abe, you go to school now, and larn all you kin." And he kissed her and said, " Yes, Mammy," and started with his sister on the nine-mile walk through timberland where bear, deer, coon, and wildcats ran wild.

Fall time came with its early frost and they were moved into the new cabin, when horses and a wagon came breaking into the clearing one day. It was Tom and Betsy Sparrow and their seventeen-year-old boy, Dennis Hanks, who had come from Hodgenville, Kentucky, to cook and sleep in the pole-shed of the Lincoln family till they could locate land and settle. Hardly a year had passed, however, when both Tom and Betsy Sparrow were taken down with the " milk sick,"² beginning with a whitish coat on the tongue. Both died and were buried in October on a little hill in a clearing in the timbers near by.

Soon after, there came to Nancy Hanks Lincoln that white coating of the tongue; her vitals burned; the tongue turned brownish; her feet and hands grew cold and colder, her pulse slow and slower. She knew she was dying, called for her children, and spoke to them her last choking words. Sarah and Abe leaned over the bed. A bony hand of the struggling mother went out, putting its fingers into the boy's sandy black hair; her fluttering guttural words seemed to say he must grow up and be good to his sister and father.

Some weeks later, when David Elkin, elder of the Methodist church, was in that neighborhood, he was called on to speak over

² Milk sickness is a peculiar malignant disease, occurring in some of the western states, and affecting certain kinds of farm stock and persons who make use of the meat or dairy products of infected cattle.

the grave of Nancy Hanks. He had been acquainted with her in Kentucky, and to the Lincoln family and a few neighbors he spoke of good things she had done, sweet ways she had of living her life in this Vale of Tears, and her faith in another life yonder past the River Jordan.

So, on a bed of poles cleated to the corner of the cabin, the body of Nancy Hanks Lincoln lay, looking tired . . . tired . . . with a peace settling in the pinched corners of the sweet, weary mouth, silence slowly etching away the lines of pain and hunger drawn around the gray eyes where now the eyelids closed down in the fine pathos of unbroken rest, a sleep without interruption settling about the form of the stooped and wasted shoulder-bones, looking to the children who tiptoed in, stood still, cried their tears of want and longing, whispered "Mammy, Mammy," and heard only their own whispers answering, looking to these little ones of her brood as though new secrets had come to her in place of the old secrets given up with the breath of life.

And Tom Lincoln took a log left over from the building of the cabin, and he and Dennis Hanks whipsawed the log into planks, planed the planks smooth, and made them of a measure for a box to bury the dead wife and mother in. Little Abe, with a jack-knife, whittled pine-wood pegs. And then, while Dennis and Abe held the planks, Tom bored holes and stuck the whittled pegs through the bored holes. This was the coffin, and they carried it the next day to the same little timber clearing near by, where a few weeks before they had buried Tom and Betsy Sparrow. It was in the way of the deer-run leading to the saltish water; light feet and shy hoofs ran over those early winter graves.

So the woman, Nancy Hanks, died, thirty-six years old, a pioneer sacrifice, with memories of monotonous, endless everyday chores, of mystic Bible verses read over and over for their promises, and with memories of blue wistful hills and a summer when the crabapple blossoms flamed white and she carried a boychild into the world.

The "milk sick" took more people in that neighborhood the same year, and Tom Lincoln whipsawed planks for more coffins. One settler lost four milch cows and eleven calves. The nearest

doctor for people or cattle was thirty-five miles away. The wilderness is careless.

Lonesome and dark months came for Abe and Sarah. Worst of all were the weeks after their father went away, promising to come back.

Elizabethtown, Kentucky, was the place Tom Lincoln headed for. As he footed it through the woods and across the Ohio River, he was saying over to himself a speech — the words he would say to Sarah Bush Johnston, down in Elizabethtown. Her husband had died, a few years before, and she was now in Tom's thoughts.

He went straight to the house where she was living in Elizabethtown, and, speaking to her as "Miss Johnston," he argued: "I have no wife and you no husband. I came a-purpose to marry you. I knowed you from a gal and you knowed me from a boy. I've no time to lose; and if you're willin' let it be done straight off."

Her answer was, "I got debts." She gave him a list of the debts; he paid them; a license was issued; and they were married on December 2, 1819.

He could write his name; she couldn't write hers. Trying to explain why the two of them took up with each other so quickly, Dennis Hanks at a later time said, "Tom had a kind o' way with women, an' maybe it was somethin' she took comfort in to have a man that didn't drink an' cuss none."

Little Abe and Sarah, living in the lonesome cabin on Little Pigeon Creek, Indiana, got a nice surprise one morning when four horses and a wagon came into their clearing, and their father jumped off, then Sarah Bush Lincoln, the new wife and mother, then John, Sarah, and Matilda Johnston, Sarah Bush's three children by her first husband. Next off the wagon came a feather mattress, feather pillows, a black walnut bureau, a large clothes-chest, a table, chairs, pots and skillets, knives, forks, spoons.

Abe ran his fingers over the slick wood of the bureau, pushed his fist into the feather pillows, sat in the new chairs, and wondered to himself, because this was the first time he had touched such fine things, such soft slick things.

"Here's your new mammy," his father told Abe as the boy looked up at a strong, large-boned, rosy woman, with a kindly face

and eyes, with a steady voice, steady ways. The cheek-bones of her face stood out and she had a strong jaw-bone; she was warm and friendly for Abe's little hands to touch, right from the beginning. As one of her big hands held his head against her skirt he felt like a cold chick warming under the soft feathers of a big wing. She took the corn-husks Abe had been sleeping on, piled them in the yard and said they would be good for a pig-pen later on; and Abe sunk his head and bones that night in a feather pillow and a feather mattress.

Ten years pass with that cabin on Little Pigeon Creek for a home, and that farm and neighborhood the soil for growth. There the boy Abe grows to be the young man, Abraham Lincoln.

Ten years pass and the roots of a tree spread out finding water to carry up to branches and leaves that are in the sun, they thicken, the forked limbs shine and grow wider in the sun, they prey with their leaves in the rain and the whining wind; the tree arrives, the mystery of its coming, spreading, growing, a secret not even known to the tree itself; it stands with its arms stretched to the corners the four winds come from, with its murmured testimony, "We are here, we arrived, our roots are in the earth of these years," and beyond that short declaration, it speaks nothing of the decrees, fates, accidents, destinies, that made it an apparition of its particular moment.

Abe Lincoln grows up. His father talks about the waste of time in "edication"; it is enough "to larn readin', writin', cipherin'"; but the staunch, yearning stepmother Sarah Bush Lincoln comes between the boy and the father. And the father listens to the stepmother and lets her have her way.

When he was eleven years old, Abe Lincoln's young body began to change. The juices and glands began to make a long, tall boy out of him. As the months and years went by, he noticed his lean wrists getting longer, his legs too, and he was now looking over the heads of other boys. Men said, "Land o' Goshen, that boy air a-growin'!"

As he took on more length, they said he was shooting up into the air like green corn in the summer of a good corn-year. So he grew. When he reached seventeen years of age, and they measured

him, he was six feet, nearly four inches, high, from the bottoms of his moccasins to the top of his skull.

These were years he was handling the ax. Except in spring plowing-time and the fall fodder-pulling, he was handling the ax nearly all the time. The insides of his hands took on callus thick as leather. He cleared openings in the timber, cut logs and puncheons, split firewood, built pig-pens.

He learned how to measure with his eye the half-circle swing of the ax so as to nick out the deepest possible chip from off a tree-trunk. The trick of swaying his body easily on the hips so as to throw the heaviest possible weight into the blow of the ax — he learned that.

On winter mornings he wiped the frost from the axhandle, sniffed sparkles of air into his lungs, and beat a steady cleaving of blows into a big tree — till it fell — and he sat on the main log and ate his noon dinner of corn bread and fried salt pork — and joked with the gray squirrels that frisked and peeped at him from high forks of near-by walnut trees.

He learned how to make his ax flash and bite into a sugar-maple or a sycamore. The outside and the inside look of black walnut and black oak, hickory and jack oak, elm and white oak, sassafras, dogwood, grapevines, sumac — he came on their secrets. He could guess close to the time of the year, to the week of the month, by the way the leaves and branches of trees looked.

Often he worked alone in the timbers, all day long with only the sound of his own ax, or his own voice speaking to himself, or the crackling and swaying of branches in the wind, and the cries and whirs of animals, of brown and silver-gray squirrels, of partridges, hawks, crows, turkeys, sparrows, and the occasional wildcats.

The tricks and whimsies of the sky, how to read clear skies and cloudy weather, the creeping vines of ivy and wild grape, the recurrence of dogwood blossoms in spring, the ways of snow, rain, drizzle, sleet, the visitors of sky and weather coming and going hour by hour — he tried to read their secrets, he tried to be friendly with their mystery.

So he grew, to become hard, tough, wiry. The muscle on his bones and the cords, tendons, cross-weaves of fiber, and nerve

centers, these became instruments to obey his wishes. He found with other men he could lift his own end of a log — and more too. One of the neighbors said he was as strong as three men. Another said, "He can sink an ax deeper into wood than any man I ever saw." And another, "If you heard him fellin' trees in a clearin', you would say there was three men at work by the way the trees fell."

He was more than a tough, long, rawboned boy. He amazed men with his man's lifting power. He put his shoulders under a new-built corncrib one day and walked away with it to where the farmer wanted it. Four men, ready with poles to put under it and carry it, didn't need their poles. He played the same trick with a chicken house; at the new, growing town of Gentryville near by, they said the chicken house weighed six hundred pounds, and only a big boy with a hard backbone could get under it and walk away with it.

A blacksmith shop, a grocery, and a store had started up on the crossroads of the Gentry farm. And one night after Abe had been helping thresh wheat on Dave Turnham's place, he went with Dennis Hanks, John Johnston, and some other boys to Gentryville where the farm-hands sat around with John Baldwin, the blacksmith, and Jones, the storekeeper, passed the whisky jug, told stories, and talked politics and religion and gossip. Going home late that night, they saw something in a mud puddle alongside the road. They stepped over to see whether it was a man or a hog. It was a man — drunk — snoring — sleeping off his drunk — on a frosty night outdoors in a cold wind.

They shook him by the shoulders, doubled his knees to his stomach, but he went on sleeping, snoring. The cold wind was getting colder. The other boys said they were going home, and they went away leaving Abe alone with the snoring sleeper in the mud puddle. Abe stepped into the mud, reached arms around the man, slung him over his shoulders, carried him to Dennis Hanks's cabin, built a fire, rubbed him warm and left him sleeping off the whisky.

And the man afterward said Abe saved his life. He told John Hanks, "It was mighty clever of Abe to tote me to a warm fire that night."

So he grew, living in that Pigeon Creek cabin for a home, sleeping in the loft, climbing up at night to a bed just under the roof, where sometimes the snow and the rain drove through the cracks, eating sometimes at a table where the family had only one thing to eat — potatoes. Once at the table, when there were only potatoes, his father spoke a blessing to the Lord for potatoes; the boy murmured, "Those are mighty poor blessings." And Abe made jokes once when company came and Sally Bush Lincoln brought out raw potatoes, gave the visitors a knife apiece, and they all peeled raw potatoes, and talked about the crops, politics, religion, gossip.

Days when they had only potatoes to eat didn't come often. Other days in the year they had "yaller-legged chicken" with gravy, and corn dodgers with shortening, and berries and honey. They tasted of bear meat, deer, coon, quail, grouse, prairie turkey, catfish, bass, perch.

Abe knew the sleep that comes after long hours of work outdoors, the feeling of simple food changing into blood and muscle as he worked in those young years clearing timberland for pasture and corn crops, cutting loose the brush, piling it and burning it, splitting rails, pulling the crosscut saw and the whipsaw, driving the shovel-plow, harrowing, planting, hoeing, pulling fodder, milking cows, churning butter, helping neighbors at house raisings, log-rollings, corn-huskings.

He found he was fast, strong, and keen when he went against other boys in sports. On farms where he worked, he held his own at scuffling, knocking off hats, wrestling. The time came when around Gentryville and Spencer County he was known as the best "rassler" of all, the champion. In jumping, foot-racing, throwing the maul, pitching the crowbar, he carried away the decisions against the lads of his own age always, and usually won against those older than himself.

He earned his board, clothes, and lodgings, sometimes working for a neighbor farmer. He watched his father, while helping make cabinets, coffins, cupboards, window frames, doors. Hammers, saws, pegs, cleats, he understood first-hand, also the scythe and the cradle for cutting hay and grain, the corn-cutter's knife, the leather piece to protect the hand while shucking corn, and the

horse, the dog, the cow, the ox, the hog. He could skin and cure the hides of coon and deer. He lifted the slippery two-hundred-pound hog carcass, head down, holding the hind hocks up for others of the gang to hook, and swing the animal clear of the ground. He learned where to stick a hog in the under side of the neck so as to bleed it to death, how to split it in two, and carve out the chops, the parts for sausage grinding, for hams, for "cracklings."

Farmers called him to butcher for them at thirty-one cents a day, this when he was sixteen and seventeen years old. He could "knock a beef in the head," swing a maul and hit a cow between the eyes, skin the hide, halve and quarter it, carve out the tallow, the steaks, kidneys, liver.

And the hiding-places of fresh spring water under the earth crust had to be in his thoughts; he helped at well-digging; the wells Tom Lincoln dug went dry one year and another; neighbors said he was always digging a well and had his land "honey-combed"; and the boy, Abe, ran the errands and held the tools for the well-digging.

When he was eighteen years old, he could take an ax at the end of the handle and hold it out in a straight horizontal line, easy and steady — he had strong shoulder muscles and steady wrists early in life. He walked thirty-four miles in one day, just on an errand, to please himself, to hear a lawyer make a speech. He could tell his body to do almost impossible things, and the body obeyed.

Growing from boy to man, he was alone a good deal of the time. Days came often when he was by himself all the time except at breakfast and supper hours in the cabin home. In some years more of his time was spent in loneliness than in the company of other people. It happened, too, that this loneliness he knew was not like that of people in cities who can look from a window on streets where faces pass and repass. It was the wilderness loneliness he became acquainted with, solved, filtered through body, eye, and brain, held communion with in his ears, in the temples of his forehead, in the works of his beating heart.

He lived with trees, with the bush wet with shining raindrops, with the burning bush of autumn, with the lone wild duck riding a north wind and crying down on a line north to south, the faces

of open sky and weather, the ax which is an individual one-man instrument, these he had for companions, books, friends, talkers, chums of his endless changing soliloquies.

His moccasin feet in the winter-time knew the white spaces of snowdrifts piled in whimsical shapes against timber slopes or blown in levels across the fields of last year's cut cornstalks; in the summer-time his bare feet toughened in the gravel of green streams while he laughed back to the chatter of bluejays in the red-haw trees or while he kept his eyes ready in the slough quack-grass for the cow-snake, the rattler, the copperhead.

He rested between spells of work in the springtime when the upward push of the coming out of the new grass can be heard, and in autumn weeks when the rustle of a single falling leaf lets go a whisper that a listening ear can catch.

He found his life thrown in ways where there was a certain chance for a certain growth. And so he grew. Silence found him; he met silence. In the making of him as he was, the element of silence was immense.

It was a little country of families living in one-room cabins. Dennis Hanks said at a later time, "We lived the same as the Indians, 'ceptin' we took an interest in politics and religion."

Cash was scarce; venison hams, bacon slabs, and barrels of whisky served as money; there were seasons when storekeepers asked customers, "What kind of money have you today?" because so many sorts of wildcat dollar bills were passing around. In sections of timberland, wild hogs were nosing out a fat living on hickory nuts, walnuts, acorns; it was said the country would be full of wild hogs if the wolves didn't find the litters of young pigs a few weeks old and kill them.

Farmers lost thirty and forty sheep in a single wolf raid. Toward the end of June came "fly time," when cows lost weight and gave less milk because they had to fight flies. For two or three months at the end of summer, horses weakened, unless covered with blankets, under the attacks of horse-flies; where one lighted on a horse, a drop of blood oozed; horses were hitched to branches of trees that gave loose rein to the animals, room to move and fight flies.

Men and women went barefoot except in the colder weather;

women carried their shoes in their hands and put them on just before arrival at church meetings or at social parties.

Rains came, loosening the top soil of the land where it was not held by grass roots; it was a yellow clay that softened to slush; in this yellow slush many a time Abe Lincoln walked ankle-deep; his bare feet were intimate with the clay dust of the hot dog-days, with the clay mud of spring and fall rains; he was at home in clay. In the timbers with his ax, on the way to chop, his toes, heels, soles, the balls of his feet, climbed and slid in banks and sluices of clay. In the cornfields, plowing, hoeing, cutting, and shucking, again his bare feet spoke with the clay of the earth; it was in his toenails and stuck on the skin of his toe-knuckles. The color of clay was one of his own colors.

In the short and simple annals of the poor, it seems there are people who breathe with the earth and take into their lungs and blood some of the hard and dark strength of its mystery. During six and seven months each year in the twelve fiercest formative years of his life, Abraham Lincoln had the pads of his foot-soles bare against clay of the earth. It may be the earth told him in her own tough gypsy slang one or two knacks of living worth keeping. To be organic with running wildfire and quiet rain, both of the same moment, is to be carrier of wave-lines the earth gives up only on hard usage.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Does the reading of this biography give you a clearer picture of Lincoln as a boy?
2. Describe the kind of life Lincoln lived. What influences helped to form his character?
3. Give as clear a picture as possible of Lincoln's appearance, first as a boy and then as a youth. What activities did he engage in as a youth? How did they affect the formation of his character?
4. Does the selection touch your own boyhood days in any way — your experiences, your interests?
5. Read to the class a part of this selection that you enjoyed. Can you tell why you liked it?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read the biography of another great American, and come to class prepared to discuss it. If you are interested, read more of this biography called *Lincoln—the Prairie Years*.

Read one or two poems on Lincoln and prepare one for reading to the class.

Lincoln's character was a striking combination of tenderness and strength. How are these qualities shown here?

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:

- a. Lincoln (always wanted to, never did, tried only once to) hunt wild game.
- b. Abe's new mother (disliked, grew to love, stopped the education of) her little stepson.
- c. Abe Lincoln (did not engage, was a champion, occasionally engaged) in the various sports.
- d. He was (often alone, never very much alone, afraid of being away from human companionship).

2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below. Do not write in the book.

- a. Abe's early school was ——— and ——— from his home.
- b. At the age of sixteen, Abe was nearly ———, ——— high.
- c. Abe always went ——— except in the colder weather.

HE LOOKS FOR ADVENTURES AND FINDS THEM

By HERMANN HAGEDORN (1882—)

Theodore Roosevelt was a many-sided man. Whatever field he ventured into, he made a success in it. He distinguished himself as a statesman, an orator, a writer, an army officer, a hunter, and a rancher. Although handicapped by a weak body and poor eyesight, he did not feel discouraged, but through persistent effort strengthened his physique.

The following chapter is taken from Hagedorn's graphic *Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt*. It gives a vivid account of the difficulties and adventures of the young Eastern tenderfoot in his attempt to build up a ranch in Dakota. Here "Teddy" learned to be a good roughrider.

Theodore Roosevelt went to Dakota straight from the Chicago convention, arriving at Chimney Butte Ranch about the 8th of June. The country was at its best, with the bright young grass in one unbroken carpet over the prairie, and here and there in daubs of vivid green on the dark red and purple of the buttes.

Roosevelt entered with heart and soul on the work of a ranchman. There was plenty to do, for the spring was the ranchman's busy season and matters which were merely "chores" to the expert cow-puncher had to be studied with solemn care by the tenderfoot. For he was on trial, and he knew it. The few inhabitants which the Bad Lands possessed were ready to scorn him and reject him at the first sign of weakness or cowardice, and he knew that only by sharing the cowboy's joys and hardships to the full could he achieve the respect of his hardy companions. He was in the saddle from morning until night, riding among the cattle, hunting stray horses (and they were always straying), breaking ponies, assisting on the round-up. Now and then he was a source of merriment to the experienced hands, for his skill was not always equal to his earnestness; but the various tricks they played upon him to test his temper or his nerve generally ended in the discomfiture of their authors. The fact that one such test—which included a breakneck gallop down a sharp and muddy slope—resulted in the downfall of the expert while he himself kept his seat, proved discouraging to the devisers of mischief.

One event, which occurred at a wild little "town" called Mingusville, some thirty miles west of the Little Missouri, furnished the kind of "talking material" the Bad Lands liked to hear, and gave Roosevelt a reputation.

Mingusville boasted only one "hotel," and that was a wicked little place which Roosevelt would not have dreamed of entering if night had not overtaken him far from the ranch and left him no other choice. As he was stabling his horse he heard two shots, fired, evidently, in the barroom. He entered the place with misgivings.

A shabby-looking individual in a broad-brimmed hat was walking up and down the floor, talking and swearing. He was in full possession of the situation, for he had a cocked gun in each hand, and the half-dozen other men in the room, who were evidently

sheep-herders, seemed to be in no way inclined to dispute his authority. The clock had two holes in its face, which accounted for the shots Roosevelt had heard.

"Four-eyes!" shouted the bully as he spied Roosevelt with his offensive spectacles. There was a nervous laugh from the sheep-herders, in which Roosevelt joined. "Four-eyes is going to treat!"

There was another laugh. Under cover of it, Roosevelt walked quietly to a chair behind the stove and sat down, hoping to escape further notice.

But the bully had had everything his own way and evidently had no intention of being thwarted now. He crossed the room to where Roosevelt was sitting and repeated his command.

Roosevelt passed the man's shout off as a joke. But the bully leaned over Roosevelt, swinging his guns, and ordered him in foul and offensive language to "set up the drinks for the crowd."

It occurred to Roosevelt like a flash that he was facing a crisis and that he must "make good or quit"; it occurred to him also that the man was foolish to stand so near, with his heels together. "Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," he said, and rose to his feet.

The bully felt vainglorious and expected no retaliation. Roosevelt struck him quick and hard with his right just to one side of the point of the jaw, hitting with his left as he straightened out, and then again with his right.

The ruffian fired both guns, but the bullets went wide as he fell like a tree, striking the corner of the bar with his head. He was senseless as Roosevelt bent over him, and the sheep-herders, with courage revived, carried him into a shed.

Roosevelt took his dinner in a corner of the dining-room, away from the windows, and went to bed without a light. But the would-be desperado made no move to recover his shattered prestige. He departed next morning on a passing freight-train, and was seen no more.

The news of the encounter spread like the proverbial wild-fire. "Four-eyes" became, overnight, "Old Four-eyes," which was another matter, and the Bad Lands ceased to regard "Teddy Roosenfelder" as a joke.

Roosevelt had an experience of a somewhat similar sort that

spring in the new and flourishing town called Medora, which a French adventurer, the Marquis de Mores, had established across the river from Little Missouri. Medora was as raw as beef in a butcher-shop and the language that was spoken there was obscene beyond description. The worst offender, by common consent, was a burly reprobate who went by the name of Hell-roaring Bill Jones. He had had a checkered career, but was not without excellent qualities which Roosevelt had promptly recognized.

It happened one day that Roosevelt was sitting in the office of the only other "literary gent" in the neighborhood, a young Michigan graduate named Packard, who was editor of the local weekly, the *Bad Lands Cowboy*. There were a number of cow-punchers in the room and the language was more than picturesque. The most foul-mouthed of the lot, as usual, was Hell-roaring Bill.

Roosevelt had no taste for foul stories. Men who really knew him somehow failed to think of foul stories when he was about, or, if they thought of them, instinctively left them untold. Evidently Bill Jones did not know him very well.

Roosevelt stood the foul stuff as long as he could. Then he looked Bill Jones straight in the eye and "skinned his teeth" and said, "I can't tell why in the world I like you, for you're the nastiest-talking man I ever heard."

The cow-punchers gasped. Bill Jones was notoriously "light-triggered" and they expected his hand to fly to his gun.

But Bill's hand did nothing of the sort. There was deep silence in the room. Then a sheepish look crept over the "bad man's" face as he said, apologetically: "I don't belong to your outfit, Mr. Roosevelt, and I'm not beholden to you for anything. All the same, I don't mind saying that mebbe I've been a little too free with my mouth."

They were friends from that day; they remained friends until Bill Jones died, a pathetic wreck, thirty years later.

It did not take many incidents of this sort to fix Roosevelt's reputation in the Bad Lands. In a community in which the oldest inhabitant had resided only a year or two, it did not take a man long to establish himself. In Medora there was a small law-abiding element, completely surrounded by a vast sea of iniquity. Rascals of every degree of wickedness came and went, gamblers

and game butchers, horse thieves and cattle thieves, boyish adventurers and fugitives from justice. Roosevelt associated himself with the small group, including the editor of the *Cowboy*, which was endeavoring to bring law and order into the untamed region. His power was instantly recognized, and before the summer was well advanced one of the leading newspapers of western Dakota was speaking of him as a possible candidate for Congress.

Roosevelt, however, had put politics temporarily behind him. The vigorous outdoor life in a wild country amid hardy men thrilled him to the depths. Beside it, the life of politics and society seemed for the moment unreal and valueless. His double bereavement had made the very intercourse with acquaintances and friends of the happy former times a source of renewed pain. His little daughter Alice was living with "Bamie" in the house on Fifty-seventh Street. Soon that house was to be closed. The old home and the home that had been his during the first years of his married life were both gone. He determined that he would build a new home in surroundings that had no painful memories. Forty miles north of Chimney Butte, where the Little Missouri took a long swing westward through a fertile bottom bordered along its mile or two of length by sheer cliff walls, on a low bluff surmounted by cottonwood-trees, he found the bleached interlocked antlers of two great elk; and there he determined to build his house.

He went East in the first days of July to take what part he could in the Presidential campaign and to make final arrangements with Bill Sewall and Will Dow, whom he had urged as early as March to try their fortunes in Dakota.

Sewall had come to New York late the same month, elated at the prospect. On his return to the East, early in July, Roosevelt wrote him once more:

Now, a little plain talk, though I do not think it necessary, for I know you too well. If you are afraid of hard work and privation, do not come West. If you expect to make a fortune in a year or two, do not come West. If you will give up under temporary discouragements, do not come West. If, on the other hand, you are willing to work hard, especially the first year; if you realize that for a couple of years you cannot expect to make much more than you are now making; and if you also know that at the end of that time you will be in receipt of about a thousand dollars for the

third year, with an unlimited rise ahead of you and a future as bright as you yourself choose to make it — then come. Now I take it for granted you will not hesitate at this time. So fix up your affairs *at once*, and be ready to start before the end of this month.

Sewall did not hesitate; nor did Dow. They left New York with Roosevelt the last day of July, arriving at Chimney Butte the 5th of August.

Sewall's eyes gleamed at the wildness of the country, but he turned that evening to Roosevelt with a troubled look. "You won't make any money raising cattle in this country," he remarked.

"Bill, you don't know anything about it!" retorted Theodore.

Bill laughed. "Well, I guess that's just about right, too," he said.

The two backwoodsmen remained at Chimney Butte two days, and then, accompanied by one of Roosevelt's cowboys, rode north forty miles to Elkhorn, the new ranch, driving a hundred head of cattle before them; now following the dry river-bed, now branching off inland, crossing the great plateaus and winding through the ravines of the broken country. There was already a shack on the new ranch, a primitive affair with a dirt roof, which Sewall and Dow now made their headquarters. Now and again Roosevelt visited them.

The cattle which were intended to be the nucleus of the Elkhorn herd were young grade short-horns of Eastern origin, less wild than the long-horn Texas steers, but liable, on new ground, to stray off and be lost in the innumerable coulees round about. So each night they "bedded" them down on the level bottom, one or the other of them riding slowly and quietly round and round the herd, heading off and turning back into it all that tried to stray. This was not altogether a simple business, for there was danger of stampede in making the slightest unusual noise. Now and then they would call to the cattle softly as they rode, or sing to them until the steers had all lain down, close together. And even then, at times, one of the men would stay on guard, riding round and round the herd, calling and singing.

There was something magical in the strange sound of it in the clear air under the stars.

It was while Roosevelt was working with his men accustoming the cattle to their new surroundings that peremptory word came from the Marquis de Mores, sharply asserting that Roosevelt was building on his range and had better desist. The Marquis had established himself in the Bad Lands with the idea of making the whole region in a sense his own feudal domain, and, as one of the cow-punchers expressed it, "he could not get over the idea that he had to run everything in sight." He built a great slaughter-house in Medora and had a dream that he could successfully rival the great packing industry of Chicago. But he was not a man of experience or judgment and he had no knowledge of men. His commands did not greatly agitate Roosevelt.

He answered that there was nothing of the Marquis's on the land but dead sheep and he didn't think that they would hold it.

The Marquis sent no reply. This was curious, for Maunders, one of his chief assistants, and the ranch crew under him, were known as a "rough crowd" who had been involved in more than one shooting-affair. Possibly the Marquis assumed that the young gentleman with the spectacles had decided to back down.

"You'd better be on the lookout," Roosevelt remarked to Sewall and Dow. "There's just a chance there may be trouble."

"I cal'late we can look out for ourselves," answered Bill, with a gleam in his eye.

The middle of August, Roosevelt set forth with Merrifield, and a queer Ulysses named Norman Lebo as teamster—a weather-beaten old plainsman "with an inexhaustible fund of misinformation"—on a hunting trip which he had long promised himself. They traveled for weeks across the prairie, following the old Fort Keogh trail, to the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming. There they left their wagon, proceeding with a pack-train into the heart of the high peaks.

They followed an old Indian trail, ascending through the dense pine woods where the trunks rose like straight columns, close together, and up the sides of rocky gorges, driving the pack-train with endless difficulty over fallen timber and along ticklish ridges. They pitched their camp at last beside a beautiful, clear mountain brook that ran through a glade ringed by slender pines; and from there hunted among the peaks round about. The weather was

clear and cold, with thin ice covering the dark waters of the mountain tarns, and now and again slight snowfalls that made the forest gleam and glisten in the moonlight like fairyland. Through the frosty air they could hear the vibrant, musical note of the bull elk far off, calling to the cows or challenging one another.

No country could have been better adapted to still hunting than the great, pine-clad mountains, studded with open glades. Roosevelt loved the thrill of the chase, but he loved no less the companionship of the majestic trees and the shy wild creatures which sprang across his path or ran with incredible swiftness along the overhanging boughs. Moving on noiseless moccasins, he caught alluring glimpses of the inner life of the mountains.

There was elk-hunting such as Roosevelt had never known before; but it was not primarily elk that he was after. He wanted to get a bear; but the bears, it seemed, eluded him, and he had been in the mountains a week before Merrifield rode into camp one morning, shouting that at last he had come across grizzly-bear signs in a tangle of ravines some ten miles away.

By noon next day they were at their new camp in the heart of the bear region. That afternoon, on a crag overlooking a wild ravine, Roosevelt shot a great bull elk. Returning with Merrifield for the carcass next day, they found that a grizzly had been feeding on it. They crouched in hiding for the bear's return. But night fell, owls began to hoot dismally from the tops of the tall trees, and a lynx wailed from the depths of the woods, but the bear did not come.

Early next morning they were again at the elk carcass. The bear had evidently eaten his fill during the night. His tracks were clear, and they followed them noiselessly over the yielding carpet of moss and pine needles, to an elk-trail leading into a tangled thicket of young spruces.

Suddenly Merrifield sank on one knee, turning half round, his face aflame with excitement. Roosevelt strode silently past him, his gun "at the ready."

There, not ten steps off, was the great bear, slowly rising from his bed among the young spruces. He had heard the hunters and reared himself on his haunches. Seeing them, he dropped again

on all fours, and the shaggy hair on his neck and shoulders bristled as he turned toward them.

Roosevelt aimed fairly between the small, glittering, evil eyes, and fired. The huge beast half rose, fell over, and was dead.

The hunters broke camp the following morning and in single file moved down through the woods and across the cañons to the edge of the great tableland, then slowly down the steep slope to its foot, where they found the canvas-topped wagon. Next day they set out on the three-hundred-mile journey home to Chimney Butte.

It was long and weary traveling across the desolate reaches of burnt prairie over which, day after day, Roosevelt galloped now in this direction, now in that, on the lookout for game, while the heavy wagon lumbered on. At last, after many days, they reached a strange and romantic region of isolated buttes of sandstone, cut by the weather into most curious caves and columns, battlements, spires, and flying buttresses. It was a beautiful and fantastic place and they made their camp there.

The moon was full and the night clear, and the flame of the camp-fire leaped up the cliffs, so that the weird, carved shapes seemed alive. Outside the circle of the fire the cliffs shone like silver under the moon, throwing grotesque shadows.

It was like a country seen in a dream.

The next morning all was changed. A wild gale was blowing and rain beat about them in level sheets. They spent a miserable day and night shifting from shelter to shelter with the shifting wind; another day and another night. Their provisions were almost gone, the fire refused to burn in the fierce downpour, the horses drifted far off before the storm. . . .

The third day dawned clear and crisp, and once more the wagon lumbered on. That night they camped by a dry creek on a broad bottom covered with thick parched grass. To make sure that their camp-fire would not set the surrounding grass alight, they burned a circle clear and stood about with branches to keep the flames in check. Suddenly there came a puff of wind. The fire roared like a wild beast as it started up. They fought it furiously, but it seemed that they were fighting in vain. In five minutes, they told themselves, the whole bottom would be a blazing fur-

nace. Their hair and eyebrows were singed dry before they subdued the flames at last.

They were three days from home, three days of crawling voyaging beside the fagged team. The country was monotonous, moreover, without much game. After supper that night Roosevelt concluded to press ahead of the wagon, with Merrifield, and ride the full distance before dawn.

At nine o'clock they saddled the tough little ponies they had ridden all day and rode off out of the circle of firelight. The September air was cool in their faces as they loped steadily mile after mile under the moonlight, and then under the starlight, over the rolling plains that stretched on all sides. Now and again bands of antelope swept silently away from before their path, and once a drove of long-horn Texas cattle charged by, the ground rumbling beneath their tread. The first glow of the sunrise was flaming up behind the level bluffs of Chimney Butte as they galloped down into the valley of the Little Missouri.

Sewall and Dow meanwhile had been having a rather exciting time. One day, on a round-up in the neighborhood, Dow overheard one of the Marquis de Mores' men remarking to another that "there'd be some dead men round that Elkhorn shack some day."

Dow told Sewall.

"Well," drawled Bill, "If there's going to be any dead men hereabouts I cal'late we can fix it so it won't be us."

A day or two after, one of the Marquis's men rode to where they were cutting timber. "There's a vigilance committee around, I hear," he remarked, casually. "They got a young fellow recently what was on foot, and, reckoning that he was probably getting ready to steal a horse, they strung him up so his feet just touched the ground. They wanted him to confess. But he said he didn't have nothing he could confess. It was too bad about him. You haven't seen the vigilance committee about, have you? I hear they're considering making a call on you folks."

The men from Maine said to each other that the thing began to look "smoky." They carried rifles and revolvers after that when they went to cut timber.

The vigilantes did not come, but six of the Marquis's men did,

heralding their arrival with revolver-shots in the air. It was Sunday morning. Sewall was alone. Unostentatiously his hand fell on his gun and remained there. He invited them into the shack to have some beans.

"The boss of the gang had been drinking," said Sewall, telling Roosevelt about it later. "He had a good appetite, so I got all the beans into him I could, to make him feel good. I guess he finally decided I wasn't worth shooting."

Sewall and Dow greeted Roosevelt on his arrival with a full account of their adventures.

"People are breathing out slaughter against us folk," said Sewall.

"What for?" asked Roosevelt, sharply.

"It's that Frenchman's outfit," said Sewall.

"I thought there'd be trouble there."

"Maunder — he's the boss trouble-maker of the Frenchman's outfit — he says he wants to shoot you," said Sewall.

This was decidedly interesting. Maunder was known as a good shot, and had, in fact, recently killed a man.

Roosevelt went out to the corral, roped and saddled his horse, and rode to Maunder's shack. Maunder was there. Roosevelt rode up to him.

"I hear that you want to shoot me," he said, quietly. "I came over to find out why."

After a brief conversation it appeared that Maunder did not, after all, want to shoot him. He had been "misquoted." They parted, excellent friends.

Roosevelt went East again late in September to do what he could in an uninspiring campaign to help elect Blaine President. But Cleveland was victorious and Roosevelt, resigning himself to a fact that no effort of his could now alter, returned to Dakota.

Sewall and Dow were at Elkhorn, busy cutting the timber for the new house, which was to stand under the shade of a row of cottonwood-trees overlooking the broad, shallow bed of the Little Missouri. They were both mighty men with the ax. Roosevelt himself was no amateur, but he could not compete with the stalwart backwoodsmen.

One evening he overheard one of the cowboys ask Dow what

the day's cut had been. "Well, Bill cut down fifty-three," answered Dow, "I cut forty-nine, and the boss," he added, dryly, not realizing that Roosevelt was within hearing — "the boss he beavered down seventeen."

Roosevelt remembered a tree-stump he had seen recently, gnawed down by a beaver, and grinned.

Winter settled down over the Bad Lands. There was little snow, but the cold was fierce in its intensity. By day, the plains and buttes were dazzling to the eye under the clear weather; by night, the trees cracked and groaned from the strain of the biting frost. Even the stars seemed to snap and glitter. The river lay fixed in its shining bed of glistening white, "like a huge bent bar of blue steel." Wolves and lynxes traveled up and down it at night as though it were a highway.

Roosevelt was now living mainly at Chimney Butte, writing somewhat and reading much, sharing fully meanwhile in the hardship of the winter work. It was not always pleasant to be out of doors, but the herds had to be carefully watched and every day (which began with breakfast at five — three hours before sunrise) he or one of his men was in the saddle from dawn to dark, riding about among them and turning back any herd that seemed to be straggling toward the open plains. In the open country there was always a strong wind that never failed to freeze ears or fingers or toes, in spite of flannels and furs. The cattle suffered much, standing huddled in the bushes in the ravines; and some of the young stock died of exposure.

During the severest weather Ferris and Merrifield, whom Roosevelt had sent out to buy ponies, returned with fifty which had to be broken then and there. Day after day in the icy cold Roosevelt labored with his men in the corral over the refractory animals, making up in patience what he lacked in physical address. He did not find this business altogether pleasant, and the presence of a gallery of grinning cowboys, gathered "To see whether the high-headed bay could buck the boss off," did not make it any easier to preserve a look of smiling indifference while the panic-stricken pony went through his gyrations.

The high-headed bay did buck the boss off; and he wasn't the

only one who did. But it is worth remarking that in the end it was not the boss, but the pony, who was "broken."

Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-six years old, no longer asthmatic now, but as hardy in body as he was fearless in spirit, became, in scarcely more than a year from that early September morning when he had first descended from the train at Medora, an important factor in the life of the Bad Lands.

He had established himself firmly in the respect and affection of those law-abiding ranchmen whose respect and affection were worth having; and it was not long before they began to look upon him as a leader. He had, from the first, felt the need of government in this strip of wild country which offered so secure a refuge to evil-doers and had done what he could to secure the organization of the county in which Medora was situated. But the time was not yet ripe for this step and Roosevelt decided, therefore, to endeavor to bring the honest ranchmen together in an association for mutual protection. Early in December, 1884, he issued the following appeal in the columns of the *Bad Lands Cowboy*:

NOTICE

Of a Proposed Meeting of the Stockmen of the Little Missouri.

At the request of Messrs. Huidekooper, Wadsworth, Eaton, Truscott, the N. P. R. C. Co., and of several other stockmen having ranges on the Little Missouri and Beaver Creek, a meeting of the stockmen of this river and its tributaries is hereby called to be held in Roberts Hall, Medora, at 11 A.M., Friday, December 19th. The object is to bring together the cattle-men of this vicinity in order that they may discuss certain questions of immediate and pressing interest to them, and in order that they may take measures to provide for a more efficient organization of the stockmen of this vicinity in the future, both so that they may be able to act more as a unit than has been the case in the past, and so that they can combine to protect their interests against unjust interference from the outside.

All gentlemen interested in stock-raising, both those on the Little Missouri and those on the neighboring waters, are urgently requested to attend.

(By request)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

On December 19th a dozen or more ranchmen met, in response to this letter, in a dance-hall over Medora's leading and most

wicked saloon, and formed the Little Missouri River Stockmen's Association, for mutual protection, as the by-laws ran "against frauds and swindles, and to prevent the stealing, taking, and driving away of horned cattle, sheep, horses, and other stock from the rightful owners thereof."

Roosevelt was presiding officer at the meeting and was elected chairman of the association, though he was one of the youngest men present. The whole matter attracted little attention; but it meant the beginning of the end of lawlessness in the Bad Lands.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Enumerate the difficulties and prejudices with which Roosevelt had to contend.
2. How did he overcome them?
3. Describe Roosevelt's adventure with the bully. Does it show his sturdy courage and ability to think quickly in emergencies?
4. What adventures prove his fearlessness of spirit?
5. Does the reading of this selection give you a clearer understanding of Roosevelt's character and personality? Read the rest of this biography in order to get a complete knowledge of the many interests and accomplishments of this great American. The author became a personal friend of "Teddy Roosevelt"; so you will read much of interest in his book on the "fighting colonel."

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read the book and discuss one of the following topics:

- a. Does the book recall any of your own experiences?
- b. Which people in the book would you like to meet?
- c. Roosevelt's life at school and at college.
- d. His career before coming to the West.
- e. His travels abroad.
- f. His political triumphs.

Discuss a book written by Roosevelt himself that you have read.

Discuss another story of western ranch life.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
 - a. The bully (subdued, was overcome by, was afraid of) Roosevelt.

- b. Bill Jones (remained Roosevelt's enemy, became a good friend of Roosevelt, never saw Roosevelt again).
 - c. Roosevelt (regained his health, was unable to become strong, never improved his weak condition).
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below. Do not write in the book.
- a. Roosevelt's first adventure occurred in a town called — .
 - b. — and — came from New York to help — .
 - c. Roosevelt's most dangerous enemy was — .
 - d. Roosevelt was elected — of the new association.

THOMAS EDISON HIMSELF

By WILLIAM H. MEADOWCROFT (1853-)

Thomas Edison is one of the outstanding figures of our day. His wonderful achievements in the field of electricity have brought to us comforts and enjoyments of which the man of fifty years ago never dreamed. He has created enormous industries and benefited mankind immeasurably. This chapter taken from Meadowcroft's *Boys' Life of Edison* describes Edison, the man — his personality. Notice in it the traits which have made Edison what he is.

Let us turn from what Edison has done to what Edison is. It is worth while to know "the man behind the guns." Who and what is the personal Edison?

Certainly there must be tremendous force in a personality which has been one of the most potent factors in bringing into existence new industries now capitalized at about seven billion dollars, earning annually over one billion dollars, and giving employment to an army of more than six hundred thousand people.

It must not be thought that there is any intention to give entire credit to Edison for the present magnificent proportions of these industries. The labors of many other inventors and the confidence of capitalists and investors have added greatly to their growth. But Edison is the father of some of these arts and industries, and as to some of the others it was the magic of his touch that helped make them practicable.

How then does Edison differ from most other men? Is it that he combines with a vigorous body a mind capable of clear and

logical thinking, and an imagination of unusual activity? No, for there are others of equal bodily and mental vigor who have not accomplished a tithe of his achievements.

We must answer then, first, that his whole life is concentrated upon his work. When he conceives a broad idea of a new invention he gives no thought to the limitations of time, or man, or effort. Having his body and mind in complete subjection through iron nerves, he settles down to experiment with ceaseless, tireless, unwavering patience, never swerving to the right or left nor losing sight of his purpose. Years may come and go, but nothing short of success is accepted.

A good example of this can be found in the development of the nickel pocket for the storage battery, an element the size of a short lead-pencil. More than five years were spent in experiments costing upward of a million dollars to perfect it. Day after day was spent on this investigation, tens of thousands of tubes and an endless variety of chemicals were made, but at the end of five years Edison was as much interested in these small tubes as when the work was first begun.

So far as work is concerned, all times are alike to Edison, whether it be day or night. He carries no watch, and, indeed, has but little use for watches or clocks except as they may be useful in connection with an experiment in which time is a factor. The one idea in mind is to go on with the work incessantly, always pushing steadily onward toward the purpose in view, with a relentless disregard of effort or the passage of time.

A second and very marked characteristic of Edison's personality is an intense and courageous hopefulness and self-confidence, into which no thought of failure can enter. The doubts and fears of others have absolutely no weight with him. Discouragements and disappointments find no abiding place in his mind. Indeed, he has the happy faculty of beginning the day as open-minded as a child, yesterday's discouragements and disappointments discarded, or, at any rate, remembered only as useful knowledge gained and serving to point out the fact that he had been temporarily following the wrong road.

Difficulties seem to have a fascination for him. To advance along smooth paths, meeting no obstacles or hardships, has no

charm for Edison. To wrestle with difficulties, to meet obstructions, to attempt the impossible — these are the things that appear to give him a high form of intellectual pleasure. He meets them with the keen delight of a strong man battling with the waves and opposing them in sheer enjoyment.

Another marked characteristic of Edison is the fact that his happiness is not bound up in the making of money. While he appreciates a good balance at his banker's, the keenness of his pleasure is in overcoming difficulties rather than the mere piling up of a bank account. Had his nature been otherwise, it is doubtful if his life would have been filled with the great achievements that it has been our pleasure to record.

In a life filled with tremendous purpose and brilliant achievement there must be expected more or less of troubles and loss. Edison's life has been no exception, but, with the true philosophy that might be expected of such a nature, he remarked recently: "Spilled milk doesn't interest me. I have spilled lots of it, and, while I have always felt it for a few days, it is quickly forgotten, and I turn again to the future."

Edison at sixty-four has a fine physique, and, being free from serious ailments, should live to a vigorous old age. His hair has whitened, but it is still abundant, and though he uses glasses for reading, his gray-blue eyes are as keen and bright and deeply lustrous as ever, with the direct, searching look in them that they have ever worn.

He stands five feet nine and one-half inches high, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and has not varied as to weight in a quarter of a century, although as a young man he was quite slender. He is very abstemious, hardly ever touching alcohol, caring little for meat, but fond of fruit and pie, and never averse to a strong cup of coffee or a good cigar.

He believes that people eat too much, and governs himself accordingly. His meals are simple, small in quantity, and take but little of his time at table. If he finds himself varying in weight he will eat a little more or a little less in order to keep his weight constant.

As to clothes, Edison is simplicity itself. Indeed, it is one of the subjects in which he takes no interest. He says: "I get a suit

that fits me, then I compel the tailors to use that as a jig, or pattern, or blue-print, to make others by. For many years a suit was used as a measurement; once or twice they took fresh measurements, but these didn't fit, and they had to go back. I eat to keep my weight constant, hence I never need changed measurements."

This will explain why a certain tailor had made Edison's clothes for twenty years and had never seen him.

In 1873 Mr. Edison was married to Miss Mary Stilwell, who died in 1884, leaving three children — Thomas Alva, William Leslie, and Marion Estelle.

Mr. Edison was married again in 1886 to Miss Mina Miller, daughter of Mr. Lewis Miller, a distinguished pioneer inventor and manufacturer in the field of agricultural machinery, and equally entitled to fame as the father of the "Chautauqua idea," and the founder with Bishop Vincent of the original Chautauqua, which now has so many replicas all over the country. By this marriage there are three children — Charles, Madeline, and Theodore.

For over twenty years Edison's happy and perfect domestic life has been spent at Glenmont, a beautiful property in Llewellyn Park, on the Orange Mountain, New Jersey. Here, amid the comforts of a beautifully appointed home, in which may be seen the many decorations and medals awarded to him, together with the numerous souvenirs sent to him by foreign potentates and others, Edison spends the hours that he is away from the laboratory. They are far from being idle hours, for it is here that he may pursue his reading free from interruption.

His hours of sleep are few, not more than six in the twenty-four, and not as much as that when working nights at the laboratory. In a recent conversation a friend expressed surprise that he could stand the constant strain, to which Edison replied that he stood it easily, because he was interested in everything. He further said: "I don't live with the past; I am living for today and tomorrow. I am interested in every department of science, art, and manufacture. I read all the time on astronomy, chemistry, biology, physics, music, metaphysics, mechanics, and other branches — political economy, electricity, and, in fact, all things that are

making for progress in the world. I get all the proceedings of the scientific societies, the principal scientific and trade journals, and read them. I also read some theatrical and sporting papers and a lot of similar publications, for I like to know what is going on. In this way I keep up to date, and live in a great, moving world of my own, and, what's more, I enjoy every minute of it."

In conversation Edison is direct, courteous, ready to discuss a topic with anybody worth talking to, and, in spite of his deafness, an excellent listener. No one ever goes away from him in doubt as to what he thinks or means, but, with characteristic modesty, he is ever shy and diffident to a degree if the talk turns on himself rather than on his work.

He is a normal, fun-loving, typical American, ever ready to listen to a new story, with a smile all the while, and a hearty, boyish laugh at the end. He has a keen sense of humor, which manifests itself in witty repartee and in various ways.

In his association with his staff of experimenters the "old man," as he is affectionately called, is considerate and patient, although always insisting on absolute accuracy and exactness in carrying out his ideas. He makes liberal allowance for errors arising through human weakness of one kind or another, but a stupid mistake or an inexcusable oversight on the part of an assistant will call forth a storm of contemptuous expression that is calculated to make the offender feel cheap. The incident, however, is quickly a thing of the past, as a general rule.

If there is anything in heredity, Edison has many years of vigor and activity yet before him. What the future may have in store in the way of further achievement cannot be foreshadowed, for he is still a mighty thinker and a prodigy of industry and hard work.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Which of the following characteristics does the author think are most important in Edison's success? Sense of humor, industriousness, love of reading, self-confidence, truthfulness.
2. What does Edison mean by saying, "Spilled milk doesn't interest me"?

3. What do you like best about Edison as he is described here?
4. What ideas did you get from your reading that are worth remembering and applying?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read the remainder of this book and learn how much Edison has helped advance the progress of the world. You will find it a fascinating account of a newsboy who rose to the heights of fame.

Find out about and report on the favorite recreations of a man like Edison.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
 - a. Edison (hates, is fascinated by, avoids) difficulties.
 - b. Edison (likes to eat much, has simple meals, spends much of his time on his meals).
 - c. Edison (likes to dress well, changes his tailor often, wears simple clothes).
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below. Do not write in the book.
 - a. Edison's whole life is concentrated on ———.
 - b. Edison sleeps about ——— hours in the ——— ———.
 - c. Edison does not live in the ——— but in the ——— and in the ———.

CLARA BARTON

By KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER

To read the biography of Clara Barton is to read of a life of service to suffering humanity. It was she who organized relief work for the soldiers during the Civil War. As founder of the American Red Cross, she stands high in the scale of achievement. Hers was a life of sacrifice of self. Even to the end, she strove to lessen pain and suffering and to bring peace and calm where had been uproar and destruction. This selection, taken from *Ten American Girls from History*, gives us a vivid picture of a great woman.

Clara Barton! Only the men who lay wounded or dying on the battlefield knew the thrill and the comfort that the name carried. Again and again her life was in danger — once at Antietam, when stooping to give a drink of water to an injured boy,

a bullet whizzed between them. It ended the life of the poor lad, but only tore a hole in Clara Barton's sleeve. And so, time after time, it seemed as if a special Providence protected her from death or injury. At Fredericksburg, when the dead, starving, and wounded lay freezing on the ground, and there was no effective organization for proper relief — with swift, silent efficiency Clara Barton moved among them, having the snow cleared away and under the banks finding famished, half-frozen figures which were once men. Hurriedly she had an old chimney torn down and fire-blocks built, over which she soon had kettles full of coffee and gruel steaming.

As she was bending over a wounded Southern soldier, he whispered to her, "Lady, you have been kind to me . . . every street of the city is covered by our cannon. When your entire army has reached the other side of the Rappahannock, they will find Fredericksburg a slaughter-pen. Not a regiment will escape. Do not go over, for you will go to certain death."

She thanked him for the kindly warning, and later told of the call that came to her to go across the river, and what happened. She says:

At ten o'clock of the battle day, when the Southern fire was hottest, the shells rolling down every street, and the bridge under heavy cannonade, a courier dashed over, and, rushing up the steps of the house where I was, placed in my hand a crumpled, bloody piece of paper — a request from the lion-hearted old surgeon on the opposite shore, establishing his hospitals in the very jaws of death:

"Come to me," he wrote. "Your place is here."

The faces of the rough men working at my side, which eight weeks before had flushed with indignation at the thought of being controlled by a woman, grew ashy white as they guessed the nature of the summons, . . . and they begged me to send them, but to save myself. I could only allow them to go with me if they chose, and in twenty minutes we were rocking across the swaying bridge, the water hissing with shot on either side.

Over into that city of death, its roofs riddled by shell, its every church a crowded hospital, every street a battle-line, every hill a rampart, every rock a fortress, and every stone wall a blazing line of forts.

Oh, what a day's work was that! How those long lines of blue, rank on rank, charged over the open acres, up to the very mouths of those blazing guns, and how like grain before the sickle they fell and melted away.

An officer stepped to my side to assist me over the débris at the end of

the bridge. While our hands were raised in the act of stepping down, a piece of an exploding shell hissed through between us, just below our arms, carrying away a portion of both the skirts of his coat and my dress, rolling along the ground a few rods from us like a harmless pebble in the water. The next instant a solid shot thundered over our heads, a noble steed bounded in the air and with his gallant rider rolled in the dirt not thirty feet in the rear. Leaving the kind-hearted officer, I passed on alone to the hospital. In less than a half-hour he was brought to me — dead.

She was passing along a street in the heart of the city when she had to step aside to let a regiment of infantry march by. At that moment General Patrick saw her, and thinking she was a frightened resident of the city who had been left behind in the general exodus, leaned from his saddle and said, reassuringly:

“You are alone and in great danger, madam. Do you want protection?”

With a rare smile, Miss Barton said, as she looked at the ranks of soldiers, “Thank you, but I think I am the best-protected woman in the United States.”

The near-by soldiers caught her words and cried out:

“That’s so! That’s so!” and the cheer they gave was echoed by line after line, until the sound of the shouting was like the cheers after a great victory. Bending low with a courtly smile, the general said:

“I believe you are right, madam!” and galloped away.

At the battles of Cedar Mountain, Second Bull Run, Antietam, during the eight months’ siege of Charleston, in the hospital at Fort Wagner, with the army in front of Petersburg and in the Wilderness and the hospitals about Richmond, there was no limit to the work Clara Barton accomplished for the sick and dying, but among all her experiences during those years of the war, the Battle of Fredericksburg was most unspeakably awful to her. And yet afterward she saw clearly that it was this defeat that gave birth to the Emancipation Proclamation.

“And the white May blossoms of ’63 fell over the glad faces — the swarthy brows, the toil-worn hands of four million liberated slaves. ‘America,’ writes Miss Barton, ‘had freed a race.’”

As the war drew to an end, President Lincoln received hundreds of letters from anxious parents, asking for news of their

boys. There were eighty thousand missing men whose families had no knowledge whether they were alive or dead. In despair, and believing that Clara Barton had more information of the soldiers than any one else to whom he could turn, the President requested her to take up the task, and the army nurse's tender heart was touched by the thought of helping so many mothers who had no news of their sons, and she went to work, aided by the hospital and burial lists she had compiled when on the field of action.

For four years she did this work, and it was a touching scene when she was called before the Committee on Investigation to tell of its results. With quiet simplicity she stood before the row of men and reported, "Over thirty thousand men, living and dead, already traced. No available funds for the necessary investigation; in consequence, over eight thousand dollars of my own income spent in the search." As the men confronting her heard the words of the bright-eyed woman who was looked on as a sister by the soldiers from Maine to Virginia, whose name was a household one throughout the land, not one of them was ashamed to wipe the tears from his eyes! Later the government paid her back in part the money she had spent in her work; but she gave her time without charge, as well as many a dollar which was never returned, counting it enough reward to read the joyful letters from happy, reunited families.

While doing this work she gave over three hundred lectures through the East and the West, and as a speaker she held her audiences as if by magic, for she spoke glowingly about the work nearest to her heart, giving the proceeds of her lectures to the continuance of that work. One evening in the winter of 1868, when speaking in one of the most brilliant assemblages she had ever faced, her voice suddenly gave out. The heroic army nurse and worker for the soldiers was worn out in body and nerves. As soon as she was able to travel, the doctor commanded that she take three years of absolute rest. Obeying the order, she sailed for Europe, and in peaceful Switzerland with its natural beauty hoped to regain normal strength; for her own country had emerged from the black shadow of war, and she felt that her life work had been accomplished, that rest could henceforth be her portion.

But Clara Barton was still on the threshold of her complete achievement. When she had been in Switzerland only a month, and her broken-down nerves were just beginning to respond to the change of air and scene, she received a call which changed the color of her future. Her caller represented the International Committee of the Red Cross Society. Miss Barton did not know what the Red Cross was, and said so. He then explained the nature of the society, which was founded for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers, and he told his eager listener what she did not know, that back of the Society was the Geneva Treaty, which had been providing for such relief work, signed by all the civilized nations except her own. From that moment a new ambition was born in Clara Barton's heart — to find out why America had not signed the treaty, and to know more about the Red Cross Society.

Nearly a year later, while resting in quiet Switzerland, there broke one day upon the clear air of her Swiss home the distant sounds of a royal party hastening back from a tour of the Alps. To Miss Barton's amazement it came in the direction of her villa. Finally flashed the scarlet and gold of the liveries of the Grand Duke of Baden. After the outriders, came the splendid coach of the Grand Duchess, who alighted and clasped Miss Barton's hand, hailing her in the name of humanity, and said she already knew her through what she had done in the Civil War. Then she begged Miss Barton to leave Switzerland and aid in Red Cross work on the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War, which was in its beginning. It was a real temptation to work once again for suffering humanity, yet she put it aside as unwise. But a year later, when the officers of the International Red Cross Society came again to beg that Miss Barton take the lead in a great systematic plan of relief work such as that for which she had become famous during the Civil War, she accepted. In the face of such consequences as her health might suffer from her decision, she rose, and, with head held high and flashing eyes said:

“Command me!”

Clara Barton was no longer to be the Angel of the American battlefields only — from that moment she belonged to the world, and never again could she be claimed by any one country. But it is as the guardian angel of our soldiers in the United States

that her story concerns us, although there is reason for great pride in the part she played in nursing the wounded at Strassburg, and later when her presence carried comfort and healing to the victims of the fight with the Commune in Paris.

As tangible results of her work abroad, she was given an amethyst cut in the shape of a pansy, by the Grand Duchess of Baden, also the Serbian decoration of the Red Cross as the gift of Queen Natalie, and the Gold Cross of Remembrance, which was presented her by the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden together. Queen Victoria, with her own hand, pinned an English decoration on her dress. The Iron Cross of Germany, as well as the Order of Mélusine given her by the Prince of Jerusalem, were among an array of medals and pendants — enough to have made her a much-bejeweled person, had it been her way to make a show of her own rewards.

Truly Clara Barton belonged to the world, and a suffering person had no race or creed to her — she loved and cared for all.

When at last she returned to America, it was with the determination to have America sign the Geneva Treaty and to bring her own country into line with the Red Cross movement, which she had carefully watched in foreign countries, and which she saw was the solution to efficient aid of wounded men, either on the battlefield, or wherever there had been any kind of disaster such that there was need of quick aid for suffering. It was no easy task to convince American officials, but at last she achieved her end. On the first of March, 1882, the Geneva Treaty was signed by President Arthur, ratified by the Senate, and immediately the American National Red Cross was formed, with Clara Barton as its first president.

The European "rest" trip had resulted in one of the greatest achievements for the benefit of mankind in which America ever participated, and its birth in the United States was due solely to the efforts of the determined, consecrated nurse who, when eleven years old, gave her all to a sick brother, and later devoted her life to the service of a sick brotherhood of brave men.

On the day after her death on April 12, 1912, one editor of an American newspaper paid a tribute to her that ranks with those paid the world's greatest heroes. He said:

On the battlefields of the Civil War her hands bound up the wounds of the injured brave.

The candles of her charity lighted the gloom of death for the heroes of Antietam and Fredericksburg.

Across the ocean waters of her sweet labors followed the flag of the saintly Red Cross through the Franco-Prussian War.

When stricken Armenia cried for help in 1896, it was Clara Barton who led the relief corps of salvation and sustenance.

A woman leading in answering the responsibility of civilization to the world!

When McKinley's khaki boys struck the iron from Cuba's bondage, it was Clara Barton, in her seventy-seventh year, who followed to the fever-ridden tropics to lead in the relief work on Spanish battlegrounds.

She is known wherever man appreciates humanity.

Hers was the honor of being the first president of the American Red Cross, but she was more than that — she *was* the Red Cross at that time. It was, as she said, "her child," and she furnished headquarters for it in her Washington home, dispensing the charities of a nation, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, and was never requested to publish her accounts, an example of personal leadership which is unparalleled.

In 1897 we find the Red Cross president settled in her home at Glen Echo, a few miles out of Washington, on a high slope overlooking the Potomac, and, although it was a Red Cross center, it was a friendly lodging as well, where its owner could receive her personal friends. Flags and Red Cross testimonials from rulers of all nations fluttered from the walls, among them a beautiful one from the Sultan of Turkey. Two small crosses of red glass gleamed in the front windows over the balcony, but above the house the Red Cross banner floated high, as if to tell the world that "the banner over us is love." And to Glen Echo, the center of her beloved activity, Clara Barton always loved to return at the end of her campaigns. To the many thousands who came to visit her home as one of the great humane centers of the world, she became known as the "Beautiful Lady of the Potomac," and never did a title more fittingly describe a nature.

To the last she was a soldier — systematic, industrious, severely simple in her tastes. It was a rule of the household that every day's duties should be disposed of before turning in for the night,

and at five o'clock the next morning she would be rolling a carpet-sweeper over the floor. She always observed military order and took a soldier's pride in keeping her quarters straight.

Her bed was small and hard. Near it were the books that meant so much to her — the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett, the poems of Lucy Larcom, and many other well-worn, much-read classics.

That she was still feminine is shown by the fact that, as in the days of girlhood when she fashioned her first straw bonnet, so now she was fond of wearing handsome gowns, often with trains. Lavender, royal purple, and wine color were the shades she liked best to wear, and in which her friends most often remember her. Despite her few extravagant tastes, Clara Barton was the most democratic woman America ever produced, as well as the most humane. She loved people, sick and well, and in any state and city of the Union she could claim personal friends in every walk of life.

When, after ninety-nine years of life, fifty of which were devoted to service for the suffering, death laid its hand upon her on that spring day, the world to its remotest corner stopped its busy barter and trade for a brief moment to pay reverent tribute to a woman who was by nature of the most retiring, bashful disposition, and yet carried on her life work in the face of the enemy, to the sound of cannon, and close to the firing-line. She was on the firing-line all her life. That is her life story.

Her "boys" of all ages adored her, and no more touching incident is told of her than that of a day in Boston, when, after a meeting, she lingered at its close to chat with General Shafter. Suddenly the great audience, composed entirely of old soldiers, rose to their feet as she came down the aisle, and a voice cried:

"Three cheers for Clara Barton!"

They were given by voices hoarse with feeling. Then some one shouted:

"Tiger!"

Before it could be given another voice cried:

"No! Sweetheart!"

Then those grizzled elderly men whose lives she had helped to

save broke into uproar and tears together, while the little, bent woman smiled back at them with a love as true as any sweet-heart's.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the first idea that occurs to you when you think of Clara Barton?
2. Which expression truthfully completes this sentence? Clara Barton won the love and admiration of Americans because she (a) lived for ninety-nine years; (b) founded the Red Cross; (c) sacrificed her life for others; (d) gave lectures to help the wounded soldiers.
3. Why has Clara Barton become a world figure?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Prepare a brief talk on the activities of the American Red Cross.

Look up the story of Florence Nightingale, the Englishwoman who did work like Clara Barton's.

Tell the story of the Geneva Treaty which marked the birth of the Red Cross.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
 - a. After the Civil War, Clara Barton (gave up her work, continued in her service of mercy, had to retire on account of poor health).
 - b. Clara Barton (refused, acceded to, was not tempted by) the offer of the Duchess of Baden.
 - c. Clara Barton (hated, always observed, was lax in observing) military discipline.
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below. Do not write in the book.
 - a. Clara Barton was loved by the soldiers of both the — and the —.
 - b. Clara Barton was instrumental in having the — — ratified.
 - c. She was the first president of the — — —.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT: THE GIRL OF CONCORD

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND (1878-)

Most of us are already acquainted with Louisa May Alcott's books. Of these the most outstanding are *Little Women* and *Little Men*. Many of the incidents related in these books are taken from the early life of the author herself, and we must know something of this period of her life if we are to appreciate to the greatest extent her fascinating novels. The following selection is taken from Rupert Sargent Holland's *Historic Girlhoods*. It presents in a sympathetic manner the struggles of Louisa May Alcott to succeed in her chosen lifework. Note the famous men and women who were neighbors of the Alcotts in Concord.

Mr. and Mrs. Alcott were sitting with two friends before their door. One of the guests, a very gifted woman named Margaret Fuller, had just said, "I hear you teach your children yourself, Mr. Alcott."

The father nodded. "I have my own notions, you know."

The other guest, a tall and very dignified man, smiled. "Bronson's a man in a million," said he. "Here in Concord we think his children models."

"Well, Mr. Emerson," said Miss Fuller, "I'd like very much to see these model children."

Like the answer to a fairy wish there came a wild uproar of noise, growls, barks, drumming, and around the corner swept the wheelbarrow, horse, dog, queen, driver, dragon and drummer-boy. The noise stopped suddenly at sight of the stately group at the door. Louisa's foot tripped, and down came queen, driver, and wheelbarrow in one laughing heap.

Mrs. Alcott pointed to the tumbled pile of girls. "There are the model children, Miss Fuller," she said with a smile.

Mr. Emerson stepped forward and picked up the fallen Louisa. "You couldn't have arranged your entrance better, my dear," said he. "I've always predicted you'd be a great actress."

The two boys went home, and the four girls trooped in to supper after their elders. They were used to hearing Mr. Alcott discuss philosophy with his guests, and to listen without understand-

ing much of what was said. Mr. Emerson, however, famous as he was, never could forget the presence of the four bright-eyed little girls. He would turn from one of Mr. Alcott's profound questions to ask Anna concerning the health of a pet cat and to beg Louisa to show him some of her poems. So, when they were out on the lawn again after supper the girls gathered about him and told him everything that had happened since his last visit. "Dear me," he said after a while, "what a lot of things are happening here in Concord I didn't know anything about!"

"Lots and lots," agreed Louisa, nodding her head, her arm on the back of his chair. "Right here in our house too, and father and mother don't know anything of them at all. The attic and the orchard and that old mill by the brook are just plum-full of adventures."

She looked at him quite seriously. "Don't you ever find any about your house?"

"Oh, yes, plenty, but I don't believe they're as exciting as yours."

"That's too bad. You ought to come and live here in our house for a while."

After a short time they had to tear themselves away from their friend and go up to bed. There, in their own room, with the candles out, Louisa took up a story she had been telling the night before, a romance built on the pattern of *Ivanhoe*, which she called "The Bandit's Bride," and now she went on with it. Each night she got the hero into a more thrilling situation than the night before. Finally Elizabeth begged her to stop. "If it gets any more exciting I can't sleep a wink," said she. "I'll dream about him now."

"All right," said Louisa. "I'm stuck anyhow. I'll have to dream a way out of that fix." So that night's chapter ended.

What Louisa had told Mr. Emerson was quite true; the Alcott cottage, the orchard back of it, the meadows, the streams and the roads were all packed full of adventures, so long at least as Louisa was there to point them out. At one time that spring bands of young pilgrims, carrying scrip and staff, and wearing the pilgrim's emblem of a cockle-shell in their hats, journeyed day after day over hills and fields. A little later, about Midsummer Night, a

group of fairies held revel among the tall whispering birches, danced in a magic ring and then winged away to try and bewitch ordinary grown-up mortals. They were kind to those mortals who could not fly about on adventures as easily as the fairies did, and so they gave a strawberry party for them in the old vine-covered arbor near the orchard, and the little maids served berries and cake and lemonade to Miss Margaret Fuller, Mr. Emerson, Father and Mother Alcott and others of the poets and philosophers who made beautiful old Concord their home.

But to Louisa the plays and adventures were far more real than to any of the others. When it rained or the other girls were busy she would go up to her own particular den in the attic and write stories. Seated by the window where she could keep an eye on outdoors in case anything exciting should be happening there, with a pile of apples beside her for refreshment, she would put on paper the thrilling stories she loved to invent. Most of them she left in her portfolio, but a few she bravely sent to magazines. They came back to her one after another returned with the editor's thanks. Then she would shut herself up in the den and look long at the little story, the pages tied together with a bright red ribbon, and sometimes she could not keep the tears back, but when she had fought out the battle she would put the story away in the old box that served her as desk and would declare softly to herself that she would write another and a much better story.

One day her first dream came true. She walked into the sitting-room where her mother and sisters were sewing, and she had a paper under her arm. Trying not to show her excitement she lay down on the sofa and unrolling the paper pretended to read.

"What have you there?" asked Anna.

"Only a new magazine," answered Louisa.

"Anything interesting in it?"

"Here's a story. I don't think it looks particularly interesting, but I'll read it if you like."

"Go ahead," said her sister.

Louisa took a long breath and plunged into the story, trying to hide her thrills by reading very fast. Her mother and sisters listened in silence until she had finished.

"That's a pretty good story," said Anna, when Louisa stopped.

"I like the part about the rival lovers," Elizabeth chimed in.

"Who wrote it?" asked Mrs. Alcott.

"Let me see." Louisa fumbled with the pages and then suddenly announced, "Here it is. It's by Louisa M. Alcott."

The others turned to look at her. She sat up, her cheeks flaming, her eyes dancing.

"Did you really write it, dear?" exclaimed her mother.

"I really did," said Louisa.

"It's splendid!" "Perfectly fine!" "Wonderful!" — came a chorus from the others, and they all crowded about her to look at the paper and see her name staring at them in real print on the page.

"Your father'll be very proud," said the fond mother.

"Oh, I'm so happy!" exclaimed the young authoress. "I knew I could do it and now I've proved I could."

Life for Louisa and the others in her family was, however, not always easy and happy. Her father, Bronson Alcott, was a man entirely wrapped up in his own peculiar views, and he tried to support his family by giving occasional lectures and conducting classes, or conversations as he liked to call them, in philosophy. His hopeful nature kept him convinced that his family would be cared for in some fashion, but they often found it hard to live almost entirely on such trust. One winter he went west to lecture, leaving home as always poor, but hopeful, and serene. Mrs. Alcott took boarders, Anna taught, and Louisa went out to service from time to time to earn a little of the much-needed money. One cold February night when the girls were all at home they were waked by the ringing door-bell. They ran down-stairs to find their mother ahead of them to welcome the father home. The wanderer was half frozen, hungry, tired and disappointed, but he smiled bravely and looked as calm as ever. The mother and daughters fed and warmed him and brooded over him, anxious to know if he had made any money but hardly daring to ask. Finally May, the youngest, said, "Well, did people pay you?" With a queer look Mr. Alcott opened his pocketbook and showed them a one dollar note, saying, "Only that! My overcoat was stolen, and I had to buy a shawl. Many promises were not kept, and travel-

ing is costly; but I have opened the way, and another year shall do better."

It was a great disappointment, but Mrs. Alcott smiled and kissed him. "I call that doing very well," said she. "Since you're safely home, dear, we don't ask anything more." Mrs. Alcott never gave up her hopes of better times, and one of her favorite sayings to her daughters was, "Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it will come back buttered."

The dream world of Louisa's girlhood gave way to a very real struggle to make a living. She served as companion to an old lady in Boston, she read to invalids, and she taught school. When she could find nothing else to do she did sewing for others. But all this time she was busy making up stories, and after a while she started to write them out and send them to publishers. Some were bought and printed, but she received very little money for them, and so she had to keep on with her drudgery as seamstress and teacher and try to copy her mother's gift of hope. When she was twenty-two she had printed a little book called *Flower Fables*, made up of some stories she had written to entertain Mr. Emerson's small daughter. She received only thirty-two dollars for the book, but it had been a work of love and she thrilled with the delight of a parent over her first-born child. She gave a copy to her mother at Christmas and the pleasure she saw in that dear face was infinitely more to her than any treasure could have been.

Success came slowly, but she went on step by step, writing better and better stories until editors asked her for them and paid her enough to allow her to give more time to writing.

When war broke out between the North and the South Louisa felt that she must do her share by becoming a hospital nurse. Her father had been one of the first anti-slavery men and she could well remember the exciting day when her mother had hidden a fugitive slave in her kitchen at Concord. So Louisa went to Washington and nursed the wounded soldiers until she herself became ill and had to give up the work. She had been so much interested in what she had seen and heard that she wrote a book called *Hospital Sketches*, and that proved to be her first big success.

She knew now that her girlhood gift for telling stories was a

real gift and she set to work on her beloved career. She had been so fond of children and remembered her own childhood so distinctly that she turned naturally to writing stories for girls and boys, and girls and boys all over the world read her stories eagerly and begged for more. *Little Women* and *Little Men* became famous, and scarcely less so were some of the others, *Eight Cousins*, *Rose in Bloom*, *Under the Lilacs*, and *An Old-Fashioned Girl*. In each one she put much of the charm of her own romantic girlhood in Concord, and that was the charm which made all children love the stories Louisa May Alcott had to tell them.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe the home life of Louisa M. Alcott.
2. With what difficulties did the Alcott family have to contend?
3. What use did Louisa May Alcott make of the events of her early life?
4. Read the selections from *Little Women* given in this book, and see whether you can recognize the events related therein as part of the home life of the Alcotts.
5. What can you say of Louisa's character? What qualities leading to success did she possess?
6. Was the promise of her early youth fulfilled?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Tell about a book by Louisa M. Alcott which you have enjoyed reading.

MASTERY TESTS

1. Select the word or expression in parentheses which makes a true statement:
 - a. Louisa's father was a (very practical, impractical, successful) man.
 - b. Louisa's first successful attempt was a (story, play, poem).
 - c. Louisa wrote mainly for (boys and girls, older people).
 - d. As a girl she (was financially independent, was obliged to earn her living, did nothing but write stories).
2. Supply the words which correctly fill the blanks in the sentences below. Do not write in the book.
 - a. During the Civil War, Louisa became a ———.
 - b. Soon after these experiences she wrote a book called ———.
 - c. She finally realized that her career lay in ———.

GENERAL REVIEW TOPICS ON BIOGRAPHY

1. Each member of a committee will tell of the favorite recreation of some famous person with whose life he is familiar.
2. Find further information about the lives of the men and women whose brief biographies are presented in this book.
3. A group of students will present the boyhood and girlhood of a few other famous Americans.
4. Select one book from the list for Home Reading. What did you find in the book that was helpful and interesting?

HOME READING

BOOKS OF BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Brooks, Elbridge	<i>Historic Boys</i>
	<i>Historic Girls</i>
Cody, William F.	<i>Adventures of Buffalo Bill</i>
Davis, Royal J.	<i>Boy's Life of Grover Cleveland</i>
Dudley, E. L.	<i>Benjamin Franklin</i>
Eastman, Charles A.	<i>Indian Boyhood</i>
Fitzhugh, P. K.	<i>Boy's Book of Scouts</i>
Hagedorn, Hermann	<i>Boy's Life of Roosevelt</i>
Hawthornthwaite, Hallam	<i>What Are You Going to Be?</i>
Kenlon, John	<i>Fourteen Years a Sailor</i>
Lagerlöf, Selma	<i>Marbacka</i>
Nicolay, Helen	<i>Boy's Life of Lafayette</i>
Paine, Ralph D.	<i>Bright Roads of Adventure</i>
Parkman, Mary R.	<i>Heroines of Service</i>
Root, Harvey W.	<i>Boy's Life of Barnum</i>
Stoddard, William Osborne	<i>The Boy Lincoln</i>
Sweetser, Kate Dickinson	<i>Ten Great Adventurers</i>
Tarbell, Ida	<i>Boy Scouts' Life of Abraham Lincoln</i>
White, Stewart Edward	<i>Daniel Boone</i>
Wildman, E.	<i>Famous Leaders of Character</i>



From the Pens of Famous Men and Women

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS

We like to receive letters. It follows that the reading of such as are represented in this volume should prove a pleasant and profitable experience.

Letter writing is an old form of literary expression. In all ages the literary letter, written by a great and appealing person, has found a place among readers of good literature. It often happens that great men and women express themselves so attractively in the letters they write that readers enjoy them as much as they do interesting books. This explains why the letters of famous people have been included in this volume.

These letters were all written by men and women known in literature. There is much in them of value to boys and girls. Some are full of fun, others are full of serious thoughts; many are an expression of the courage and character of the writers. Lewis Carroll, Robert Louis Stevenson, Theodore Roosevelt, Helen Keller, Louisa M. Alcott, Charles Dickens, Thomas Carlyle, Abraham

Lincoln, are the authors of some of the finest letters that have been written. The reading of letters comes nearest to intimate conversation with the great, a privilege granted to few in this world.

LEWIS CARROLL TO GERTRUDE CHATAWAY

We all know and love the name of Lewis Carroll. But there are many of us who do not know that the real name of the author of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* was Charles L. Dodgson (1832–1898). Although best known as an author, he was also distinguished as a clergyman and a mathematician. His letters to his child friends closely resemble his stories in style, and thus we turn to them in keen expectation of enjoying his wit and humor. Gertrude Chataway was a little friend whom he met at a summer resort. Note how simply and unaffectedly he wrote to her.

Christ Church, Oxford, October 13, 1875

MY DEAR GERTRUDE, — I never give birthday *presents*, but you see I *do* sometimes write a birthday *letter*: so, as I've just arrived here, I am writing this to wish you many and many a happy return of your birthday to-morrow. I will drink your health, if only I can remember, and if you don't mind — but perhaps you object? You see, if I were to sit by you at breakfast, and to drink your tea, you wouldn't like *that*, would you? You would say "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson's drunk all my tea, and I haven't got any left!" So I am very much afraid, next time Sybil looks for you, she'll find you sitting by the sad sea-wave, and crying "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson has drunk my health, and I haven't got any left!" And how it will puzzle Dr. Maund, when he is sent for to see you! "My dear Madam, I'm very sorry to say your little girl has got *no health at all*! I never saw such a thing in my life!" "Oh, I can easily explain it!" your mother will say. "You see she would go and make friends with a strange gentleman, and yesterday he drank her health!" "Well, Mrs. Chataway," he will say, "the only way to cure her is to wait till his next birthday, and then for *her* to drink *his* health."

And then we shall have changed healths. I wonder how you'll like mine! Oh, Gertrude, I wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense! . . .

Your loving friend,

LEWIS CARROLL

LEWIS CARROLL TO GERTRUDE CHATAWAY

Lewis Carroll's letters show that beneath a surface of nonsense, he felt a deep affection for the young people to whom he wrote so charmingly. The following letter is another example of his great skill in writing letters which appeal to children. Would you like to have been Gertrude Chataway?

Christ Church, Oxford, October 28, 1876

MY DEAREST GERTRUDE,—

You will be sorry, and surprised, and puzzled, to hear what a queer illness I have had ever since you went. I sent for the doctor, and said, "Give me some medicine, for I'm tired." He said "Nonsense and stuff! You don't want medicine: go to bed!" I said, "No; it isn't the sort of tiredness that wants bed. I'm tired in the *face*." He looked a little grave, and said, "Oh, it's your *nose* that's tired: a person often talks too much when he thinks he nose a great deal." I said, "No, it isn't the nose. Perhaps it's the *hair*." Then he looked rather grave, and said, "*Now* I understand: you've been playing too many hairs on the piano-forte." "No, indeed I haven't!" I said, "and it isn't exactly the *hair*: it's more about the nose and chin." Then he looked a good deal graver, and said, "Have you been walking much on your chin lately?" I said, "No." "Well!" he said, "it puzzles me very much. Do you think that it's in the lips?" "Of course!" I said. "That's exactly what it is!" Then he looked very grave indeed, and said, "I think you must have been giving too many kisses." "Well," I said, "I did give *one* kiss to a baby child, a little friend of mine." "Think again," he said; "are you sure it was only *one*?" I thought again, and said, "Perhaps it was eleven times." Then the doctor said, "You must not give her *any* more till your lips are quite rested again." "But what am I to do?" I said, "because you see, I owe her a hundred and eighty-two more." Then he looked so grave that the tears ran down his cheeks, and he said, "You may send them to her in a box." Then I remembered a little box that I once bought at Dover, and thought I would some day give it to *some* little girl or other. So I have packed them all in it very carefully. Tell me if they come safe, or if any are lost on the way.

Yours affectionately,

LEWIS CARROLL

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What effect is produced by the free use of dialogue? Does dialogue in a letter help?
2. What is there about both letters which makes them pleasant reading?
3. Do you think you could recognize the writer of the second letter if you had not been told his name? Why?

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT TO HER NEPHEWS

Louisa May Alcott (1832-1888) is known and loved by children everywhere for her delightful books. Her own early life was hard, and thus she was able to regard the struggles and burdens of others with sympathy and understanding. The following letter, written to her nephews, describes a newsboys' home.

New York, Dec. 4, 1875

DEAR FRED AND DONNY,—We went to see the newsboys, and I wish you'd been with us, it was so interesting. A nice big house has been built for them, with dining-room and kitchen on the first floor, and schoolroom next, two big sleeping places—third and fourth stories,—and at the top a laundry and gymnasium. We saw all the tables set for breakfast,—a plate and bowl for each,—and in the kitchen great kettles, four times as big as our copper boiler, for tea and coffee, soup, and meat. They have bread and meat and coffee for breakfast, and bread and cheese and tea for supper, and get their own dinners out. School was just over when we got there, and one hundred and eighty boys were in the immense room with desks down the middle, and all round the walls were little cupboards, numbered. Each boy on coming in gives his name, pays six cents, gets a key, and puts away his hat, books, and jacket (if he has 'em) in his own cubby for the night. They pay five cents for supper, and schooling, baths, etc., are free. They were a smart-looking set, larking round in shirts and trousers, barefooted, but the faces were clean, and the heads smooth, and clothes pretty decent; yet they support themselves, for not one of them has any parents or home but this. One little chap, only six, was trotting round as busy as a bee, lock-

ing up his small shoes and ragged jacket as if they were great treasures. I asked about little Pete, and the man told us his brother, only nine, supported him and took care of him entirely; and wouldn't let Pete be sent away to any home because *he* wished to have "his family" with him.

Think of that, Fred! How would it seem to be all alone in a big city, with no mamma to cuddle you; no two grandpas' houses to take you in; not a penny but what you earned, and Donny to take care of? Could you do it? Nine-year-old Patsey does it capitally; buys Pete's clothes, pays for his bed and supper, and puts pennies in the savings-bank. There's a brave little man for you! I wanted to see him; but he is a newsboy, and sells late papers, because, though harder work, it pays better, and the coast is clear for those who do it.

The savings-bank was a great table all full of slits, each one leading to a little place below and numbered outside, so each boy knows his own. Once a month the bank is opened, and the lads take out what they like, or have it invested in a big bank for them to have when they find homes out West, as many do, and make good farmers. One boy was putting in some pennies as we looked, and I asked how much he had saved this month. "Fourteen dollars, ma'am," says the thirteen-year-old, proudly slipping in the last cent. A prize of \$3 is offered to the lad who saves the most in a month.

The beds upstairs were in two immense rooms, ever so much larger than our town hall — one hundred in one, and one hundred and eighty in another — all narrow beds with a blue quilt, neat pillow, and clean sheet. They are built in long rows, one over another, and the upper boy has to climb up as on board ship. I'd have liked to see one hundred and eighty all in their "by-lows" at once, and I asked the man if they didn't train when all were in. "Lord, ma'am, they're up at five, poor little chaps, and are so tired at night that they drop off right away. Now and then some boy kicks up a little row, but we have a watchman, and he soon settles 'em."

He also told me how that very day a neat, smart young man came in, and said he was one of their boys who went West with a farmer only a little while ago; and now he owned eighty acres of

land, had a good house, and was doing well, and had come to New York to find his sister, and to take her away to live with him. Wasn't that nice? Lots of boys do as well. Instead of loafing round the streets and getting into mischief, they are taught to be tidy, industrious, and honest, and then sent away into the wholesome country to support themselves.

It was funny to see 'em scrub in the bath-room, — feet and faces, — comb their hair, fold up their old clothes in the dear cubbies, which make them so happy because they feel that they *own* something.

The man said every boy wanted one, even though he had neither shoes nor jacket to put in it; but would lay away an old rag of a cap or a dirty tippet with an air of satisfaction fine to see. Some lads sat reading, and the man said they loved it so they'd read all night, if allowed. At nine he gave the word, "Bed!" and away went the lads, trooping up to sleep in shirts and trousers, as night-gowns are not provided. How would a boy I know like that — a boy who likes to have "trommin" on his nighties? Of course, I don't mean dandy Don! Oh, dear no!

After nine [if late in coming in] they are fined five cents; after ten, ten cents; and after eleven they can't come in at all. This makes them steady, keeps them out of harm, and gives them time for study. Some go out to the theater, and sleep anywhere; some sleep at the Home, but go out for a better breakfast than they get there, as the swell ones are fond of goodies, and live well in their funny way. Coffee and cakes at Fulton Market is "the tip-top grub," and they often spend all their day's earnings in a play and a supper, and sleep in boxes or cellars after it.

Lots of pussies were round the kitchen; and one black one I called a bootblack, and a gray kit that yowled loud was a news-boy. That made some chaps laugh, and they nodded at me as I went out. Nice boys! but I know some nicer ones. Write and tell me something about my poor Squabby.

By-by, your
WEEDY

THOMAS CARLYLE TO LITTLE JANE CARLYLE,
HIS SISTER

Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), born in Scotland, of humble parentage, became a famous author. His best-known work is his *French Revolution*, from which Dickens got his inspiration for his novel, *A Tale of Two Cities*. Carlyle left Scotland and established a home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, in London. From Chelsea he wrote letters to the various members of his family in Scotland. The following letter is addressed to his younger sister, Jane. Picture the serious Carlyle so sympathetic in a letter to a child!

3 Moray Street, January (1822)

DEAR LITTLE JANE,—Thou never wrotest me any kind of letter, yet I would be glad to see one from thy hand. There is in that little body of thine as much wisdom as ever inhabited so small a space; besides thou art a true character, steel to the back, never told a lie, never flinched from telling truth; and for all these things I love thee, my little Jane, and wish thee many blithe new years from the bottom of my heart.

Does the little creature ever make any rhymes now? Can she write any? Is she at any school? Has she read the book we sent her? Tell me all this—if thou hast power even to form strokes, that is, to go through the first elements of writing. I am living here in a great monster of a place, with towers and steeples, and grand houses all in rows, and coaches and cars and men and women by thousands, all very grand; but I never forget the good people at Mainhill—nor thee, among the least in stature though not the least in worth. Write then if thou canst. I am very tired, but always thy affectionate Brother,

TH. CARLYLE

Give my compliments to *Nimble*, that worthiest of curs. Is Jamie Aitken with you still? I reckon him to be a worthy boy.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO MRS. BIXBY

The kind, sympathetic nature of our martyr President is beautifully shown in this famous letter. It must have been out of a heart overflowing with sympathy and with pity for a bereaved mother that he wrote this touching expression of his intense feeling.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON

November 21, 1864

MRS. BIXBY,

Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic that they died to save. I pray that the Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HELEN KELLER TO "ST. NICHOLAS"

Though handicapped by the loss of both sight and hearing at the age of two, Helen Keller (1880—) succeeded in making a name for herself among American women of note. She is a living example of what persistence and the desire to learn can do to overcome obstacles. Read her *Story of My Life* for a full account of her difficulties and of her final success. In her letter to the magazine, *St. Nicholas*, she explains how blind children learn to write.

DEAR "ST. NICHOLAS":

It gives me very great pleasure to send you my autograph because I want the boys and girls who read *St. Nicholas* to know

how blind children write. I suppose some of them wonder how we keep the lines so straight; so I will try to tell them how it is done. We have a grooved board which we put between the pages when we wish to write. The parallel grooves correspond to lines and when we have pressed the paper into them by means of the blunt end of the pencil it is very easy to keep the words even. The small letters are all made in the grooves, while the long ones extend above and below them. We guide the pencil with the right hand, and feel carefully with the forefinger of the left hand to see that we shape and space the letters correctly. It is very difficult at first to form them plainly, but if we keep on trying it gradually becomes easier, and after a great deal of practice we can write legible letters to our friends. Then we are very, very happy. Sometimes they may visit a school for the blind. If they do, I am sure they will wish to see the pupils write.

Very sincerely your little friend,

HELEN KELLER

FROM HUGH LOFTING TO THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Hugh Lofting is famous as an author of books for boys and girls. His stories of Dr. Dolittle are read and enjoyed by almost every child. Mr. C. G. Leland, the director of School Libraries in New York, asked him to write a letter to the New York City school children, and the following intimate and pleasing letter is the result.

MY DEAR READERS:

Mr. Leland has asked me to write and tell you something about myself. Now everybody likes to talk about himself; but those who do are usually rather tiresome people — once they get started you can never stop them. So I have been wondering, out of all the things I could tell you of myself, which are those that would interest you — because I mustn't make this letter too long. And I think I will tell you about my museum.

Well, when I was eight years old I kept a Natural History

Museum in my mother's linen-closet. It was probably the only museum of its kind in the world. It had birds' nests and sea-shells and fossils and pressed leaves and skulls of cows and dogs and the things that a regular museum does have. Of course it did not have as many things as the regular ones have; but it had just as many departments.

Then, too, some of the exhibits were a little doubtful. I mean by that there were pieces of flint for instance, that *might* have been Indian arrow-heads at some time, or Early Britons' battle-axes. And there were pieces of bone that could have been ribs from a dinosaur. However, on the description-cards of all those exhibits that I wasn't sure about I would put a question-mark after the title — like this:

PREHISTORIC FRYING-PAN(?) (DISCOVERED IN THE JONES'S BACK YARD) VERY SCARCE. PROBABLY MADE OF GOLD (??)

Two question-marks meant that the information was especially doubtful.

Now, you know, all natural history museums have some one department particularly good. They don't mean to specialize; but it just happens that way. The New York Museum is famous for its collection of minerals, for instance — while the South Kensington Museum in London was at one time particularly proud of its Tropical Birds. My museum specialized in Natural Curiosities. Anything that was odd; queerly shaped stones; roots that looked like old men's faces; sticks, so worm-eaten that they looked like Chinese carving; anything that mystified me or seemed as though it should have a history to it — such treasures were kept in a special case in my museum. And my imagination had a perfectly wonderful time spinning yarns over all the strange adventures these objects might have gone through.

On the door of the linen-closet there was a sign that read: "THE MUSEUM IS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC ON WEEK DAYS FROM 9 A.M. TILL

5 P.M. AND ON SUNDAYS FROM 11 A.M. TILL 5 P.M.” You see I didn’t get up so early on Sundays. The public didn’t come in very large numbers — mostly my brothers, our cat, and our dog. And when they had seen the museum every day for a week, I couldn’t persuade them to come any more. So after that, whenever I wanted to play “Museum” I had to pay the public to visit the show. I usually paid them with marbles or lollipops. I was a very public-spirited Museum Director.

And not only was I the Director; I was the Chairman, the Curator and the whole staff of Naturalists. The thing I most enjoyed in the business was collecting the specimens for the museum. One day I’d be ornithologist and would go round the countryside, cutting down last year’s birds’ nests together with the piece of tree or bush they were built on. Other days I’d be a geologist, collecting fossils and different kinds of rocks. And sometimes a botanist, hunting flower and leaf specimens. And every Saturday night I was an astronomer, looking for falling-stars through my father’s opera-glasses. (I saw quite a number fall, but I never found where they fell — and consequently my museum was somewhat short on meteorites.)

But if the public were not very keen on visiting my museum, the rats and mice were. They thought my museum was a lovely place. They liked my collection so well, they even took parts of it away with them. For instance, they took the old birds’ nests — to make over into new ones for themselves. And that was what gave me the idea for the Doctor Dolittle stories called *The Museum Mouse* and *The Rat-and-Mouse Club*, which I am some day going to write for you. Of course the rats and the mice didn’t come to the Museum in the regular visiting-hours, from 9 to 5: they came in the middle of the night.

Well, when my parents found out that my museum in the linen-closet was so popular with the rats and mice, they decided that it ought to be closed to the public for the spring — for the spring cleaning in fact. And when they discovered to what extent the rats and mice had made themselves at home in the Ornithological Department, they refused to allow the museum to be re-opened in their house any more.

One of the stories that my mother tells about this period of my

career as a naturalist is that I used to bring home the old skulls of dogs and cats that I found under the hedges and boil them, to get them clean and white for my museum, in her best saucepan! It isn't true. I used her second-best one. It was bigger.

So that was the end of my Private Natural History Museum. It was never re-opened to the public (although I had already laid the foundation stone with great ceremony at the bottom of the garden for a brand new building), because that summer I went away to boarding-school. But I often look back upon it with pride. It was certainly the only museum of its kind in the world.

Well, dear readers, for one letter, I think I have talked enough about myself. I had better stop now — before Mr. Leland stops me.

I hope you will all enjoy a very MERRY CHRISTMAS, and in the New Year get everything your hearts desire.

I remain

Yours very sincerely,

HUGH LOFTING

Westport, Conn.

LETTER OF THOMAS JEFFERSON TO FRANCIS HOPKINSON

This letter of Jefferson's was written when George Washington had just been inaugurated as the first President of the United States. It shows Jefferson's great faith and trust in the character of the man who, more than any one else, helped to establish our country.

PARIS, March 13, 1789

I would wish it [the Constitution] not to be altered during the life of our great leader, whose executive talents are superior to those, I believe, of any man in the world, and who, alone, by the authority of his name and the confidence reposed in his perfect integrity, is fully qualified to put the new government so under way, as to secure it against the efforts of opposition. But, having derived from our error all the good there was in it, I hope we shall correct it, the moment we can no longer have the same name at the helm.

LETTER OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON TO
ALISON CUNNINGHAM

Robert Louis Stevenson was an invalid for a great part of his life. As a child he was always ailing, and if it had not been for the loving care and tender regard of his nurse, Alison Cunningham, he might not have survived those trying days. A beautiful love existed between the two, a love which is very well brought out in this letter to her.

[1871?]

MY DEAR CUMMY, — I was greatly pleased by your letter in many ways. Of course, I was glad to hear from you; you know, you and I have so many old stories between us, that even if there was nothing else, even if there was not a very sincere respect and affection, we should always be glad to pass a nod. I say “even if there was not.” But you know right well there is. Do not suppose that I shall ever forget those long, bitter nights, when I coughed and coughed and was so unhappy, and you were so patient and loving with a poor, sick child. Indeed, Cummy, I wish I might become a man worth talking of, if it were only that you should not have thrown away your pains.

Happily, it is not the result of our acts that makes them brave and noble, but the acts themselves and the unselfish love that moved us to do them. “Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these.” My dear old nurse, and you know there is nothing a man can say nearer his heart except his mother or his wife — my dear old nurse, God will make good to you all the good that you have done, and mercifully forgive you all the evil. And next time when the spring comes round, and everything is beginning once again, if you should happen to think that you might have had a child of your own, and that it was hard you should have spent so many years taking care of some one else’s prodigal, just you think this — you have been for a great deal in my life; you have made much that there is in me, and there are sons who are more ungrateful to their own mothers than I am to you. For I am not ungrateful, my dear Cummy, and it is with a very sincere emotion that I write myself your little boy,

LOUIS

LETTER OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON TO HIS PARENTS

In this letter Stevenson expresses his great joy at receiving £100 (about \$500) for his masterpiece, *Treasure Island* — a sum which today seems ridiculously small for such a great work. It meant a good deal to Stevenson then, however, as the letter clearly shows.

CHALET SOLITUDE, May 5, 1883

MY DEAREST PEOPLE, — I have had a great piece of news. There has been offered for *Treasure Island* — how much do you suppose? I believe it would be an excellent jest to keep the answer till my next letter. For two cents I would do so. Shall I? Anyway, I'll turn the page first. No — well — A hundred pounds, all alive, O! A hundred jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid. Is not this wonderful? Add that I have now finished, in draft, the fifteenth chapter of my novel, and have only five before me, and you will see what cause of gratitude I have.

The weather, to look at the per contra sheet, continues vomitable; and Fanny is quite out of sorts. But, really, with such cause of gladness, I have not the heart to be dispirited by anything. My child's verse book is finished, dedication and all, and out of my hands — you may tell Cummy; *Silverado* is done, too, and cast upon the waters; and this novel so near completion, it does look as if I should support myself without trouble in the future. If I have only health, I can, I thank God. It is dreadful to be a great, big man, and not be able to buy bread.

O that this may last!

I have today paid my rent for the half year, till the middle of September, and got my lease: why they have been so long, I know not.

I wish you all sorts of good things.

When is our marriage day? — your loving and ecstatic son,
It has been for me a *Treasure Island* verily.

TREASURE EILAN

CHARLES KINGSLEY TO HIS DAUGHTER *

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) is best known as the author of *Water Babies* and of *Westward Ho!* — a novel of the days of Queen Elizabeth. His fame also rests upon his poetry. Besides being a writer, he was also a minister. This letter, one of many delightful ones, is written to his daughter, Mary, while he was on a trip to Biarritz.

BIARRITZ [1864]

MY DARLING MARY,

I am going to write you a long letter about all sorts of things. And first, this place is full of the prettiest children I ever saw, very like English, but with dark hair and eyes, and none of them look poor or ragged; but so nicely dressed, with striped stockings, which they knit themselves, and Basque shoes, made of canvas, worked with red and purple worsted. There is a little girl here six years old, a chemist's daughter, who knits all her own woollen stockings. All the children go to a school kept by nuns; and I am sure the poor nuns are very kind to them, for they laugh and romp, it seems to me, all day long. In summer most of them wear no shoes or stockings, for they do not want them; but in winter they are wrapped up warm; and I have not seen one ragged child or tramp, or any one who looks miserable. They never wear any bonnets. The little babies wear a white cap, and the children a woollen cap with pretty colours, and the girls a smart handkerchief on their back hair, and the boys and men wear blue and scarlet caps like Scotchmen, just the shape of mushrooms, and a red sash. The oxen here are quite yellow, and so gentle and wise, the men make them do exactly what they like. I will draw you an ox cart when I come home. The banks here are covered with enormous canes, as high as the eaves of our house. They tie one of these to a fir pole, and make a huge long rod, and then go and sit on the rocks and fish for dorados, which are fish with gilt heads. There are the most lovely sweet-smelling purple pinks on the rocks here, and the woods are full of asphodel, great lilies, four feet high, with white and purple flowers. I saw the wood yester-

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day where the dreadful fight was between the French and the English — and over the place where all the brave men lay buried grew one great flower-bed of asphodel. So they “slept in the meads of asphodel,” like the old Greek heroes in Homer. There were great “lords and ladies” (arums) there, growing in the bank, twice as big as ours, and not red, but white and primrose — most beautiful. But you cannot think how beautiful the commons are, they are like flower gardens, golden with furze, and white with *potentilla*, and crimson with sweet-smelling Daphne, and blue with the most wonderful blue flower which grows everywhere. I have dried them all.

Tell your darling mother I am quite well, and will write to her tomorrow. There, that is all I have to say. Tell Grenville they have made a tunnel under the battle field, for the railroad to go into Spain, and that on the top of the tunnel there is a shaft, and a huge wheel, to pump air into the tunnel, and that I will bring him home a scarlet Basque cap, and you and Rose Basque shoes. . . .

YOUR OWN DADDY

CHARLES DICKENS TO MARY TALFOURD

Practically everybody is acquainted with the works of Charles Dickens (1812–1870), one of the greatest novelists in the history of English literature. His novels are famous for their expression of sympathy and pity for the poor and the oppressed. His characterizations of children are very well done. He loved to write letters, and his letters to children make delightful reading. This letter was written a short time before he left England to visit America.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, December 16th, 1841

MY DEAR MARY,

I should be delighted to come and dine with you on your birthday, and to be as merry as I wish you to be always; but as I am going, within a very few days afterwards, a long distance from home, and shall not see any of my children for six long months, I have made up my mind to pass all that week at home for their sakes; just as you would like your papa and mamma to spend all

the time they possibly could spare with you if they were about to make a dreary voyage to America; just what I am going to do myself.

But although I cannot come to see you on that day, you may be sure I shall not forget that it is your birthday, and that I shall drink your health and many happy returns in a glass of wine, filled as full as it will hold. And I shall dine at half-past five myself, so that we may both be drinking our wine at the same time; and I shall tell my Mary (for I have a daughter of that name but she is a very small one as yet) to drink your health too; and I shall try and make believe that you are here, or that we are in Russell Square, which is the best thing we can do, I think, under the circumstances.

You are growing up so fast that by the time I come home again I expect you will be almost a woman; and in a very few years we shall be saying to each other: "Don't you remember what the birthdays used to be in Russell Square?" and "How strange it seems!" and "How quickly time passes!" and all that sort of thing, you know. But I shall always be very glad to be asked on your birthday, and to come if you will let me, and to send my love to you, and to wish that you may live to be very old and very happy, which I do now with all my heart. Believe me always,

My dear Mary

Yours affectionately

CHARLES DICKENS



THE ESSAY

Every one reads essays. Even those who read only the newspaper look regularly for some feature in it which is really an essay. If they read an editorial or the column of the sporting editor on the probable results of the baseball series, they are reading essays.

What makes an essay? It is a short, informal prose discussion of any subject which, for the moment, appeals to the writer. It may treat anything from light, humorous, trivial things to the deepest thoughts. There is no definite form which essays must take. They are as varied as the writers, and show their authors' personality. In no form of literature can we come closer to the personality of the writer. Essays may be written to entertain, to inform the mind, or to teach great truths. The essay never gives an exhaustive treatment of a subject, but, as its name implies, is an attempt to set forth only those phases of it which the author chooses.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

By E. V. LUCAS (1868—)

In this essay the author carries us to a land of fancy where birds can speak. Their words and arguments portray the eternal desire of the individual to assert himself above his fellows. However, as in this case, there is always the rare exception who takes a more broad-minded attitude. As you read this essay, try to get the thought which underlies it.

Once upon a time our feathered friends, the birds, were discussing man and his indebtedness to them.

"I sing to him," said the nightingale.

"So do I," said the thrush and the blackbird and the canary.

"Yes, but I sing best," said the nightingale.

"But only for a very few weeks," said the canary, "and then man has to go at night to hear you. I sing to him in his home all the year round."

"You do," said the sparrow grimly; "and haven't I seen him throw a handkerchief over your cage to stop the din?"

"Very seldom," said the canary. "Meanwhile, perhaps you'll be so good as to tell us what the sparrow's services to man are, besides destroying his crops."

"Mine?" said the sparrow. "Oh, I cheer him up. He'd miss me horribly if I left his roofs and roadways. Have you ever heard me chattering, ten thousand strong, in Staple Inn? He doesn't value me much now, maybe, but if I went he'd be miserable."

"I drop my feathers to make pipe-cleaners for him," said the rook.

"I lay expensive eggs for him to feed pretty actresses with," said the plover.

"So do I," said the rook, "but he doesn't know it."

"I provide feathers for his women's hats," said the kingfisher.

"I prevent him from over-eating himself on green peas," said the jay.

"He gets his notion of wisdom from me," said the owl.

"I saved the Capitol," said the goose.

"Yes," said the sparrow, "but what a long time ago! Tell us what you've done lately."

"Hush!" said the kindly dove; "it's only a fortnight to Michaelmas."

"I set him rhyming," said the lark: "odes and things. Also I make him look up, which is good for him."

"I beautify his ornamental waters," said the swan.

"And I his terraces," said the peacock.

"I am the making of his Christmas," said the turkey.

"Don't forget the postman," said the sparrow.

"Very well, then," said the turkey, "I and the postman."

"I reinforce deans and chapters," said the jackdaw, "and look after his cathedrals."

"I am the cartoonist's support," said the eagle.

"I am the gunsmith's stand-by," said the partridge, "and the sportsman's hope. I provide him first with fun and exercise, and after, with food."

"Yes," said the sparrow, "and haven't I seen him break a tooth on one of your pellets?"

"I'm glad to hear it," said the partridge.

"Me too," said the pheasant.

"And me," said the grouse.

"I keep him company while he digs or chops wood," said the robin.

"I befriend the penny-a-liner," said the wren, "by building my nest in places that make paragraphs."

"I solve man's problem, what to do with the cold mutton fat," said the tomtit.

"And what of our long-legged friend here?" asked the sparrow.

"Oh, me?" said the heron. "I make him talk to strangers."

"How so?" said the sparrow.

"Why, on railway journeys, when he sees me from the window, he says to the man opposite, whom he hasn't spoken to before, 'There's a heron.' I'm the only bird that can do that. He wouldn't bother to say, 'There's a pigeon,' or 'There's a gull,' or 'There's a sparrow' — you're all too common — but he can't help saying, 'There's a heron.' Otherwise I am not aware of being of any use to him."

"Nor want to be?" said the sparrow.

"No, nor want," said the heron.

SLEEPING OUTDOORS

By FREDERICK L. ALLEN (1890—)

To be able to see the funny side of an uncomfortable situation is a fine trait. This ability leads one to see things in their right proportion, and thus the seriousness of any unpleasant experience is not exaggerated. The author, in this selection, describes his adventure of sleeping outdoors. Note the humorous way in which he treats a subject which to him is very unpleasant. This is a good example of the informal essay.

The most overrated summer sport in the world is outdoor sleeping.

I speak on this subject with some feeling, as, in August last, I tested it on a week-end visit with my friend Jones at his little mosquito ranch in the White Mountains. I can now understand why sleeping under a roof, in a real bed, is insufferable to a man who has been camping all summer: what he misses is the keen excitement, the constant entertainment, the suspense, of a night in the woods. As soon as he lies down in a real bed he becomes so utterly bored that he promptly falls asleep, only to wake up in the morning and find that he has missed the whole night.

The moment I arrived at Jones' camp on Saturday afternoon, I realized that he was the victim of the outdoor-sleeping fad. He was so under its spell that he immediately took me out to show me my cot. It was a frail, anemic canvas thing that screamed and creaked protests whenever it was moved or sat upon. It stood on a roofless sleeping-porch. Over it was the branch of a tender tree and over that was the open sky.

"Here," said Jones, expansively, "is where you're to sleep. This region is the most wonderful place for sleeping in all the world. I actually look forward to the nights; I tumble in eagerly at ten o'clock, and don't know another thing till morning."

"You never know very much," I meditated inwardly, picking a yellow caterpillar off my cot. "How about blankets and things?" It took a vast amount of imagination to think of blankets, for the thermometer showed several degrees of fever.

"Oh, I'll give you all you want, and lots of mosquito-netting, too," Jones said. "You can make your bed just as you like; that's half the fun of the thing."

"Ah, yes."

Way down in my heart I had a foreboding that it would be rather more than half the fun. "Wonderful!" I simulated. "I haven't slept outdoors for years."

"Good!" said Jones.

Through the long evening I kept a stout heart and a cheery face; I even joked callously about the coming night, just as men sometimes joke about death and insanity and the dentist. I ate a heavy dinner, for breakfast looked very, very far away. I was

as merry as ever. No one should say that I had blanched with fear. At nine-forty, Jones yawned.

"Why, it's nearly ten," said Mrs. Jones. "I had no idea it was so late."

"I was just going to suggest turning in," Jones observed. "I'll get your blankets and netting, if you like."

I rose, and with a steady voice bade my hostess good-night. The time had come. Jones got the things, and we went out on the sleeping-porch, where he dumped them on my cot. The temperature had gone down a degree or two, but the air was still a long way from cool. The winds were still slumbering. A mosquito was meditatively volplaning about.

"Is there anything else you want?" said Jones as he left me in what, in reasonable circumstances, would have been my bedroom, but was now merely the world at large.

"Nothing," I said, with fortitude. "Good-night."

I went into the house and ten minutes later I emerged, attired in a neat, but gaudy pair of pajamas. A lamp lighted my labors. The game was on; the mosquitoes and I were alone.

I shall withhold the tedious details of bed-making. Suffice it to say that I followed the golden rule of the art: don't let the feet escape; sacrifice everything else. If a single toe projects, the blankets will be up and about your neck before you know it. Then I folded a spare blanket into a pillow. Next came the hanging of the mosquito-netting.

Here I confronted several possibilities. First, there is the Roman style, in which one hangs the netting on a hoop and then projects the face precisely under the hoop, keeping it there all night. This style is somewhat like sleeping with an inverted waste-basket on the face, and is based on the fallacious notion that insects bite only the head. Now I could show you—but never mind.

Then there is another style. You suspend the netting gracefully by one or two points from a branch or some such supposed fixture, and let it depend in elegant festoons to the floor, securing the corners by lamps, vases, pitchers, or shoes. This method adequately answers the question: "What shall we do with the wedding present Aunt Alice gave us?"

There is also the Perpendicular Gothic style — four posts erected at the corners of the cot, with netting draped over them. This, I decided, required too much construction, and I swung back to the second style mentioned. Securing some string, after a short, dark and eventful journey in the house, I hitched the string to the netting, tied it to a branch, made a beautiful pyramidal tent, and squirmed inside with all the delicate deliberation of a jackstraw player. At last I was on the creaking cot, and my tent still stood!

The laws of physics tell us that breezes pass through netting. This merely goes to show that physics has a big future. I had distinctly felt a slight zephyr outside; but now, as I balanced on my shoulder-blades on a Spartan blanket, I thought that the heat had become even more breathless: I felt that I was being suffocated.

Isn't there some wild animal that builds itself a house and then crawls in to die?

But I was not going to give up; I forced myself to draw a long sigh of relief, and said to myself: "Oh, what wonderful air! How I shall sleep!" Yes, how?

I humped about a few times — creaking as I have never creaked before — till I thought I was more comfortable, pulled up a blanket cautiously, kicked it off warmly, rolled back into my original position, moved down six inches so that my head just reached the pillow, thought about mosquitoes awhile, moved up four inches, thought about pillows, and then suddenly, with a great start, realized that I wasn't asleep. The fact stood out in my brain in huge staring capitals: YOU ARE WIDE AWAKE; YOU ARE NOT EVEN SLEEPY. It was clear that my nerves needed soothing if I was to get any sleep at all.

People recommend many ways of soothing the nerves, but at times they are all disappointing. I thought of sheep jumping over a fence until all the sheep in my head had gone lame. I counted up to three hundred and seventy-four, which must be pretty nearly the world's record, but I noted no good results. At the end of an hour I was wider awake than ever and considerably more uncomfortable.

About this time I began discovering laws of physics.

I. When a man lies on his side on a cot, his weight is evenly distributed between his ear and his hip-bone.

II. For every dead mosquito in the hand there are two live ones in the bush that will be along presently.

III. The use of netting rests on the theory that it offers an obstruction to mosquitoes. This was first proved false in 1066, but people still —

Well, to tell the truth, that's as far as I got. I inadvertently fell asleep in the middle of law number three. Physics is the loser. I blame only myself.

At dawn, which in summer occurs shortly after bedtime and lasts for several hours, I was awakened by the birds, which were making a dreadful din above me in the trees. I found that four mosquitoes were perched on the netting about fourteen inches from my face — great, hungry fellows, regular eagles. They stared at me till I could have hidden myself for embarrassment. Presently a friend of theirs, bloated with drink, sailed down and sat beside them, singing a triumphant bloodlust song in a harsh, drunken tenor. He was plainly a degenerate going the pace that kills.

They say that if you look a wild animal in the eye he will turn away uneasily. I tried this on Macbeth, the new arrival — I called him Macbeth because he murdered sleep — but he was unabashed. I even spoke to him sternly, told him to go home and take his friends away with him, asked him what sort of place this was for a chap with a family; I appealed to his better self.

Macbeth's only reply was to crawl insolently through a tear in the netting and come straight at me. His song of triumph rose in sharp crescendo till he struck my nose; then it ceased. I was just reaching to kill him, even at the risk of disfiguring myself for life, when suddenly and without warning the netting gave way completely and fell about my ears. Can you imagine a worse predicament than to be pinned under so much wreckage with a mosquito that you personally dislike?

Well, I climbed out, rearranged my tent (while Macbeth's friends got at my ankles), sneaked in under the edge again, lay down once more, and looked about warily for Macbeth. He was nowhere to be seen. I suspected some treachery, and on the off

chance slapped the back of my neck quickly and with tremendous force, but with no corpse to show for it.

From that moment to this I have never seen Macbeth. It is all very sad. I almost wish now that I hadn't been so harsh with him.

After I had given him up for lost, I took count of the insect life about me, and discovered a delightful game, called *Insides versus Outsides*. At four A.M. the score stood as follows: Insides, three mosquitoes, one spider; Outsides, one ant, one daddy-long-legs, two mosquitoes. A vigorous campaign then began: the Insides trying to get out, the Outsides trying to get in.

At four-thirty A.M., owing largely to my efforts, the aspect of things was somewhat changed, the score standing: Insides, one mosquito; Outsides, one wasp, six mosquitoes, two unclassified. (Mind you, I'm no etymologist; I don't pretend to know these eight-legged, hairy lads by name.)

The list of dead and injured was simply appalling.

After a while I tired of this game, but the mosquitoes were all for keeping it up indefinitely. Then, once again, I shut my eyes in the hope that sleep would knit the "ravell'd sleeve of care." It seemed, however, that the elements were all against knitting. The sun at that moment came up through the trees and shone straight into my eyes.

This worried me not so much on my own account as on Jones'; I hated the thought of his coming out with his wife at breakfast-time, and finding me dead of a sunstroke on his porch.

Then I remembered that people didn't die of sunstroke. They only fainted and lost their minds.

Shortly after this I must have fainted, for I woke up to find I had been unconscious for at least two hours!

The last thing I remembered, before the coma set in, was killing a spider on my stomach at five forty-five.

It was now eight o'clock. The sun had moved round and I could hear the kitchen pump going, and see the housemaid, indoors, hiding matches and sweeping the dust under the rugs.

I felt sleepy, but otherwise moderately well.

Presently Jones came out in his bathrobe, and asked me how I had slept. I told him that that was just what I'd been wonder-

ing myself, and he wanted to know whether the mosquitoes had been thick.

I said, "No, not too thick to get through the netting," and we both laughed and joked about the night as though it were the funniest thing in the world.

That's the way in such crises, when the terrible strain is over.

I avoided another night's excitement by telegraphing myself to come home at once on the most urgent business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were awfully cordial, and laid emphasis on the fact that in the future my cot would always be waiting for me on the porch. I explained that my business would be very exacting for a few years, and I doubted if I would ever be able to get away again.

I still cling to the old-fashioned ideas that night is the time for sleeping, and not for hunting and recreation.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Tell what the author thinks of sleeping outdoors. Does he feel strongly about the matter? How can you tell?
2. Do you think this essay humorous? Which part, in your opinion, is funniest? Why?
3. Do you agree with the author on the subject of sleeping outdoors? What has been your experience in a similar situation? Relate it to the class, stressing the humorous elements of the adventure.

THE LISTENER

By E. V. LUCAS (1868-)

Letters, besides being the truest expression of the writer's personality, have personalities all their own. They convey all the hopes, aspirations, and emotions which their writers may feel. The author, in an imaginative way, brings out the thought of how widely varying are these personalities. In his appealing manner, he makes the letters talk and tell their stories as if they were human beings.

Once upon a time there was a man with such delicate ears that he could hear even letters speak. And, of course, letters lying in pillar-boxes have all kinds of things to say to each other.

One evening, while posting his own letter, he leaned against the pillar-box and listened.

"Here's another!" said a voice, as it tumbled in. "Who are you, pray?"

"I'm an acceptance with thanks," said the new letter.

"What do you accept?" another voice asked.

"An invitation to dinner," said the new letter, with a touch of pride.

"Pooh!" said the other. "Only that."

"It's at a house in Kensington," said the new letter.

"Well, I'm an acceptance of an invitation to a dance at a duchess's," was the reply, and the new letter said no more.

Then all the others began.

"I bring news of a legacy," said one.

"I try to borrow money," said another, rather hopelessly.

"I demand the payment of a debt," said a sharp metallic voice.

"I decline an offer of marriage," said a fourth, with a wistful note.

"I've got a cheque inside," said a fifth, with a swagger.

"I convey the sack," said a sixth in triumph.

"I ask to be taken on again, at a lower salary," said another with tears.

"What do you think I am?" one inquired. "You shall have six guesses."

"Give us a clue," said a voice.

"Very well. I'm in a foolscap envelope."

Then the guessing began.

One said a writ.

Another said an income-tax demand.

But no one could guess it.

"I'm a poem for a magazine," said the foolscap letter at last.

"Are you good?" asked a voice.

"Not good enough, I'm afraid," said the poem. "In fact I've been out and back again seven times already."

"A spring poem, I suppose?"

"I suppose so. I rhyme 'bosom' and 'blossom.'"

"Guess what I am," said a sentimental murmur.

"Any one could guess that," was the gruff reply. "You're a love-letter."

"Quite right," said the sentimental murmur. "But how clever of you!"

"Well," said another, "you're not the only love-letter here. I'm a love-letter too."

"How do you begin?" asked the first.

"I begin 'My darling,'" said the second love-letter.

"That's nothing," said the first; "I begin 'My Ownest Own.'"

"I don't think much of either of those beginnings," said a new voice. "I begin, 'Most Beautiful.'"

"You're from a man, I suppose?" said the second love-letter.

"Yes, I am," said the new one. "Aren't you?"

"No, I'm from a woman," said the second. "I'll admit your beginning's rather good. But, how do you end?"

"I end with 'A million kisses,'" said the new one.

"Ah, I've got you there!" said the second. "I end with 'Forever and ever yours.'"

"That's not bad," said the first, "but my ending is pretty good in its way. I end like this: 'Tomorrow will be Heaven once more, for then we meet again.'"

"Oh, do stop all this love talk," said the gruff voice again, "and be sensible, like me. I'm a letter to an editor putting everything right and showing up all the iniquities¹ and ineptitudes² of the government. I shall make a stir, I can tell you. I'm it, I am. I'm signed 'Pro Bono Publico.'"³

"That's funny!" said another letter. "I'm signed that too, but I stick up for the government."

But at this moment the listener was conscious of a hand on his arm and a lantern in his face.

"Here," said the authoritative tones of a policeman, "I think you've been leaning against this pillar-box long enough. If you can't walk I'll help you home."

Thus does metallic prose invade the delicate poetical domain of supernature.

¹ Evils.

² Shortcomings.

³ "For the common good."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Do you think this essay is funny? Is there anything else besides fun in it? Choose sentences from it to explain what you think.
2. Do the letters give an indication of the personalities of their writers? Discuss a few.

YOU ARE THE HOPE OF THE WORLD *

By HERMANN HAGEDORN (1882-)

The boys and girls of today are the mature citizens of tomorrow. They must learn what their duties and obligations are, but most important of all, they must become imbued with the American ideals of freedom and democracy, gained at so great a cost of blood and sacrifice. In this selection from *You Are the Hope of the World*, a book addressed to the boys and girls of America, the author makes an urgent appeal to the younger generation to aid in realizing these high aspirations.

Girls and boys of America, you are the hope of the world!

Not men and women of America, not even young men and young women of America, but girls and boys! You who carry the unblunted swords of ten-to-seventeen, you are the ones who are the hope of the world. Not to die for the world, but to live for it, to think for it, to work for it; to keep sharp and unstained by rust the splendid sword of the spirit!

It is not only because you are yourselves fine and true and upright and daring and free, Young America, that the world finds its hope in you. The world knows the men, the great deeds, and the principles greater than men or deeds, that have made this America of yours and mine. The world knows that in you, whether your ancestors came over in the *Mayflower* three hundred years ago, or in the steerage of a liner twenty years ago, lives the spirit of a great tradition. The world puts its hope in you, but not only in you. It puts its hope in the great ghosts that stand behind you, upholding your arms, whispering wisdom to you, patience, perseverance, courage, crying, "Go on, Young America! We back

* Reprinted from Hermann Hagedorn's *You Are the Hope of the World* by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

you up! " Washington, first of all! And around him, Putnam, Warren, Hancock, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Hamilton, Jefferson, Marshall, Greene, Stark! You remember Stark? Stark held the rail fence at Bunker Hill. Morris going from house to house, collecting dollars for the starved Continentals; Ben Franklin, in France, fighting to win friends for the new nation! They are behind you! And there is Marion with his men, living in the wilderness like Robin Hood in Sherwood.

Look behind you, Young America!

Bainbridge, Preble, Decatur!

Hull of the *Constitution* which whipped the *Guerrière*; Perry of Lake Erie; McDonough of Lake Champlain, gallant men all, stand behind you. Jackson is there; Jackson who whipped the troops that whipped Napoleon; that sturdy fighter for free speech, who died with his boots on in the halls of Congress — John Quincy Adams — is behind you!

Union, one and indissoluble!

You remember? Webster said that. Webster is behind you. Clay is behind you! Rogers and Clark are behind you, Fremont, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Sam Houston, Davy Crockett. You remember? The frontiersmen, the Indian fighters, the pioneers are behind you, dauntless of spirit; the colonists of Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, the new Netherlands, the Carolinas; the settlers in wild lands, pressing westward to Ohio, to Illinois, to Kansas, to California, men and women, unafraid, clear-eyed; the brave builders of the West are behind you, Young America, upholding your hands! It is a great army of ghosts, Young America, that stands back of you! And there, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas, Farragut, Grant, silent, tenacious, magnanimous! Stonewall Jackson, Stuart, Lee! And in the midst of them, the greatest of all, Lincoln, with his hand on your shoulder, Young America, saying, "Sonny, I'm with you. Go on!"

"Captain, my Captain!" Whitman is there, immortal crier of democracy! Longfellow is there, Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Hawthorne, Poe, Lanier, Moody; the inventors, Fulton, Whitney, Morse; the orators, Garrison, Phillips, Beecher!

There's Patrick Henry! Can't you hear his words echoing down the dark places? "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be

purchased at the price of slavery?" Glorious ghost! Thank God, we have proved at last that we have not forgotten him!

Heroes all, Young America, as far as the eye can reach! And beyond them, into the gray distance, the heroes without name — in war, the soldiers, the sailors, the nurses, the women who waited at home; in peace, the school-teachers, the scientists, the parsons, the physicians, the workers in slums; the fighters everywhere for justice, for truth, for light; for clean cities, clean business, clean government!

Heroes are behind you, upholding you, Young America!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is contained in this selection?
2. In what ways have our ideals come to us? In whom lies the possibility of their final fulfillment? Why?
3. Select a few thoughts which are especially well worth remembering.



THE ARLINGTON AMPHITHEATER

SPEECHES OF THE GREAT

An appeal made by a speaker to an audience, in the effort to interest them in a subject of importance and value, is called a speech or oration. Orations try to convince, to stir the feelings of the listeners. The language of speeches is more emotional and more beautiful than that of ordinary prose. The great orations or excerpts from them given here are full of poetic language.

Boys and girls must realize that speeches were originally spoken, and only later published in printed form. They should acquaint themselves with the circumstances under which a speech was delivered, since in this way they can enter into the spirit of it. The present selections have been chosen as representative of some of the most distinguished statesmen of America. The spirit of a speech will be most fully appreciated if it is read aloud either at home or in class.

Speeches are of various kinds. A speech may give information, defend a cause, eulogize a person or idea, commemorate an occasion, or welcome or bid farewell to some one. It may have been delivered first as a lecture or sermon.

Boys and girls will realize that a study of oratory can prove of great value to them. The practice of making short speeches and addresses to a class will help them acquire a poise which will prove a valuable social asset.

AMERICA'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER

By WARREN G. HARDING (1865-1923)

Our Unknown Soldier, sleeping in his splendid tomb of marble in the Arlington Cemetery at Washington, D. C., symbolizes our tribute to those who died for our country during the World War. His resting-place is hallowed in the eyes of the entire nation, and foreign visitors to our shores, honoring it, pay the universal tribute to those who made the supreme sacrifice. The following address was delivered by President Harding during the dedication ceremonies on Armistice Day, November 11, 1921. Note the lofty thought and reverent feeling of the speaker.

Mr. Secretary of War and Ladies and Gentlemen: We are met today to pay the impersonal tribute. The name of him whose body lies before us took flight with his imperishable soul. We know not whence he came but only that his death marks him with the everlasting glory of an American dying for his country.

He might have come from any one of millions of American homes. Some mother gave him in her love and tenderness, and with him her most cherished hopes. Hundreds of mothers are wondering today, finding a touch of solace in the possibility that the Nation bows in grief over the body of one she bore to live and die, if need be, for the Republic. If we give rein to fancy, a score of sympathetic chords are touched, for in this body there once glowed the soul of an American, with the aspirations and ambitions of a citizen who cherished life and its opportunities. He may have been a native or an adopted son; that matters little, because they glorified the same loyalty, they sacrificed alike.

We do not know his station in life, because from every station came the patriotic response of the five millions. I recall the days of creating armies, and the departing of caravels which braved the murderous seas to reach the battle lines for maintained nationality and preserved civilization. The service flag marked mansion and cottage alike, and riches were common to all homes in the consciousness of service to country.

We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for his country, and greater devo-

tion hath no man than this. He died unquestioning, uncomplaining, with faith in his heart and hope on his lips, that his country should triumph and its civilization survive. As a typical soldier of this representative democracy, he fought and died, believing in the indisputable justice of his country's cause. Conscious of the world's upheaval, appraising the magnitude of war the like of which had never horrified humanity before, perhaps he believed his to be a service destined to change the tide of human affairs.

Sleeping in these hallowed grounds are thousands of Americans who have given their blood for the baptism of freedom and its maintenance, armed exponents of the Nation's conscience. It is better and nobler for their deeds. Burial here is rather more than a sign of the Government's favor, it is a suggestion of a tomb in the heart of the Nation, sorrowing for its noble dead.

Today's ceremonies proclaim that the hero unknown is not unhonored. We gather him to the Nation's breast, within the shadow of the Capitol, of the towering shaft that honors Washington, the great father, and of the exquisite monument to Lincoln, the martyred savior. Here the inspirations of yesterday and the conscience of today forever unite to make the Republic worthy of his death for flag and country.

Ours are lofty resolutions today, as with tribute to the dead we consecrate ourselves to a better order for the living. With all my heart, I wish we might say to the defenders who survive, to mothers who sorrow, to widows and children who mourn, that no such sacrifice shall be asked again.

I speak not as a pacifist fearing war but as one who loves justice and hates war. I speak as one who believes the highest function of government is to give its citizens the security of peace, the opportunity to achieve, and the pursuit of happiness.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is noting this expression of the Republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, garlanded by love

and covered with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth, good will among men. Let me join in that prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG *

By FRANKLIN K. LANE (1864-1921)

This is an address delivered on Flag Day, 1914, by Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Department of the Interior, to the members of his department. It clearly indicates the ideals and the aspirations for which our flag stands. Our flag is but a symbol—an expression of all that America means and all that America does. Its glory is either brightened or tarnished by the acts of every one of us. By our thoughts and deeds we can make our flag either more noble and beautiful or poorer and less glorious.

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch

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in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart-breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and enobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

SPEECH BEFORE THE SECOND VIRGINIA CONVENTION

By PATRICK HENRY (1736-1799)

The Virginia Convention had met for the second time on March 23, 1775, in Richmond, Virginia, to discuss England's quarrel with her American colonies. A few of the bolder spirits desired that warlike preparations be begun immediately, but the majority preferred to continue the attempts at reconciliation which heretofore had been so unsuccessful. Patrick Henry arose and made an impassioned plea for preparedness. His stirring speech won the day, and the convention voted to make ready immediately for war.

. . . The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish?

What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What purpose did Henry have in mind when he delivered this speech?
2. Read it aloud and try to get the spirit which animated Henry when he delivered it.
3. "The next gale that sweeps from the north" prophesied what battle in April, 1775?

ADDRESS TO THE 166TH OHIO REGIMENT

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-1865)

President Lincoln delivered this speech to the soldiers of the Union on August 22, 1864. It expresses the ideals and the motives which actuated the North in its great struggle to preserve the Union. Note the elevated thought and simple language characteristic of Lincoln's speeches.

Soldiers: I suppose you are going home to see your families and friends. For the services you have done in this great struggle in which we are all engaged, I present you sincere thanks for myself and the country.

I almost always feel inclined, when I happen to say anything to soldiers, to impress upon them, in a few brief remarks, the importance of success in this contest. It is not merely for today, but for all time to come, that we should perpetuate for our children's children that great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives. I beg you to remember this, not merely for my sake, but for yours. I happen, temporarily, to occupy the White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has. It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence; that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations. It is for this the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our

birthright—not only for one, but for two or three years. The nation is worth fighting for, to secure such an inestimable jewel.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What ideals did Lincoln wish the people of the North to perpetuate?
2. In this speech to the soldiers, does Lincoln appeal to their courage, love of justice, or self-interest?

SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM

By WOODROW WILSON (1856-1922)

President Wilson, on September 3, 1917, sent this inspiring message to the soldiers who were preparing to cross the ocean to take part in the World War. It is an expression of the high ideals and lofty thoughts occasioned by the war for democracy.

To the Soldiers of the National Army:

You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude, not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole Nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom.

Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America.

My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

What are the two thoughts which Wilson wished the soldiers to have when they left?

PROSE GEMS

PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION

We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

By WILLIAM TYLER PAGE

This is an expression of an American's belief and faith in the ideals and aspirations of our country. It is a composite whose phrases are taken from our fundamental American documents. The author, well acquainted with these documents, gathered from them those phrases he desired and combined them into a National Creed. Many creeds were written, but this one was chosen in a contest and won the award of \$1000 which was offered to the person who could write "the best summary of the political faith of America."

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

THE ROOSEVELT CREED ¹

I believe in honesty, sincerity, and the square deal; in making up one's mind what to do — and doing it.

I believe in fearing God and taking one's own part.

I believe in hitting the line hard when you are right.

I believe in speaking softly and carrying a big stick.

I believe in hard work and honest sport.

I believe in a sane mind in a sane body.

I believe we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people.

THE ATHENIAN BOYS' OATH

The Ephebic Oath or pledge of loyalty was taken by each Athenian youth about to enter the public life of his city. The high ideals and the depth of feeling expressed make this oath as admirable today as it was thousands of years ago. It breathes the spirit of coöperation and service to one's fellow man.

At the College of the City of New York and in many schools of New York the graduates are asked to take the Ephebic Oath as part of the ceremonial at graduation from a public school.

We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks.

We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty.

Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater than it was transmitted to us.

¹ From *The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt*, by Hermann Hagedorn.

BOY SCOUT RESOLUTION OF MARCH, 1919*

From a resolution drafted by Hermann Hagedorn and adopted by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America at its annual meeting in March, 1919:

He was found faithful over a few things and he was made ruler over many; he cut his own trail clean and straight and millions followed him toward the light.

He was frail; he made himself a tower of strength. He was timid; he made himself a lion of courage. He was a dreamer; he became one of the great doers of all time.

Men put their trust in him; women found a champion in him; kings stood in awe of him, but children made him their playmate.

He broke a nation's slumber with his cry, and it rose up. He touched the eyes of blind men with a flame that gave them vision. Souls became swords through him; swords became servants of God.

He was loyal to his country and he exacted loyalty; he loved many lands, but he loved his own land best.

He was terrible in battle, but tender to the weak; joyous and tireless, being free from self-pity; clean with a cleanness that cleansed the air like a gale.

His courtesy knew no wealth, no class; his friendship no creed or code or race. His courage stood every onslaught of savage beast and ruthless man, of loneliness, of victory, of defeat.

His mind was eager, his heart was true, his body and spirit defiant of obstacles, ready to meet what might come. He fought injustice and tyranny; bore sorrow gallantly; loved all nature, bleak spaces and hardy companions, hazardous adventure and the zest of battle. Wherever he went he carried his own pack; and in the uttermost parts of the earth he kept his conscience for his guide.

* From *Boy's Life of Roosevelt* by Hermann Hagedorn.

A DECALOGUE OF CANONS FOR OBSERVATION IN
PRACTICAL LIFE*By* THOMAS JEFFERSON

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten, before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.



SAYINGS AND PROVERBS

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain top waves its

somber boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun!" And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue and whispers, "Thou art my sun!" And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun!"

— HENRY WARD BEECHER

Keep your face always towards the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.

— M. B. WHITMAN

It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy, and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.

— THEODORE ROOSEVELT

No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature at half price. Do we want to be strong? We must work. To be happy? We must be kind. To be wise? We must look and think.

— JOHN RUSKIN

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his own home.

— GOETHE

He who has not learned how to be gentle, forgiving, loving, and happy, has learned very little, great though his book learning and profound though his acquaintance with Scripture may be; for it is in the process of becoming gentle, pure, and happy that deep, real enduring lessons of life are learned.

— JAMES ALLEN

What is it to be an American? Putting aside all the outer shows of dress and manners, social customs and physical peculiarities, is it not to believe in America, and in the American people? Is it not to have an abiding and moving faith in the future and in the destiny of America — something above and beyond the patriotism and love which every man whose soul is not dead within him feels toward the land of his birth?

— HENRY CABOT LODGE

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The man who is fond of books is usually a man of lofty thought, of elevated opinions. A library is the strengthener of all that is great in life and the repeller of what is petty and mean; and half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read. . . .

Books are delightful society. If you go into a room filled with books, even without taking them down from their shelves, they seem to speak to you, seem to welcome you, seem to tell you that they have something inside their covers that will be good for you, and that they are willing and desirous to impart it to you. Value them, and endeavor to turn them to account.

— W. E. GLADSTONE

Don't sing your triumph before you have conquered. [*Latin*]
One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.
The biggest trees do not always bear the most fruit.
When the well is dry, we know the wealth of water.

— FRANKLIN.

One swallow does not make a summer.
Every rose has its thorns.
A man that always complains is never pitied.
A stone that may fit in the wall is not left by the way. [*Persian*]
There is always room at the top.
The highest reward that God gives us for good work is the ability to do better. — ELBERT HUBBARD.

A single sunbeam can drive away many shadows.
When industry goes out of the door, poverty comes in at the window. [*Dutch*]
Grievous words stir up wrath.
Constant dropping wears away the stone.
Truthfulness is the basis of good character.
He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend.

A gem unwrought is a useless thing; so a man unlearned is a senseless being. [*Chinese*]

You may as well borrow a man's money as his time.

— HORACE MANN.

If you want knowledge, you must toil.

Honor the old, instruct the young, consult the wise, and bear with the foolish. [*German*]

Rome was not built in a day.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

A tree is known by its fruit.

Strike while the iron is hot.

A new broom sweeps clean.

Speech is silvern, silence is golden.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct. — DISRAELI.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Unless we sow, we shall not reap.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it. — CHARRON.

Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

— J. M. BARRIE.

POETRY



POETRY OLD AND NEW

It will mean much to you to know poems and to care for them; they are like friends — the more we see of them, the more we like them. In the history of literature poetry came first, and the greatest names in the literature of the world are the names of poets.

You may ask: What is poetry? Do we call a piece of literature poetry because of its possessing rhyme and rhythm, or because each line begins with a capital, or because the language sounds different from that of everyday life, or because the order of the words is unusual? Poetry has been defined as thought or emotion written in beautiful and rhythmic form. The poet, like the musician, makes use of the rhythm that seems to pervade life, and he expresses the thoughts and the deep feelings that stir his soul. Poetry is not only the poet's words; it is his way of looking at life. A poet gives us an opportunity to look at the world through eyes that see beyond the eyes of the ordinary mortal. He has the power to awaken our imagination, to sharpen our powers of seeing the beauties of man and Nature, and to stir in us deep feelings. A poet interprets life. He helps us to see what we cannot see with our eyes alone. The eyes of most of us look at our surroundings, but see little. It is the poet who teaches us how and what to see, to see with our minds as well as with our eyes. If a person has read Wordsworth's "Daffodils" and has not thereby been shown more in a "host of golden daffodils" than he saw before, the time spent in reading it has been wasted.

Only one suggestion is necessary for those who wish to understand and enjoy poetry. Poetry is akin to music, and therefore, like music, its full beauty and significance are not revealed by the printed page. Poetry is meant for the ear as well as for the eye. Like music, poetry must be heard to be appreciated. A poem should, therefore, always be read aloud to be enjoyed.

STORY POEMS

The ballad is the most popular type of narrative poem. It is a brief, simple story in poetic form. Its theme is usually that of a bold deed or a dramatic incident. In a ballad, the poet allows his story and characters to occupy the attention of the reader. It is one of the most ancient forms of literature. We have today two kinds of ballads, ancient folk ballads and modern literary ballads.

In olden times, the ballad was sung by a minstrel to the accompaniment of a harp. In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, the natural themes for these folk ballads were love, war, the sea, adventure, court life, the great outdoors. There was a mixture of fact, fiction, and superstition in all of them. The ancient ballads given here were really the songs of the unlettered folk, handed down orally from generation to generation and finally collected. In this way, ballads like "Lord Randal" and "The Bonny Earl of Murray" were transmitted.

The nineteenth century poet gave to the traditional ballad the modern touch. The themes are the same, but the modern ballad is the creation of an individual poet. These modern ballads use the old ballad meter and often employ old-fashioned words and expressions to add to the effect. In reality they are fine, spirited narrative poems with the ballad swing. You will find many examples of them in this book.

LORD RANDAL

Old Ballad

The story told in this ballad has been known to the people of England and on the continent for many centuries. The form has varied somewhat, but the theme has remained intrinsically the same. This is true of other old ballads. Note the musical quality and rhythm of the lines.

"O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon;
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

“ Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
 Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man? ”
 “ I din’d wi my true-lover ; mother, make my bed soon ;
 For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain wald lie down.”

“ What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
 What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man? ”
 “ I gat eels boiled in broo ; mother, make my bed soon ;
 For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain wald lie down.”

“ What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
 What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man? ”
 “ O they swelld and they died ; mother, make my bed soon ;
 For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain wald lie down.”

“ O I fear ye are poisond, Lord Randal, my son !
 O I fear ye are poisond, my handsome young man ! ”
 “ O yes ! I am poisond ; mother, make my bed soon ;
 For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down.”

BONNY GEORGE CAMPBELL

Old Ballad

This ballad is a lament for the dead. In the Scotch Highlands and Ireland, such funeral-songs are called “ coronachs.” Notice the combination of lyric and narrative elements in this ballad.

Saddled and bridled
 And booted rade ¹ he ;
 Toom ² hame cam the saddle,
 But never cam he.

Down cam his auld mither,
 Grettin’ ³ fu’ sair,
 And down cam his bonny wife,
 Wringin’ her hair.

¹ Rode.² Empty.³ Crying.

Saddled and bridled
 And booted rade he;
 Toom hame cam the saddle,
 But never cam he.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the simple story, suggested rather than told?
2. What picture is presented in the second stanza?

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

Old Ballad

The Earl of Huntly was commissioned by the king of Scotland to arrest the Earl of Murray for having attacked the castle of Holyrood. Murray was slain by Huntly in the attempt. Great indignation was felt throughout Scotland at this unnecessary cruelty. This ballad is an expression of the anger of the people at the deed.

Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands,¹
 Oh where have ye been?
 They have slain the Earl of Murray,
 And they laid him on the green.

“ Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
 And wherefore did you sae? ²
 I bade you bring him wi’ you,
 But forbade you him to slay.”

He was a braw ³ gallant,
 And he rid at the ring; ⁴
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh he might have been a king!

¹ *Highlands and Lawlands* — Highlanders and Lowlanders.

² So.

³ Brave.

⁴ A form of tilting.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba' ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he was the Queen's love !

Oh lang will his lady
Look o'er the castle Down,
Ere she sees the Earl of Murray
Come sounding thro' the town !
Ere she, etc.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT

Old Ballad

Here is a merry tale of the days of King John of England. This king was very much disliked by his subjects, who could not keep from contrasting his character with that of his famous brother, King Richard the Lion-hearted, who had ruled before him. This ballad shows King John's envy and cruelty and tells us how he was outwitted by a shepherd lad.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was callèd King John ;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ;
How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

“ How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me ;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.”

“ My liege,” quo' the abbot, “ I would it were known
I never spend nothing, but what is my own ;
And I trust your grace will do me no dere,
For spending of my own true-gotten gear.”

“ Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die ;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

“ And first,” quo' the king, “ when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

“ Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about ;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

“ O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet :
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace.”

“ Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.”

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford ;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold :
“ How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
What news do you bring us from good King John ? ”

“ Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live ;
For if I do not answer him questions three
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

“ The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

“ The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about ;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.”

“ Now cheer up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit ?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

“ Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be ;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town.”

“ Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope.”

“ Now, welcome, sire abbot,” the king he did say,
“ 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day :
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

“ And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.”

“ For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told :
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
“ I did not think I had been worth so little !
— Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.”

“ You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth again ;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. John,
“ I did not think it could be gone so soon !
— Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

“ Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry ;
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury ;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.”

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
“ I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place ! ”
“ Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack I can neither write nor read.”

“ Four nobles a week then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me ;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.”

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How is the feeling against John shown in the first stanza? Does it tell you in advance what kind of story it is to be?
2. Why did King John impose the three questions on the abbot?
3. Do you think King John was altogether bad? Explain.

MODERN BALLADS AND TALES

BETH GÊLERT

By WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER (1769-1834)

Many have been the tributes which dog-lovers have paid to this faithful and constant friend of man. Other friends may betray or desert one, but a dog is always ready to lay down his life for his master. The following poem relates the courage and devotion of a noble dog. Its title means "The Grave of Gêlert."

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where doth faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave — a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child — no voice replied, —
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

“Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,”
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
 His hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
 But, the same couch beneath,
 Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
 Tremendous still in death.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What sight greeted Llewelyn's eyes as he entered the castle?
2. Why did he kill Gêlert? What do you think were his feelings on discovering the wolf?
3. Can you relate any other incident in which a dog saved somebody's life, or recall another poem in which a dog is the hero?

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK

By SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

The inhabitants of the Scottish mountains, commonly known as Highlanders, are divided into clans or family divisions. These clans in former times often warred with one another, and many a battle between rival clans has been commemorated in both ballad and story. Such feuds provided the basis of many of Scott's tales of border frays. This poem is a stirring call to arms, an ardent appeal to drop everything and to flock to the standard of the leader.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons!
 Come in your war-array,
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy:
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wild waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset!

THE HIGHWAYMAN *

By ALFRED NOYES (1880—)

This is a tale of one of the many highwaymen who abounded in seventeenth and eighteenth century England. In those days the stagecoach was practically the only means of travel by land, and many highwaymen managed to exist by holding up stagecoaches and robbing the passengers of their money and valuables. The poem relates the story of the love of one of these romantic figures for a landlord's daughter and the tragedy which resulted therefrom. Read the poem aloud in order to get the sweep of the rhythm, the stirring effect of the wording, and the feeling of the approaching tragedy.

PART I

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding —

Riding — riding —
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked
and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting
there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting the dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

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D.E.M.

" HE WHISTLED A TUNE TO THE WINDOW "

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable wicket creaked
 Where Tim the ostler listened ; his face was white and peaked ;
 His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay,
 But he loved the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
 Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say —

“ One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
 But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light ;
 Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
 Then look for me by moonlight,

Watch for me by moonlight,
 I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.”

He rose upright in the stirrups ; he scarce could reach her hand,
 But she loosened her hair i' the casement ! His face burnt like
 a brand

As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast ;
 And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,

(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight !)

Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away
 to the west.

PART II

He did not come in the dawning ; he did not come at noon ;
 And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
 When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
 The red-coat troop came marching —

Marching — marching —

King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
 But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her
 narrow bed ;

Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side !
 There was death at every window ;

And hell at one dark window ;

For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would
 ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest ;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her
breast !

“ Now keep good watch ! ” and they kissed her. She heard the
dead man say —

Look for me by moonlight ;

Watch for me by moonlight ;

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way !

She twisted her hands behind her ; but all the knots held good !
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or
blood !

They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled
by like years,

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,

Cold, on the stroke of midnight,

The tip of one finger touched it ! The trigger at least was hers !

The tip of one finger touched it ; she strove no more for the rest !

Up, she stood to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,

She would not risk their hearing ; she would not strive again ;

For the road lay bare in the moonlight ;

Blank and bare in the moonlight ;

And the blood in her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's
refrain.

Tlot-tlot ; tlot-tlot ! Had they heard it ? The horse-hoofs ringing
clear ;

Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance ? Were they deaf that they did
not hear ?

Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,

The highwayman came riding,

Riding, riding !

The red-coats looked to their priming ! She stood up, straight and
still !

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence ! *Tlot-tlot,* in the echoing night !

Nearer he came and nearer ! Her face was like a light !

Her eyes grew wide for a moment ; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,

Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him — with her
death.

He turned ; he spurred to the west ; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red
blood !

Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew gray to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the dark-
ness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier bran-
dished high !

Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon ; wine-red his velvet
coat,

When they shot him down on the highway,

Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with a bunch of lace at
his throat.

.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the
trees,*

When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,

When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,

A highwayman comes riding —

Riding — riding —

A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard ;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and
barred ;*

*He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting
there*

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting the dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What picture is presented in the first few stanzas? What does it make us expect?
2. The highwayman is not a law-abiding citizen. Are your sympathies with him at any time? Why?
3. What qualities does the highwayman possess which would make him a fine citizen?
4. Read to the class the section from the poem that you enjoyed for its thrilling way of telling the story.

THE SANDS OF DEE

By CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875)

Charles Kingsley was a minister whose church was located on the coast of Devon, so that he was well acquainted with the hardships and tragedies of those who earned their bread by fishing. It must often have been his duty to comfort some poor family who had lost a loved one at sea. The following poem relates the tragedy of a young girl.

“ O Mary, go and call the cattle home,

And call the cattle home,

And call the cattle home

Across the sands of Dee; ”

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,

And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,

And o'er and o'er the sand,

And round and round the sand,

As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land:

And never home came she.

“ Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drowned maiden's hair
 Above the nets at sea?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea:
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How does the poet create a feeling that a tragedy is going to occur?
2. How do you think the tragedy occurred?
3. Tell whether this poem has made you feel happy, thoughtful, or sad.
4. Make a list of sea poems that you have read. Select the one you like best, and compare your choice with that of your classmates.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

By ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

Napoleon Bonaparte, or the Little Corporal, as he was sometimes called, was loved and idolized by the men whom he so often led to victory. Like Caesar, he tried to know his soldiers by name, and they in turn were willing to sacrifice all in order to get but a look of approbation from him. The poem given below tells in a vivid manner of the heroism of one of Napoleon's men.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect —
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him! " The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
" You're wounded! " " Nay," the soldier's pride,
Touched to the quick, he said:
" I'm killed, Sire! " And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What picture do we get of Napoleon as he gazes on the battle?
2. What side of Napoleon's character is given in the last stanza?
3. Does the boy's heroic act show how much Napoleon was loved by his soldiers? Discuss.
4. Tell the story suggested in the poem.
5. Find other poems in which the heroism of a boy is narrated.

VOLUNTEER WORK

Napoleon is considered one of the most interesting persons in history. Let other pupils bring to class poems about Napoleon which they find interesting.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

BY ALFRED LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)

The charge of the light brigade, so dramatically described in the poem of that same name, took place at the Battle of Balaklava in the Crimean War. A mounted brigade of 670 men was ordered to charge against a much larger force of the Russian army. The latter were behind embankments and were also protected by artillery. Although an error had been made in the order, the brigade obeyed it, and in less than half an hour paid the price of that error. As you read this poem, imagine yourself one of the troopers participating in the charge and picture to yourself the battle scene.

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said;
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered;

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke —
 Shattered and sundered
Then they rode back, but not —
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well

Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What attitude do soldiers take toward orders which are issued to them? In what stanza is this attitude expressed?
2. What is your opinion of British valor after reading this poem?
3. Have a discussion in class to determine whether the soldiers would have been justified in refusing to make the charge, since they knew some one had blundered.
4. Can you relate an incident in your own life in which you acted according to orders, even though you knew the orders were not wise?



NATHAN HALE

By FRANCIS MILES FINCH (1827-1907)

Every American boy and girl knows the story of Nathan Hale. After Washington was forced to retreat from Long Island, he required a knowledge of the British strength. The young schoolmaster, Captain Nathan Hale, volunteered for this dangerous task. He was caught and hanged, but his last heroic words, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," will echo down the ages and will be a source of inspiration and pride to every citizen of our land.

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like a glimmer of a lance —
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From the Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What was Hale's purpose in entering the British camp?
2. What lesson do his death and his last words teach us?
3. Can you bring to class another poem with a similar theme, the death of a hero? Let the class decide which one it likes better.

VOLUNTEER WORK

Look up the story of Nathan Hale, and come prepared to tell your classmates the events leading up to his death.

THE WHITE SHIPS AND THE RED

By JOYCE KILMER (1886-1918)

In a great war, many unnecessary and cruel deeds are done. The sinking of the *Lusitania* in the World War was one of them. This passenger ship was sunk in violation of international law by a German submarine, and many civilians were drowned. This poem expresses the deep sorrow and anger which all the world felt at the deed. It depicts the reception the "Scarlet Ship" met as she sank beneath the waves with her innocent cargo of helpless human beings.

With drooping sail and pennant
That never a wind may reach,
They float in sunless waters
Beside a sunless beach.

Their mighty masts and funnels
Are white as driven snow,
And with a pallid radiance
Their ghostly bulwarks glow.

Here is a Spanish galleon
That once with gold was gay,
Here is a Roman trireme
Whose hues outshone the day.
But Tyrian dyes have faded
And prows that once were bright
With rainbow stains wear only
Death's livid, dreadful white.

White as the ice that clove her
That unforgotten day,
Among her pallid sisters
The grim *Titanic* lay.
And through the leagues above her
She looked aghast and said:
"What is this living ship that comes
Where every ship is dead?"

The ghostly vessels trembled
From ruined stern to prow:
What was this thing of terror
That broke their vigil now?
Down through the startled ocean
A mighty vessel came,
Not white, as all dead ships must be,
But red, like living flame!

The pale green waves about her
Were swiftly, strangely dyed
By the great scarlet stream that flowed
From out her wounded side.
And all her decks were scarlet
And all her shattered crew.
She sank among the white ghost ships
And stained them through and through.

The grim *Titanic* greeted her.

“And who art thou?” she said:

“Why dost thou join our ghostly fleet
Arrayed in living red?

We are the ships of sorrow
Who spend the weary night
Until the dawn of Judgment Day,
Obscure and still and white.”

“Nay,” said the scarlet visitor,
“Though I sink through the sea
A ruined thing that was a ship,
I sink not as did ye.
For ye met with your destiny
By storm or rock or fight,
So through the lagging centuries
Ye wear your robes of white.

“But never crashing iceberg,
Nor honest shot of foe,
Nor hidden reef has sent me
The way that I must go.
My wound that stains the waters,
My blood that is like flame,
Bear witness to a loathly deed,
A deed without a name.

“I went not forth to battle,
I carried friendly men,
And children played about my decks,
The women sang — and then —
And then — the sun blushed scarlet
And Heaven hid her face,
The world that God created
Became a shameful place.

“My wrong cries out for vengeance,
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah’s ear.

Not all the seven oceans
 Shall wash away the stain :
 Upon a brow that wears a crown
 I am the brand of Cain."

When God's great voice assembles
 The fleet on Judgment Day,
 The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
 In sea and strait and bay.
 Though they have lain for ages
 Beneath the changeless flood,
 They shall be white like silver,
 But one — shall be like blood.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

What vivid pictures are presented in the first few stanzas?

YOUNG WASHINGTON

THE EMBASSY TO THE FRENCH FORTS, 1753

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN (1871-)

Here is a ballad whose swinging rhythm and vivid pictures give us the story of Washington's journey to the French forts to warn them against encroachments on English territory. The musical quality of the lines, the beauty of language, and the descriptions make this a delightful ballad.

Tie the moccasin, bind the pack,
 Sling your rifle across your back,
 Up! and follow the mountain track,
 Tread the Indian Trail.
 North and west is the road we fare
 Toward the forts of the Frenchmen, where
 "Peace or War!" is the word we bear,
 Life and Death in the scale.

The leaves of October are dry on the ground,
 The sheaves of Virginia are gathered and bound,
 Her fallows are glad with the cry of the hound,
 The partridges whirr in the fern;

But deep are the forests and keen are the foes
Where Monongahela in wilderness flows;
We've labors and perils and torrents and snows
To conquer before we return.

Hall and council-room, farm and chase,
Coat of scarlet and frill of lace
All are excellent things in place;
Joy in these if ye can.
Mine be hunting-shirt, knife and gun,
Camp aglow on the sheltered run,
Friend and foe in the checkered sun;
That's the life for a man!

THE LEGEND OF THE BRONX

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN (1871-)

Jonas Bronck, an early colonist of Danish extraction, was one of the first to settle in the part of New York City now known as The Bronx. An old legend describes the miraculous manner in which Bronck was led to found his home in this region. The author has taken this legend and made it the basis of a lilting ballad.

With sword and Bible, brood and dame,
Across the seas from Denmark came
Stout Jonas Bronck. He roved among
The wooded vales of Ah-qua-hung.¹
"Good sooth! on every hand," quoth he,
"Are pleasant lands and fair to see;
But which were best to plow and till
And meetest both for manse and mill?"

"Bronck! Bronck! Bronck!"
Called the frogs from the reeds of the river;
"Bronck! Bronck! Bronck!"
From the marshes and pools of the stream.

¹ The stream by which Bronck built his home. The word means "the place of peace."

" Here let your journeyings cease ;
 Blest of the Bounteous Giver,
 Yours is the Valley of Peace,
 Here is the home of your dream."

" Oho ! " laughed Jonas Bronck ; " I ween
 These pop-eyed elves in bottle-green
 Do call my name to show the spot
 Predestined ! — Here I cast my lot ! "
 So there he reared his dwelling-place
 And built a mill, with wheel and race.
 And even now, beneath the hill
 When summer nights are fair and still :

" Bronck ! Bronck ! Bronck ! "
 Rise the cadenced batrachian ² numbers ;
 " Bronck ! Bronck ! Bronck ! "
 Chant a myriad chorister gnomes ;
 " High on the shadowy crest
 Under the hemlock he slumbers.
 Here is the region of rest ;
 Come to our Valley of Homes ! "

JIMSY

By DANA BURNET

The poet gives us a picture of a little lame newsboy who cheerfully " carries on " in spite of his affliction. Every line expresses the author's love and sympathy, and when we finish the poem, our love for poor little Jimsy is as great as his.

Jimsy is a little chap,
 Only nine or so ;
 Has to use a wooden crutch
 (Says it doesn't bother much) —
 Jimsy's lame, you know.

² Froglike.

Jimsey has a cheery way —
Never saw him glum —
Jimsey's face is sort o' thin,
But you ought to see him grin,
Cheers a fellow some!

Jimsey's got a yellow dog —
Sorry little tyke!
Never leaves his master's side —
Guess he'd die if Jimsey died —
Never saw the like.

Jimsey greets me every night —
"Here's yer poiper, Boss."
When the other newsies play,
Jimsey turns his eyes away —
That is Jimsey's cross.

If I ever do a thing
Brave or kind or true,
If I give a squarer deal —
It's because I sort o' feel
Jimsey'd want me to.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What difficulties does a boy like Jimsey have to overcome?
2. Read the parts about Tiny Tim in Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and see what an influence another little lame boy had on those about him.
3. Discuss: A happy and cheerful nature can do much to lighten the weight of a handicap in life.

LONG NARRATIVE POEMS

HORATIUS

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)

This is the first of a series of poems by the great English poet and writer, Thomas Babington Macaulay, called "Lays of Ancient Rome." The story of this example is based on the tradition of a dynasty of Etruscan kings, called the Tarquins, who ruled in the early days of Rome. They so misused the privileges of their position that they were finally banished by the people of Rome, and a republic was set up. The Tarquins won Lars Porsena of Etruria as their ally and set forth with a great army to regain their power. The poem describes their attempt and the bravery of Horatius, who frustrated it.

Lars ¹ Porsena of Clusium ²
By the Nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan ³
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

¹ *Lars* — king.

² A city in Etruria.

³ Inhabitant of Etruria, a part of Italy.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market place;
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine; ⁴

From lordly Volaterrae,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain tops
Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisae,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes ⁵
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Ausur's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

⁴ A mountain range.

⁵ Boats having three benches or ranks of oars on each side.

But now no stroke of woodman
 Is heard by Ausus's rill;
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path
 Up the Ciminian hill;
 Unwatched along Clitumnus
 Grazes the milk-white steer;
 Unharm'd the waterfowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
 This year old men shall reap;
 This year, young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls
 Whose sires have march'd to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,⁶
 The wisest of the land,
 Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand.
 Evening and morn the Thirty
 Have turn'd the verses o'er,
 Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
 Have their glad answer given:
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
 Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome;
 And hang round Nurscia's altars
 The golden shields of Rome."

⁶ The prophets read the future in the entrails of animals and in other signs.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men; ⁷
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber ⁸
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious campaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn sacks and of household goods.
Choked every roaring gate.

⁷ Number of men required of each city.

⁸ The river which flows past Rome.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
 Could the wan burghers spy
 The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
 The Fathers of the City,⁹
 They sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands;
 Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
 In Crustumarium stands.
 Verbenna down to Ostia
 Hath wasted all the plain;
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain.

I wis,¹⁰ in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,¹¹
 Up rose the fathers all;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them ¹² to the wall.

They held a council standing
 Before the River Gate.
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 Out spake the Consul roundly:
 "The bridge must straight go down;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town."

⁹ The Senators of Rome.

¹⁰ *I wis* — I know.

¹¹ The leader of the Senate.

¹² Went quickly.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear ;
“ To arms, to arms ! Sir Consul,
Lars Porsena is here.”
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet’s war note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine ;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port ¹³ and vest, ¹⁴ by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo. ¹⁵
There Cilnius of Auretium
On his fleet roan was seen ;

¹³ Manner of carrying himself.

¹⁴ Dress, or outer garment.

¹⁵ Latin name for an Etruscan chief.

And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield;
Tolumnius with the belt of gold;
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,¹⁶
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
" Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town? "

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
" To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

¹⁶ A son of Tarquinius, former king of Rome.

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods,

“ And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens ¹⁷
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

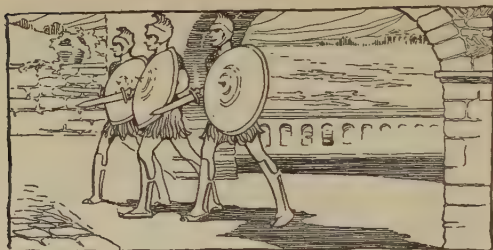
“ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me? ”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,
A Ramnian proud was he:
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
And out spake strong Herminius,
Of Titian blood was he:
“ I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

“ Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“ As thou sayest, so let it be.”
And straight against that great array
Went forth the dauntless Three.

¹⁷ The Vestal Virgins, who kept the sacred fire burning on the altar of the goddess, Vesta.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.



“ WENT FORTH THE DAUNTLESS THREE ”

Then none was for a party ;
 Then all were for the state ;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great ;
 Then lands were fairly portioned ;
 Then spoils were fairly sold ;
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe ;
 And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low.
 As we ¹⁸ wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold ;
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness ¹⁹ on their backs,
 The Consul was the foremost man

¹⁸ “ We people ” as compared to the Romans of old.

¹⁹ The armor worn by soldiers.

To take in hand an ax ;
And Fathers, mixed with Commons,²⁰
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light ;
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines ;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers

²⁰ Common people.

From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell ²¹ pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds ²² shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail."
But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.

²¹ Fierce.

²² Country folk.

A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark, the cry is Astur!
And lo, the ranks divide!
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter"²³
Stands savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm,²⁴ but gashed his thigh.
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

²³ According to legend, Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, had a wolf for their foster mother.

²⁴ Helmet.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space ;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten ²⁵ oak ;
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs, ²⁶ muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
" And see," he cried, " the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here !
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer ? "

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race,
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

²⁵ According to the old belief, thunder, not lightning, destroyed.

²⁶ Priests who foretold events.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sing to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three.
And from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys, who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack ;
But those behind cried " Forward ! "
And those before cried " Back ! "
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd ;
Well known was he to all the Three
And they gave him greeting loud,
" Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
Now welcome to thy home !
Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city ;
Thrice looked he at the dead ;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread ;

And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile ax and lever
 Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
“ Come back, come back, Horatius ! ”
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
“ Back, Lartius ! Back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall ! ”

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back ;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,
 When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane,

And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free ;
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius ;
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“ Down with him ! ” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“ Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“ Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the tower of Rome.

“ O Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day ! ”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank.

And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain;
 And fast his blood was flowing,
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows.
 And oft they thought him sinking;
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween,²⁷ did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing place.
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good Father Tiber
 Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
 "Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day,
 We should have sacked the town!"
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena.
 "And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;

²⁷ *Ween* — Think or know.

And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,²⁸
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;

²⁸ The Roman place of assemblage, where officers were elected and laws made.

When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom —
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Let three good readers volunteer to read the poem aloud, each preparing one part of it.
2. What made Horatius volunteer to defend the passageway?
3. Whom do you like better — Lars Porsena or Sextus?
4. Do you like a poem like this? Give reasons for or against.
5. What kind of motion picture would this story make? What episodes from it would you include in one?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Assign characters to some of your classmates and have parts of the poem dramatized in the room.

Let one boy in the class read another of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" by Macaulay and come to class ready to tell the story and to read aloud the best scene in it.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

This poem is based on that famous chapter in history, the settlement of Plymouth by the Pilgrims. We all know the privations and suffering the Pilgrims had to undergo during their first year, and the dangers with which they had to contend. Half of their number had died from disease and hardship, and the survivors, fearing the Indians, had leveled the graves and planted wheat over them. The winter had been long and severe.

Against this dreary scene as a background, the poet has drawn his tale of the "Courtship of Miles Standish." Longfellow himself happened to be a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla. The characters are real and life-like, and the poem is a fine picture of the habits and customs of the Pilgrims in the early Colonial days. There is a great deal of humor and pathos in the story, and this, together with the fact that the poem is a true tale of the Pilgrims who laid the cornerstone of our national existence, makes it interesting to both young and old.

I. MILES STANDISH

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,¹
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish² the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and
pausing

Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corselet³ of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sen-
tence,⁴

While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and
matchlock.

¹ Cordovan leather was goatskin, prepared in a manner which originated in Cordova, Spain.

² Most prominent member of the Pilgrim band. He was born in England, fought in the Netherlands, emigrated to Plymouth, fought against the Indians, and was in public service in the colonies until his death.

³ Breastplate of light armor.

⁴ Swords were often engraved with sentences from the Mohammedan Bible.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of
iron;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden,⁵ his friend and household com-
panion,

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the cap-
tives

Whom Saint Gregory⁶ saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but
Angels."

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of
Plymouth.

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang
here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this
breastplate,

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;

Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet

Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.⁷

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles
Standish

Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish
morasses."

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his
writing:

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the
bullet;

He in His mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon! "

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:

⁵ The youngest man who came in the Mayflower. Gave great service to the struggling young colony.

⁶ Pope in the sixth century.

⁷ An ancient hand gun.

"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his match-
lock,

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Caesar,⁸ I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sun-
beams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer⁹
planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the pur-
pose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians:
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the bet-
ter,—

Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,¹⁰
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the land-
scape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the
ocean.

Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with
emotion,

Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:

⁸ The great Roman soldier and general.

⁹ A short light cannon.

¹⁰ A sagamore was an Indian tribal chief; a sachem, an hereditary chief, and a pow-wow, a medicine man.

"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish; ¹¹

Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown
there,

Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have
perished! "

Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was
thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among
them

Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;
Barriffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Caesar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if
doubtful

Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,

Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the
Romans,

Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on
the margin,

Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the strip-
ling,

Busily writing epistles ¹² important, to go by the Mayflower,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

¹¹ First wife of Miles Standish.

¹² Letters.

II. LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the strip-ling,

Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Caesar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm down-wards,

Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Caesar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:

"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."

"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Caesar!

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said
it.

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times
after;

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he con-
quered;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way
too,

And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield
from a soldier,

Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded
the captains,

Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;

Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;

So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others! "

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the strip-
ling

Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Pris-
cilla;

Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of
Plymouth:

"When you have finished your work, I have something impor-
tant to tell you.

Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient! "
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:

"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling¹² his
phrases:

"'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,

¹² Choosing with care.

Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,

Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,

Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,

All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:

"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,—

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,

But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,

That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"

Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and molding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III. THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,¹⁴
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.

All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.

To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!

"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,—
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?"

Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshiped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow

¹⁴ The fresh green vegetation.

Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth¹⁵ blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and
shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slum-
ber.

"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the Mayflower of Plym-
outh,

Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take
them;

Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and
perish,

Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, somber and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-
wind;

Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther¹⁶ sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden

¹⁵ A Semitic goddess of love.

¹⁶ The German leader of the Protestant Reformation.

Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snowdrift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,

Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang of the old Puritan anthem,

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!

Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,

All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.

Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,

"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backwards;
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,

Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living,

It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and the singing

Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the thresh-old,

Rose as he entered and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."

Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in
the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village.
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered
the doorway,

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and
Priscilla

Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-
storm.

Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an an-
swer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful
Spring-time;

Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on
the morrow.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of
England,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the
linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the church-
yard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of
Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her
speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—
Had no time for such things;—such things! the words grating
harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one
and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden
avowal,

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been
climbing.

This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved
me,
Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have
won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plym-
outh;

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de
Standish;

Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent ¹⁷
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the
winter

He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Stan-
dish!

¹⁷ Silver. This use of the word is frequent in connection with coats of arms.

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
 Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
 Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
 Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself,
 John?"

IV. JOHN ALDEN

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
 Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the seaside;
 Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,
 Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
 Slowly, as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical¹⁸ splendors,
 Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
 So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
 Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
 Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
 "Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!
 Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,
 Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean!
 Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
 Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
 Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the seashore.
 Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passion contending;
 Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
 Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!

¹⁸ Referring to the Apocalypse, or Revelation, the last book of the Bible.

"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us?"

Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am the victor?" Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:

"It hath displeased the Lord!" — and he thought of David's transgression,

Bathsheba's¹⁹ beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!

Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,

Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:

"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay, Sir!"

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.

Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.
"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is

Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.

Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor!

¹⁹ Wife of one of King David's men. After her husband died in battle, David married her.

Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber
 With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
 Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and
 darkness, —

Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal ²⁰ hereafter ! ”

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,

Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,
 Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,
 Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
 Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
 Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
 Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Caesar,
 Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.

“ Long have you been on your errand,” he said with a cheery demeanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.

“ Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us ;
 But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming

I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
 Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.”

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure
 From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened ;
 How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
 Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
 But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
 Words so tender and cruel, “ Why don’t you speak for yourself,
 John ? ”

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till
 his armor

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
 All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
 E’en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.

²⁰ Marriage.

Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!

Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;

Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason of friendship! You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping

I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,—

You too, Brutus! ²¹ ah, woe to the name of friendship hereafter! Brutus was Caesar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.

But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,

Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,

Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,

²¹ These were Caesar's words when he recognized his friend as one of his murderers.

Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,

Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows: a signal and challenge of warfare,

Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.

This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating

What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,

Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,

“What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?

Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage

Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon! ”

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth, Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:

“ Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles; Not from the cannon’s mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with! ”

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing: “ Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth. War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous, Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge! ”

Then from the rattlesnake’s skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: “ Here, take it! this is your answer! ”

Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent’s skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

V. THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, “ Forward! ”

Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—

Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.²²
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of
Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke of chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the
weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the
Mayflower;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that men-
aced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his com-
ing;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plym-
outh,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the seashore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower,

²² Heathen tribes against whom the Israelites fought.

Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.

He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,

Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,

Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;

Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;

Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!"

Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet.

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning—

Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders—

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac,²³ ready for action.

But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him

Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,

Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,

Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.

Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,

Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon;

All of the old friendship came back with its tender and grateful emotions;

But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him—

Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.

So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,

Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, but he spake not!

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,

Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,

²³ An encampment of soldiers without tents.

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture.
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a
doorstep
Into a world unknown — the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the east-ward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is on canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or faded are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!
“Here I remain!” he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens
above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the
madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
“Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,

Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her foot-
steps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;
Yes; as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the land-
ing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving! "

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and impor-
tant,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around
him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed from the
harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet,²⁴ and leaving far to the south-
ward

²⁴ A headland projecting from the shore near Plymouth, Mass.

Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.



THE MAYFLOWER SAILED FROM THE HARBOR

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord
and took courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above
them

Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their
kindred

Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that
they uttered.

Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.

Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each
other,

Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.

So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little, Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,

Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI. PRISCILLA

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean, Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla; And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,

Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature, Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she.

"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward, Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum? Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying

What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it; For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,

That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret, Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together. Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,

Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues, Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flinders,

As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman, Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero. Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.

You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,

Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken! "

Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:

"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry, Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."

"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;

"No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely. It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women

Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:

"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden, More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing, Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden! "

"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,

"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness, Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you; For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,

Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.

Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly

If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.

He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.

So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.

"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things

Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.

It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.

For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."

Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,

Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:

"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship

Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the Mayflower
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feel-
ing,

That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of
the sunshine,

Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly :

“ Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a house-
hold,

You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between
you,

When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found
me.”

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the
story, —

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Stan-
dish.

Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and
earnest,

“ He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment ! ”

But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered, —
How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that
threatened, —

All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering ac-
cent,

“ Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me al-
ways ! ”

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition ;
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful mis-
givings.

VII. THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,

Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore,

All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger

Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder

Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.

Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort ;

He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,

Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,

Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted !

Ah ! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor !

“ I alone am to blame,” he muttered, “ for mine was the folly. What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness, Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens ? 'Twas but a dream — let it pass — let it vanish like so many others !

What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless ; Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers.”

Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,

While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,

Looking up at the trees and the constellations ²⁵ beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest ; Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint, Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together ; Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,

Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,

²⁵ Groups of stars.

Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,

Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present ;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath ²⁶ of Gath, or the terrible Og, ²⁷ king of Bashan ;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum, ²⁸

Two-edged, trenchant ²⁹ knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.

" Welcome, English ! " they said, — these words they had learned from the traders

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,

Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,

Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,

Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man !
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,

Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,

And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain :

" Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart ; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,

²⁶ A huge giant of ancient times with whom David fought.

²⁷ Another giant.

²⁸ Strips of leather embroidered with shell beads, used as money and for ornament.

²⁹ Sharp.

Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'

Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle, Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:

"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle; By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish;

While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom, Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,

"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!

This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us! He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest, Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bowstrings, Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush. But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;

So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers. But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt and the insult,

All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,

Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.

Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and snatching his knife from its scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.

Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the
 lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder ; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset ; but their sachem, the brave Watta-
 wamat,
Fled not ; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching
 the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above
 them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white
 man.
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of
 Plymouth :
“ Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength and his
 stature, —
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man ; but I see
 now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you ! ”

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles
 Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and
 a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles
 Standish ;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his
 valor.

VIII. THE SPINNING WHEEL

Month after month passed away, and in autumn the ships of the
merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the
Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their
labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with mere-
stead,³⁰
Busy with breaking the glebe,³¹ and mowing the grass in the
meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his
forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with
rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard:
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the
orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from
annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allot-
ment

³⁰ A homestead.³¹ Soil.

In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the
dreamer

Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of
Priscilla,

Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friend-
ship.

Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwell-
ing;

Ever of her he thought, when he dived in the soil of his garden;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Prov-
erbs, —

How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her
weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his
fortune,

After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.
“Truly, Priscilla,” he said, “when I see you spinning and spin-
ning,

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.”
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the
spindle

Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her
fingers;

While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued :
" You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia ; ³²

She whose story I read at a stall ³³ in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, ³⁴ o'er valley and meadow and mountain,

Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer

Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner ! "

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden :

" Come, you must not be idle ; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein ³⁵ on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting ;

Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden ! "

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,

Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly

³² Ancient name for Switzerland.

³³ A booth or table for the sale of goods.

³⁴ A small saddle-horse.

³⁵ A quantity of thread twisted together.

Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for how could she help it? —

Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead! — an Indian had brought them
the tidings, —

Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had
sundered

Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming:
“ Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder! ”

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX. THE WEDDING-DAY

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and
scarlet,

Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,

Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver! ³⁶

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and
the Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of
Boaz.³⁷

Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's pres-
ence,

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in
affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the thresh-
old,
Clad in armor steel, a somber and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange appar-
ition?

Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the be-
throthal?

Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath
them,

As when across the sky the driving rack ³⁸ of the rain cloud

³⁶ A vessel in which to wash.

³⁷ Characters in the Old Testament.

³⁸ Movement.

Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.

But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last
benediction,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plym-
outh!

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive
me!

I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the
feeling;

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh
Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John
Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten be-
tween us, —

All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and
dearer! "

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, com-
mingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the
adage, —

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and more-
over,

No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas! "

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their re-
joicing,

Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded
about him.

Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride
at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the seashore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gaily, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.

" Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, " but the distaff; Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha! "

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
 Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
 Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
 Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
 Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.³⁹
 Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
 Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
 Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
 Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
 Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
 Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,⁴⁰
 Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
 Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
 So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Compare John Alden and Miles Standish as to character and appearance. With whom do you sympathize? Give reasons for your answer.
2. What did Standish ask of John Alden? Why was he afraid to propose to Priscilla in person? How was his request received by John?
3. What picture does Priscilla present as John Alden enters her cabin? Relate what takes place.
4. Was Standish right in his anger at John Alden?
5. Describe the sailing of the Mayflower.
6. Why did Alden remain behind? What tempted him to leave?
7. What happened at the wedding of John and Priscilla? How did Standish atone for his outburst?
8. Let some pupils volunteer to make a choice of lines they like best.

³⁹ Blue gulfs of bottomless depths.

⁴⁰ Characters in the Old Testament.

9. Pick out the main characters and give your impression of each.
10. Tell what qualities in the leading characters appeal most to you.
11. Do you like this poem, or do you not? Why?
12. What lesson have you learned from the reading of this tale which you can apply to your own life?

VOLUNTEER WORK

A group of pupils can take the various characters and dramatize parts of the poem in the class.

This story can be made into a motion picture. Which episodes would you suggest as best fitted for such purpose?

MASTERY TESTS

1. What words correctly fill the blanks? Keep in mind the poem. Write no answers in the book.

- a. Strode with a martial air ———, the Puritan captain.
- b. Near him was seated ———, his friend and household companion.
- c. So the strong will prevailed, and ——— went on his errand.
- d. Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, ———?"

2. Name the speaker of each line:

- a. You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow.
- b. Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen.
- c. Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
- d. Wildly he shouted and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!"



Lyrics

POEMS THAT SING

A lyric is a poem in which the writer expresses in musical language his feelings, his moods, or his thoughts. According to history, the lyric was first sung to the accompaniment of the lyre, hence the word lyric. In narrative poetry we forget all about the author and are interested in the story. In the lyric the author is singing to himself. Lyric themes include Nature, country, home, family, friends, conduct, love, God. These subjects, in lyric treatment, are clothed in beautiful diction. This book devotes many pages to lyrics, old and new. During the last century, the lyric was the predominant type of poetry.

The song is a short lyric poem which differs from other types in being designed primarily to be sung. We have patriotic songs, folk songs, and sacred songs. Many of our poets wrote songs. Notable among them are Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Burns, Moore, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Newman.

FROM THE OLD MASTERS

THE BEATITUDES

From the Bible

This Bible selection is an expression of man's highest aspiration and deepest thoughts. The Beatitudes teach us the lessons of kindness to others, and of faith in the ways of the Lord. The word "beatitude" means a state of supreme happiness, and is particularly applied to the eight declarations in the Sermon on the Mount.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

PSALM C

From the Bible

Many of us are prone to forget that the Bible contains much of beauty and wisdom. Some passages we have read so often that we have almost forgotten what they mean and how they sound. The Psalms of David es-

pecially are noted for the poetical quality of their phrasing and for the nobility of their thought. This psalm is an inspiring expression of praise and thanksgiving. Try to read it as if it had just been written for you.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

PSALM CXXI

From the Bible

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM XXIII

From the Bible

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : Thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

GOOD NAME IN MAN AND WOMAN

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

Man values his reputation and his standing in his particular community far more than most other possessions. He may lose everything else, but he can still hold his head high if he knows that his neighbors and associates think well of him. This truth is brought out by Shakespeare in his selection from *Othello*.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands :
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Why does Shakespeare compare wealth to trash?
2. Explain the meaning of the last three lines.
3. Write out a proverb based on the same idea.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

By ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Robert Burns was a Scotch poet whose great genius was sufficient to raise him above sordid, poverty-stricken surroundings and to make him see beauty in Nature's humblest handiwork. The following poem shows the

nobility and highly sympathetic quality of his character. At the time he wrote this poem, he was struggling with serious difficulties. The crops were a failure, his father was ill, ruin threatened, and yet he could forget all this to feel intense sorrow at uprooting a little mountain daisy while ploughing his field.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun ¹ crush amang the stoure ²
 Thy slender stem.
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie ³ gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,⁴
 Wi' speckled breast!
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's ⁵ maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield ⁶
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie ⁷ stibble ⁸-field,
 Unseen, alane.

¹ Must.² Dust.³ Pretty.⁴ Wet.⁵ Walls.⁶ Shelter.⁷ Barren.⁸ Stubble.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean, luckless starred!
 Unskillful he to note the card⁹
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine — no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. It has been said that a poet is one who can give meaning to the simple things of life. Show how this poem illustrates this idea.
2. What is the author's meaning in the last stanza? To whom do you think he is referring?

⁹ Compass-face.

I STOOD TIPTOE UPON A LITTLE HILL

By JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)

The great English poet is walking through the countryside. He stops at the top of a little hill and gazes entranced at the scene which greets him. Wherever he turns he sees the beauties of Nature — the little clouds in the blue field of the heavens, the sweet, colorful flowers and grass.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill;
The air was cooling and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost those starry diadems ¹
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven; and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
A bush of Mayflower with bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them.
And let a lush laburnum ² oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots to keep them
Moist, cool and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Have you ever gazed at the countryside from the top of a hill? Describe what you saw. If you have not, try to imagine the view pictured in the poem.

2. How does this poem show the deep love the poet has for the beauties of Nature?

3. Bring to class another appealing poem about the beauties of an outdoor scene. Come prepared to read it aloud to the class.

¹ Literally, diadems; in this case, dewdrops.

² A yellow-flowered tree.

INNOMINATUS¹

By SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

The selection given below is taken from one of Scott's narrative poems, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." It is a selection well worth memorizing. It breathes a spirit of patriotism and love of country and expresses utter scorn for the person, no matter how highly placed he may be, who in time of need would not sacrifice all for his country.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land!"
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
 From wandering on a foreign strand?²
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,³
 The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the main idea of the whole poem?
2. Read Hale's "Man Without a Country" and find out how Philip Nolan, "the man without a country," was affected by the reading of these lines.
3. Can you recall from your study of the American Revolution a person to whom the poem might apply? Come to class prepared to give a brief talk on the great mistake that person made.
4. This poem is worth memorizing.

¹ "Nameless" (Latin).

² Literally, shore; hence, country.

³ Wealth.

ANNABEL LEE

By EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

Edgar Allan Poe was one of the greatest poets America has produced. That his life was a series of hardships and disappointments is reflected in most of his works. This poem refers to his grief at the death of his young wife. The wonderful music and rhythm in the lines can be best appreciated by reading the poem aloud.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In the kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen¹ came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

¹ Noble relatives.

But our love was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we,
 Of many far wiser than we;
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And so, all the night-tide,² I lie down by the side
 Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
 In the sepulcher³ there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What line especially adds to the music of the poem by its repetition?
2. What picture is brought to your mind by the third stanza?
3. Get from the library a volume of Poe's poetry, and find another poem you would like to read to the class.

THE BELLS

By EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

"The Bells" is a poem whose effect depends on its musical sounds and their repetition. The author believed that all poetry should resemble music in this manner. This poem is one of the finest examples of its kind in the English language. To be appreciated fully, it should be read aloud; for only thus can the author's achievement of his object be realized.

I

Hear the sledges with the bells —
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!

² All through the night.

³ Tomb.

While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells —
 Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight ! —
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

III

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells —

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people —

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone —

They are neither man nor woman —

They are neither brute nor human —

They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A paean¹ from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the paean of the bells!

And he dances, and he yells:

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the paean of the bells —

Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells —

Of the bells, bells, bells —

To the sobbing of the bells;

¹ A song of joy.

Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, —
 To the tolling of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What pictures are recalled to your mind as you read of the brazen bells, the iron bells, the silver bells?
2. Which picture is most vivid? Which do you like best?
3. Read the stanza about the sledges with the silver bells. Do the lines and the language imitate the sound of the silver bells?

DAFFODILS

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

Wordsworth was a great lover of Nature. In this poem he describes how he suddenly came upon a host of beautiful yellow daffodils while wandering along the shore of a lake. The wonderful sight filled him with joy. In reading the poem, put yourself in the place of the author and see what he saw — a picture for the mind as well as for the eye.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,¹
 They stretch'd in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

¹ A cluster of stars which look like star dust in the night sky.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:



For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive ² mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

² Thoughtful.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What did the poet mean in the following lines?

I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

What was the wealth which the sight had brought him?

2. What is meant by "the inward eye" of the poet?
3. When does the poet recall the beautiful sight of the daffodils?
4. Which stanza do you like best?
5. Tell of a beautiful sight which you have seen and which you often recall in your mind's eye.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

There are some sights and sounds which affect us so deeply that they leave a lasting impression. This poem portrays the feelings of the poet as he suddenly comes upon a solitary reaper singing a plaintive song as she bends over her task. He is strongly moved by the incident, and the memory of it remains long afterward.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass,
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?

Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things

And battles long ago:

Or is it some more humble lay,

Familiar matter of today,

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,

That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang

As if her song could have no ending;

I saw her singing at her work,

And o'er the sickle bending.

I listened motionless and still;

And, as I mounted up the hill,

The music in my heart I bore

Long after it was heard no more.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What picture is presented by the poet in the whole poem?
2. What meaning is contained in the last two lines of the poem?
3. In what way is this poem similar in thought and ending to "The Daffodils" by the same poet? What was the picture brought to the eye of the poet in each poem? When did each of these impressions return to his "inward eye"?

TO A WATER FOWL

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878)

The poet is wandering among the Massachusetts hills feeling sad and despondent. His hopes of completing his college work have vanished, he is unable to continue his literary labors, and he is about to begin the study of law, a profession very distasteful to him. Suddenly he notices in the sky overhead a wild fowl which has been separated from its fellows, but which continues unerringly on its way. In the lonely flight of the water fowl, he feels the guiding hand of the Power above, and his drooping hopes are renewed. In later years his faith in God is fulfilled, and he is recognized as a great poet.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What sign does the poet see in the lonely flight of the bird?
2. What lesson has this lonely wanderer taught the poet? In what stanza is this lesson expressed?
3. What vivid picture can you see in the first stanza?

THE SHIP OF STATE

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

In his poem, "The Building of the Ship," of which the following selection forms the closing part, the author describes the building and launching of a ship. He compares our own country to a great ship and voices a prayer that it may sail on bravely and weather each storm as it comes.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the meaning of the words: "Humanity . . . is hanging breathless on thy fate!"
2. Do you think the comparison of our country to the sailing of a great ship a good one? Give reasons.
3. Have you read a poem by Whitman which compares our country to a ship? Tell the story it relates.
4. What is the author's thought in the phrase, "In spite of false lights on the shore"?
5. What lines do you like best?

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891)

"The Shepherd of King Admetus" is based on the ancient Greek legend that Apollo, the sun god, was condemned by Jupiter, lord of all the gods, to undertake the duties of a mortal for the space of one year. During this time, Apollo became the shepherd of Admetus, king of Thessaly. The poem shows what impression the god in mortal form made on the men with whom he lived on earth.

There came a youth upon the earth,
 Some thousand years ago,
 Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
 Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
 He stretched some chords, and drew
 Music that made men's bosoms swell
 Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus,¹ one who had
 Pure taste by right divine,
 Decried his singing not too bad
 To hear between the cups of wine:

¹ A legendary king of Thessaly, in northern Greece.

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet, after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How were men influenced by the shepherd's appearance? What effect did he have on their actions?
2. This shepherd influenced life on this earth. What was the reason for this influence?
3. What is the meaning of the last stanza?

THE BROOK

By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)

A brook chatters as it slips down hills and through valleys until it reaches the river. The meter of the poem and the use of appropriate words so suggest this chatter and babble of a brook that we can hear it as we read the poem.

I come from haunts of coot ¹ and hern,²
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddy bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

¹ A bird resembling the duck.

² This is an old form of the word "heron."

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,³
And many a fairy foreland ⁴ set
With willow-weed and mallow.⁵

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

³ Untilled land.

⁴ A point of land projecting into the sea.

⁵ A marsh shrub.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. This poem is full of pictures. Pick out a few that appeal most to you.
2. What lines show the constant purpose of the brook?
3. Read Sidney Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee," and see which poem you prefer. Give reasons for your preference.
4. What lesson can you learn from this poem which is worth remembering?

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)

The New Year has arrived. All are rejoicing, and the bells are ringing. The poet listens to them and breathes a prayer that all that is evil and selfish in human nature may be rung out with the old year, while all that is good and kind may be rung in with the new.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go:
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place of blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe a New Year's celebration with the ringing of bells and the joyous activities of the people.
2. Tell what the poet suggests should be rung out with the Old Year. What should be rung in with the New Year?
3. What picture is suggested in the first stanza?
4. What was the purpose of Tennyson in using the refrain, "Ring out, ring in," throughout the poem? What does it suggest?

FROM THE MASTERS OF OUR TIME

TAMPA ROBINS

By SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881)

Sidney Lanier is the Nature poet of the South. His love of Nature is well shown in poems like this, or in his "Song of the Chattahoochee." The robin laughs at the cold winter which has descended on the North, for his wings have carried him to the South, the land of the sun and the orange-tree.

The robin laughed in the orange-tree:
 "Ho, windy North, a fig for thee:
 While breasts are red and wings are bold
 And green trees wave us globes of gold,
 Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me
 — Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
 My orange-planets: crimson I
 Will shine and shoot among the spheres
 (Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
 And thrid the heavenly orange-tree
 With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

"If that I hate wild winter's spite —
 The gibbet trees, the world in white,
 The sky but gray wind over a grave —
 Why should I ache, the season's slave?
 I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree
Gramercy, winter's tyranny.

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
 My wing is king of the summer-time;
 My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
 And I'll call down through the green and gold:
*Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
 Bestir thee under the orange-tree."*

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Why is the robin laughing at the winter's cold and fury?
2. What kind of scene does the robin hate? Quote the lines which draw the picture.
3. What does the robin mean when he says, "My wing is king of the summer-time"?
4. Make a list of poems that you have read about birds, and bring the one you like best to class to be read aloud.

PEDIGREE *

By EMILY DICKINSON (1830-1886)

Everything has its place in this world of ours. Nothing is entirely useless. The poet shows that even so humble a plant as the clover serves the needs of the bee and thus is entitled to a niche in the scheme of things.

The pedigree ¹ of honey
 Does not concern the bee;
 A clover, any time, to him
 Is aristocracy.

A FANCY FROM FONTENELLE

By AUSTIN DOBSON (1840-1921)

Dobson, the English poet, took the thought of this poem from Fontenelle, a French writer, and gives it its present delicate form. It tells the story of a rose who laughs at the great age of her gardener, but who withers and dies long before the old man does.

The Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
 And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
 As she thought of the Gardener standing by —
 "He is old — so old! And he soon must die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
 And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare;
 And she laughed once more as she heard his tread —
 "He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

* Copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

¹ A table showing family descent.

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
 That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
 And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
 And he raked them gently under the mold.

*And I wove the thing to a random rhyme:
 For the Rose is Beauty; the Gardener, Time.*

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Where is the thought of the poem best expressed? Quote the lines.
2. What three pictures of the rose are given in the first three stanzas?

THE PEAR TREE *

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (1892-)

Beauty may exist in even the most squalid surroundings. It may be rearing its head proudly above the dirt and grime in places where one would least expect to find it. Notice how well the poet calls attention to this.

In this squalid, dirty dooryard,
 Where the chickens scratch and run,
 White, incredible, the pear tree
 Stands apart and takes the sun,
 Mindful of the eyes upon it,
 Vain of its new holiness,
 Like the waste-man's little daughter
 In her first communion dress.

THE COMMONPLACE

By WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892)

The poetic soul finds beauty and meaning in matters which to most persons are merely commonplace and humdrum. This poem is a song of the commonplace — the activities and the environment which are so familiar to all of us.

* Copyright, 1919, by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

The commonplace I sing;
 How cheap is health! how cheap nobility!
 The open air I sing, freedom, toleration,
 (Take here the mainest lesson — less from books — less from the
 schools)
 The common day and night — the common earth and waters,
 Your farm — your work, trade, occupation,
 The democratic wisdom underneath, like solid ground for all.

CREDO

By ELIAS LIEBERMAN (1883-)

Each man is guided in his actions by his beliefs and convictions. It is thus of tremendous importance that every human being should possess good and staunch beliefs. This poem is an expression of the faith and the ideals of the author. Are they yours, too?

I believe
 That there are greater things in life
 Than life itself;
 I believe
 In climbing upward
 Even when the spent and broken thing
 I call my body
 Cries "Halt!"
 I believe
 To the last breath
 In the truths
 Which God permits me to see.
 I believe
 In fighting for them;
 In drawing,
 If need be,
 Not the bloody sword of man
 Brutal with conquest
 And drunk with power,

But the white sword of God,
Flaming with His truth
And healing while it slays.

I believe
In my country and her destiny,
In the great dream of her founders,
In her place among the nations,
In her ideals;
I believe
That her democracy must be protected,
Her privileges cherished,
Her freedom defended.
I believe
That, humbly before the Almighty,
But proudly before all mankind,
We must safeguard her standard,
The vision of her Washington,
The martyrdom of her Lincoln,
With the patriotic ardor
Of the minute men
And the boys in blue
Of her glorious past.
I believe
In loyalty to my country
Utter, irrevocable, inviolate.

Thou, in whose sight
A thousand years are but as yesterday
And as a watch in the night,
Help me
In my frailty
To make real
What I believe.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What beliefs are expressed in the first stanza?
2. What prayer does the poet utter in the last stanza? How can you help to make your beliefs real?
3. Explain the meaning of the following lines:

That there are greater things in life
 Than life itself.
4. Read "The American Creed" by William Tyler Page, and see how it compares with this poem.

APRIL

By THEODOSIA GARRISON (1874-)

Grim winter is gone. The sun is once more shining brightly; everything is touched with green, and tender little buds are seen everywhere. Joy and gladness are in the air; we exult in the beauties of spring.

Something tapped at my window pane,
 Some one called me without my door,
 Some one laughed like the tinkle o' rain,
 The robin echoed it o'er and o'er.

I threw the door and the window wide;
 Sun and the touch of the breeze and then —
 "Oh, *were* you expecting me, dear?" she cried,
 And here was April come back again.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Make a list of poems which have April as their theme.
2. How does this poem compare with those you have on your list? Pick out the one you like best.

THE DREAMERS

By THEODOSIA GARRISON (1874-)

How often we desire to be in another person's position or to occupy his place in life! What we do not possess holds a peculiar fascination for us, and our own lot seems poor by comparison with another's. The author in this poem hits off this trait of human nature very vividly.

The gypsies passed her little gate —
She stopped her wheel to see —
A brown-faced pair who walked the road,
Free as the wind is free;
And suddenly her tidy room
A prison seemed to be.

Her shining plates against the walls,
Her sunlit, sanded floor,
The brass-bound wedding chest that held
Her linen's snowy store,
The very wheel whose humming died, —
Seemed only chains she bore.

She watched the foot-free gypsies pass;
She never knew or guessed
The wistful dream that drew them close —
The longing in each breast
Some day to know a home like hers,
Wherein their hearts might rest.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What was the dream of the foot-free gypsies as they passed the little home?
2. What domestic picture is presented in the second stanza? Why did the housewife yearn for the life of the gypsies?
3. Of the two, which kind of life would you prefer?
4. Some people say this poem has in it a big truth about life. Can you tell what it is? Look at the title for a suggestion.

VOLUNTEER WORK

Let some pupils volunteer to make a report on the life of the gypsies. In what ways is such a life happy and carefree, and in what ways is it sad?

NEW YORK

By MARGUERITE WEED

New York City is indeed a place of wonder, of joy and sorrow, of beauty and ugliness, of unheard-of wealth and abject poverty. Its enormous arms enfold representatives of all peoples of the earth; yet this mixed human material breathes forth the spirit of tolerance and peace. This poem gives us a vivid and powerful picture of the city.

O City of a thousand towers
And thousand times a thousand lights,
Upbuilding with the passing hours
And changing with the days and nights —

In white array against the blue
By day your mighty buildings stand;
By night your lamps of myriad hue
Mimic the lights of fairyland.

The treasure house of half a world,
Yet in your streets the poorest wait;
O'er all your homes one flag unfurled,
Yet every race is at your gate.

Among your crowds all tongues are heard,
And men know not their brothers' speech;
Yet from their children comes a word
The bond of brother-love to teach.

And as from narrow streets and poor
Your towers seek the purer height,
Your children's spirit shall endure,
Seeking till it too find the light.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What contrasting pictures are presented in the third stanza?
2. What is the thought that is brought out in the last two stanzas?
3. Does the poem give you a better idea of what New York really is like? Explain.

VOLUNTEER WORK

Let some volunteers look up and give a talk on the beautiful things in New York. Let others tell in what ways New York is ugly.

Have a committee report on how we can help to make our city better and more beautiful.



OLD SUSAN

By WALTER DE LA MARE (1873-)

Many people attempt to escape from the world of reality by reading romances. Here we have a picture of a work-worn old woman who tries to forget the commonplace activities of her days and who satisfies her desire for a fuller life by reading romances. This is a fine example of a portrait in words.

When Susan's work was done she'd sit
 With one fat guttering ¹ candle lit,
 And window opened wide to win
 The sweet night air to enter in;
 There, with a thumb to keep her place
 She'd read, with stern and wrinkled face,

¹ Melting away by becoming channeled so that wax runs down.

Her mild eyes gliding very slow,
Across the letters to and fro,
While wagged the guttering candle flame
In the wind that through the window came.

And sometimes in the silence she
Would mumble a sentence audibly,²
Or shake her head as if to say,
“ You silly souls, to act this way! ”

And never a sound from night I'd hear,
Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;
Or her old shuffling thumb would turn
Another page; and rapt and stern,
Through her great glasses bent on me
She'd glance into reality;
And shake her round old silvery head,
With — “ You! — I thought you was in bed.”
Only to tilt her book again,
And rooted in Romance remain.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Try to visualize the picture old Susan presents as she reads.
2. Why does Susan read romances? Do you know of any person like Susan? Tell about her.
3. Do you think Susan presents a lovable figure? What interest did you find in this poem?

SUPPOSE

By WALTER DE LA MARE (1873-)

Walter de la Mare delights in tales of fairies and fairy doings. His keen imagination produces many fanciful effects. The following poem depicts the day-dream of a little girl whose mind has been filled with fairy tales. She combines all the stories she has read and makes them into one glorious tale of which she is the heroine.

² So that it can be heard.

Suppose . . . and suppose that a wild little Horse of Magic
Came cantering out of the sky,
With bridle of silver and into the saddle I mounted
To fly — and to fly.

And we stretched up into the air, fleeting on in the sunshine,
A speck in the gleam
On galloping hoofs, his mane in the wind out-flowing,
As if in a dream.

Suppose and suppose, when the gentle star of evening
Came crinkling into the blue,
A magical castle we saw in the air, like a cloud of moonlight,
As onward we flew.

And across the green moat on the drawbridge we foamed and we
snorted,
And there was a beautiful Queen
Who smiled at me strangely; and spoke to my wild little Horse,
too —
A lovely and beautiful Queen.

Suppose and suppose she cried to her delicate maidens,
“Behold my daughter — my dear!”
And they crowned me with flowers, and then on their harps sate
playing,
Solemn and clear.

And magical cakes and goblets were spread on the table;
And at the window the birds came in;
Hopping along with bright eyes, pecking crumbs from the platters,
And sipped of the wine.

And splashing up — up to the roof, tossed fountains of crystal;
And Princes in scarlet and green
Shot with their bow and arrows, and kneeled with their dishes
Of fruits for the Queen.

And we walked in a magical garden with rivers and bowers,
 And my bed was of ivory and gold;
 And the Queen breathed soft in my ear a song of enchantment,
 And I never grew old. . . .

And I never, never came back to the earth, oh, never and never;
 How mother would cry and cry.
 There'd be snow on the fields then, and all these sweet flowers in
 the winter
 Would wither and die. . . .

Suppose . . . and suppose. . . .

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Have you ever had daydreams like the one presented in the poem?
 Tell what happened in them.
2. What beautiful and fanciful pictures are depicted in the poem?
 Which appears most fanciful to you?
3. What idea is suggested by the last line of the poem?

NOD

By WALTER DE LA MARE (1873-)

This is a very pleasing little bedtime song. The vivid imagination of the poet portrays drowsiness as Nod, the old shepherd, who, with his trusty dog, Slumber-soon, rounds up all the children and leads them to the pleasant realm of dreamland.

Softly along the road of evening,
 In a twilight dim with rose,
 Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew
 Old Nod, the shepherd goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
 Their fleeces charged with gold,
 To where the sun's last beam leans low
 On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,
 From their sand the conies ¹ creep;
 And all the birds that fly in heaven
 Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
 Yet when night's shadows fall,
 The blind old sheep dog, Slumber-soon,
 Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
 The waters of no-more-pain;
 His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
 "Rest, rest, and rest again."

TIRED TIM

By WALTER DE LA MARE (1873-)

A person without enthusiasms lets his days slide by monotonously, one after another. This little poem, in a few sharp strokes, presents the picture of just such a person. Do you like the rhythm?

Poor tired Tim! It's sad for him.
 He lags the long bright morning through,
 Ever so tired of nothing to do;
 He moons and mopes the livelong day,
 Nothing to think about, nothing to say;
 Up to bed with his candle to creep,
 Too tired to yawn, too tired to sleep:
 Poor tired Tim! It's sad for him.

TEXAS

By AMY LOWELL (1874-1925)

Progress is rapid in these days. The industrialist has encroached on the farmer and the pioneer and has built cities of stone and glass to house his factories. This poem indicates the extent of the change by contrasting

¹ Rabbits.

the Texas of the pioneer with the Texas of the present. Here you will see how a New England poet regrets the passing of the Texas of cowboys and cattle ranches.

I went a-riding, a-riding,
Over a great long plain.
And the plain went a-sliding, a-sliding
Away from my bridle-rein.

Fields of cotton, and fields of wheat,
Thunder-blue gentians by a wire fence,
Standing cypress, red and tense,
Holding its flower rigid like a gun,
Dressed for parade by the running wheat,
By the little bouncing cotton. Terribly sweet
The cardinals sing in the live-oak trees,
And the long plain breeze,
The prairie breeze,
Blows across from swell to swell
With a ginger smell.
Just ahead, where the road curves round,
A long-eared rabbit makes a bound
Into a wheat-field, into a cotton-field,
His track glitters after him and goes still again
Over to the left of my bridle-rein.

But over to the right is a glare — glare — glare —
Of sharp glass windows.
A narrow square of brick jerks thickly up above the cotton plants,
A raucous mercantile thing flaring the sun from thirty-six windows,
Brazenly declaring itself to the lovely fields.
Tram-cars run like worms about the feet of this thing,
The coffins of cotton-bales feed it,
The threshed wheat is its golden blood.
But here it has no feet,
It has only the steep ironic grin of its thirty-six windows,
Only its basilisk eyes counting the fields,
Doing sums of how many buildings to a city, all day and all night.

Once they went a-riding, a-riding,
 Over the great long plain.
 Cowboys singing to their dogey steers,
 Cowboys perched on forty-dollar saddles,
 Riding to the North, six months to get there,
 Six months to reach Wyoming.
 " Hold up, paint horse, herd the little dogies.
 Over the lone prairie."
 Bones of dead steers,
 Bones of cowboys,
 Under the wheat, maybe.

The sky-scraper sings another way,
 A tune of steel, of wheels, of gold.
 And the ginger breeze blows, blows all day
 Tanged with flowers and mold.
 And the Texas sky whirls down, whirls down,
 Taking long looks at the fussy town.
 An old sky and a long plain
 Beyond, beyond, my bridle-rein.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What picture do we get in the second stanza?
2. What vivid contrast to the above picture follows?
3. How does the author feel toward this change of life in Texas?
4. What is the contrast between old and new again presented in the last stanza?

VOLUNTEER WORK

One pupil should prepare a brief talk on pioneer life in Texas.

THE RUNAWAY

By ROBERT FROST (1875-)

This beautiful little poem is full of that sympathy with animals and understanding of them which only one who truly loves them can possess. A little colt has seen his first snowfall and doesn't know what to make of it. Notice how the poet speaks of the colt as if it were a bewildered little child and not merely a dumb beast.

Once, when the snow of the year was beginning to fall,
We stopped by a mountain pasture to say "Whose colt?"
A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall,
The other curled at his breast. He dipped his head
And snorted to us. And then he had to bolt.
We heard the miniature thunder where he fled
And we saw him or thought we saw him dim and gray,
Like a shadow against the curtain of falling flakes.
"I think the little fellow's afraid of the snow.
He isn't winter-broken. It isn't play
With the little fellow at all. He's running away.
I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes,
It's only weather.' He'd think she didn't know.
Where is his mother? He can't be out alone."
And now he comes again with a clatter of stone
And mounts the wall again with whited eyes
And all his tail that isn't hair up straight.
He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies.
"Whoever it is that leaves him out so late,
When other creatures have gone to stall and bin,
Ought to be told to come and take him in."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How can you account for the antics of the colt? What picture does he present as he gallops to and fro?
2. What lines show the sympathy and kindheartedness of the poet?
3. Have you ever seen a little colt trying to become accustomed to the strange world about him? See whether you can describe his actions.

WORK

By HENRY VAN DYKE (1852-)

Did you ever get the feeling that the work you are doing is dull, monotonous, uninspiring — that you are sick and tired of it and don't care whether it is done well or not? If you ever felt that way, it was because you were not taking the right attitude toward your work. The poet indicates that no matter how small or petty your work may seem to be, it is

still of value to the world and to mankind. It is therefore worth while for you to say to yourself what the poet suggests in the lines which he has put in quotation marks.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
 In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
 In roaring market place or tranquil room;
 Let me but find it in my heart to say,
 When vagrant wishes beckon me astray:
 "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
 Of all who live, I am the one by whom
 This work can best be done in the right way."
 Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
 To suit my spirit and to prove my powers.
 Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
 And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall,
 At eventide, to play and love and rest,
 Because I know for me my work is best.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. In the first three lines, the author suggests various kinds of work. What are they?
2. In what lines is the underlying thought most forcibly expressed?
3. What element is there in work which makes it interesting? Do some people think that this element is missing in their work? How can this attitude be changed?

A VAGABOND SONG

By BLISS CARMAN (1861—)

This poem breathes the spirit of freedom which animates the poet. Autumn is in the air, and the world is a blaze of crimson and yellow. He throws all care to the wind and goes to seek the beauties of Nature among the hills and vales.

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood —
 Touch of manner, hint of mood;
 And my heart is like a rhyme,
 With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
 Of bugles going by.
 And my lonely spirit thrills
 To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
 We must rise and follow her,
 When from every hill of flame
 She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Have you ever felt what the poet describes? Did you do as he did? Tell of your experiences while on a tramp through the hills during an autumn day.
2. What does the poet mean by a "hill of flame"?
3. Did you ever want to "play hooky" in October? Why? Were you tempted by the thoughts expressed in the last stanza?

TIME, YOU OLD GYPSY MAN *

By RALPH HODGSON (1871-)

Old Father Time, like an old gypsy man, is eternally restless. No matter how fervent the appeal, he never tarries, but goes ever onward. Man may desire to arrest his travels for a while, but he is deaf to all pleadings. This poem compares Time to an old gypsy who is urged forward by the Wanderlust in his blood.

Time, you old gypsy man,
 Will you not stay,
 Put up your caravan
 Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
 Will you be my guest,
 Bells for your jennet ¹
 Of silver the best,

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¹ Horse.

Goldsmiths shall beat you
 A great golden ring,
 Peacocks shall bow to you,
 Little boys sing,
 Oh, and the sweet girls will
 Festoon ² you with May.
 Time, you old gypsy,
 Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,³
 Last night in Rome,
 Morning, and in the crush
 Under Paul's dome; ⁴
 Under Paul's dial
 You tighten your rein —
 Only a moment,
 And off once again;

Off to some city
 Now blind in the womb,
 Off to another
 Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gypsy man,
 Will you not stay,
 Put up your caravan
 Just for one day?

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What effect is produced by comparing Time to an old gypsy? Does it strengthen the picture we get of old Father Time?
2. Which lines contain an ardent appeal? Why does the author begin and end his poem with this appeal?
3. Why do we sometimes desire Time to stop? Make a list of reasons why people desire Time to tarry for a while. Discuss these in class.

² Decorate with looped chains.

³ A famous ancient city.

⁴ St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

ROSES IN THE SUBWAY

By DANA BURNET (1888-)

The poet sees a bunch of roses, beautiful red roses, in the drab setting of a subway train. They appear to him like flowers from fairyland; they recall boyhood days when he saw his mother admiring the roses in the garden.

A wan-cheeked girl with faded eyes
Came stumbling down the crowded car,
Clutching her burden to her breast
As though she held a star.
Roses, I swear it! Red and sweet
And struggling from her pinched white hands,
Roses . . . like captured hostages
From far and fairy lands!

The thunder of the rushing train
Was like a hush. . . . The flower-scent
Breathed faintly on the stale, whirled air
Like some dim sacrament —

I saw a garden stretching out
And morning on it like a crown —
And o'er a bed of crimson bloom
My mother . . . stooping down.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What two pictures are contrasted in the poem?
2. Does the beauty of the roses seem doubled by their background? Explain.
3. What memory and picture are brought to the poet's mind by the sight of the roses?

SEA FEVER *

By JOHN MASEFIELD (1874-)

The sea has always had a magnetic attraction for the adventurous. Once the thrill of sailing the seas is experienced, it can never be forgotten. The author, who spent many years at sea himself, is strongly imbued with this "sea fever," and the following is a vigorous expression of his great desire to sail the seas once more. Notice how the rhythm of the poem suggests the tossing of the waves and the heave and roll of the ocean.

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
 And the wheel's kick ¹ and the wind's song and the white sail's
 shaking,
 And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
 And the flung spray and the blown spume,² and the seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
 To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a
 whetted ³ knife;
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,⁴
 And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What are some of the striking pictures presented in this poem?
2. Have you ever felt the lure of the sea? Tell of the time when you felt like running away and becoming a sailor.
3. Make a list of sea poems to be found in this book, and prepare the one you like best for reading to the class.

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¹ The steering-wheel is hard to control because it moves suddenly.

² The spray. ³ Sharpened.

⁴ Another wanderer.

THE WEST WIND *

By JOHN MASEFIELD (1874-)

The poet is far from his native land. As he faces in the direction where his country lies, he feels the warm west wind playing on his face, and his thoughts turn to England, the land of his birth. In his mind's eye he sees the beauties of the countryside decked with its April garments, and it seems to him that the wind is whispering in his ear and urging him to return.

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine,
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine.
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

"Will ye not come home, brother? ye have been long away,
It's April, and blossom time, and white is the may;
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the rain, —
Will ye not come home, brother, home to us again?

"The young corn is green, brother, where the rabbits run,
It's blue sky, and white clouds, and warm rain and sun.
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's brain,
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring again.

"Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green wheat,
So will ye not come home, brother, and rest your tired feet?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for aching eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries.

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It's the white road westward is the road I must tread
 To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart and head,
 To the violets and the warm hearts and the thrushes' song,
 In the fine land, the west land, the land where I belong.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What are some of the beauties of Nature which the author depicts?
2. Read Browning's "Home Thoughts from Abroad," and see how that poet expresses his love for England and her beautiful countryside.
3. What other poems which you know portray the longing of a traveler for his native land? Make a list of them in the order of your preference.

AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY ON THE PRAIRIE *

By VACHEL LINDSAY (1879-)

The appearance of the sun changes as the day passes. It looks altogether different in the morning from what it does in the evening. Here are four beautiful word-pictures of the sun as it courses across the heavens.

(In the Beginning)

The sun is a huntress young,
 The sun is a red, red joy,
 The sun is an Indian girl,
 Of the tribe of the Illinois.

(Mid-morning)

The sun is a smouldering fire,
 That creeps through the high gray plain,
 And leaves not a bush of cloud
 To blossom with flowers of rain.

(Noon)

The sun is a wounded deer,
 That treads pale grass in the skies,
 Shaking his golden horns,
 Flashing his baleful eyes.

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(Sunset)

The sun is an eagle old,
There in the windless west,
Atop of the spirit-cliffs
He builds him a crimson nest.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. The poet makes use of figurative language to paint his pictures. What are the four pictures which are thus presented? Which do you like best?
2. Do you think that the reading of this poem has given you a better appreciation of the changing beauty of the sun?
3. "An Indian Summer day in the city." Write a simple impression of the sun as you have seen it on such a day.

AN APRIL MORNING

By BLISS CARMAN (1861-)

That most fruitful of poetic subjects — spring — is used again in this beautiful lyric. The poet, full of joy on realizing that spring at last has arrived, depicts the world as it is arrayed in its spring costume.

Once more in misted April
The world is growing green,
Along the winding river
The plumey willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things
No languor ever knew.

The golden wings and bluebirds
 Call to their heavenly choirs.
 The pines are blued and drifted
 With smoke or brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden
 Where little breezes run,
 The golden daffodillies
 Are blowing in the sun.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. This poem gives us a number of beautiful pictures of spring. Which do you like best? Which is most vivid to you?
2. How does this poem compare with other poems on spring that you have read? Name some of them. Which do you like best?

DAISIES

By BLISS CARMAN (1861-)

The beauties of Nature are an endless source of inspiration. To those who know how to look for them, the world takes on a rosier hue. The author of this poem sees in the waving and dancing of daisies a symbol of joy and optimism.

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune
 I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
 A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
 The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
 The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
 And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"
 And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"



I HEAR THE WOODLANDS CALLING

By MADISON CAWEIN (1865-1914)

Autumn, with its glorious flashes of gold, yellow, and crimson, has at last arrived. The flaming colors of the woods and fields proclaim that it has come. The poet, entranced by the season, personifies Autumn and goes out into the woodlands to seek her.

I hear the woodlands calling, and their red is like the blare
Of trumpets in the air,
Where rebel Autumn plants her tents and crowns her gypsy hair.

I hear her beauty calling glad, with crimson and with gold,
As oft it called of old;
And I must forth and greet her there and clasp her close and hold.

As yesterday, again today, my heart will run to her,
The gypsy wanderer,
Through scarlet of the berry-pool and purple of the burr.

The vines that vision forth her cheeks shall tell me where she lies,
Soft gazing at the skies;
And I will steal upon her dreams and look into her eyes.

The sumach that repeats her lips shall tell me where she smiles,
Who still my heart beguiles,
And I will speak her face to face and lounge with her for miles.

A riot and a tangle there, a blur of gold and gray;
 She surely went this way —
 Or, so it seems, the maples cry, the cloudy asters say.

Oh, I must up and strike the trail, that often I have gone,
 At sunset and at dawn,
 Where all the beauty of the world puts all her splendor on.

I hear her bugles on the hills; I see her banners blowing,
 And all her camp-fires glowing, —
 The camp-fires of her dreams, — and I — I must be up and going.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What are the signs which Autumn leaves behind her as she passes along?
2. What picture depicted by the author appears to you most vivid?
3. Did you ever stop to note the beauties of Autumn? Which season of the year do you prefer? Why?

SPRING SONG *

By HILDA CONKLING (1910- .)

Hilda Conkling is one of the most gifted child poets of the twentieth century. She has spoken and written poetry from the age of four, and her poems are surprisingly clear and filled with beautiful images. The following poem is a little song of spring and the beauties which come with the season.

I love daffodils.
 I love Narcissus when he bends his head.
 I can hardly keep March and Spring and Sunday and daffodils
 Out of my rhyme of song.
 Do you know anything about the spring
 When it comes again?
 God knows about it while winter is lasting.

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Flowers bring him power in the spring,
And birds bring it, and children.
He is sometimes sad and alone
Up there in the sky trying to keep his worlds happy.
I bring him songs
When he is in his sadness and weary.
I tell him how I used to wander out
To study stars and the moon he made,
And flowers in the dark of the wood.
I keep reminding him about his flowers he has forgotten,
And that snowdrops are up.
What can I say to make him listen?
"God," I say,
"Don't you care!
Nobody must be sad or sorry
In the spring-time of flowers."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What pictures does this little poet of Nature bring to your mind?
2. How does she try to comfort God when she believes Him sad?

APRIL WEATHER

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE (1856-)

We have all felt the thrill that comes with the spring. Delicate buds, green grass, and other wonderful signs show us that spring has returned. We feel life reborn in us, and our hearts leap with joy at the thought that the long winter months are over. April weather is spring weather. In this poem the author expresses her joy that April weather has at last arrived.

Oh, hush, my heart, and take thine ease,
For here is April weather!
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together.

The thrush is back with his old note;
 The scarlet tulip blowing;
 And white — ay, white as my love's throat —
 The dogwood boughs are growing.

The lilac bush is sweet again;
 Down every wind that passes
 Fly flakes from hedgerow and from lane;
 The bees are in the grasses.

And Grief goes out, and Joy comes in,
 And care is but a feather;
 And every lad his love can win,
 For here is April weather.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Why does the poet express joy at the coming of spring?
2. What are the various signs of spring which make the poet rejoice?
3. Which season of the year do you like best? Give reasons.
4. Explain the meaning of the last stanza. What does the poet mean in the line, "And care is but a feather"?

I MEANT TO DO MY WORK TODAY

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE (1866—)

It is a glorious day outdoors. Beautiful sights and sounds are everywhere. These appeal to the poet so intensely that, throwing work to the winds, he goes out to enjoy them to the full.

I meant to do my work today
 But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
 And a butterfly flitted across the field,
 And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
 Tossing the grasses to and fro,
 And a rainbow held out its shining hand —
 So what could I do but laugh and go?

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What are some of the things which the poet saw and heard that caused him to neglect his work?
2. Does this poem appeal to a city dweller? To a country dweller? Give reasons.

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE (1866-)

This poem personifies May, building her house. The "house" is the great out-of-doors.

May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house of petal and blade;
Of the roots of the oak is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows, the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;

Yea : out of the winter's flying sleet
 She is making all the summer sweet,
 And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
 She is changing back again to spring's.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Have you ever seen the pictures which the poet portrays? Describe some of them in your own words.
2. How does May build her house? What goes to make up the flooring, the carpet, the windows, the roof?

A BAND OF BLUEBIRDS IN AUTUMN *

By WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE (1856-)

The poet is wandering through fields and woods which have been touched by the colorful hand of autumn. As he walks along he hears a band of bluebirds and stops to listen to their happy song. He thinks of the time when winter will come, and he treasures up this incident as one of the "melodious memories" of Indian summer.

Oh, happy band of bluebirds,
 Brave prophets of the spring,
 Amid the tall and tufted cane,
 How blithesomely you sing!
 What message haunts your music
 'Mid autumn's dusky reign?
 You tell us Nature stores her seeds
 To give them back in grain!

Your throats are gleeful fountains,
 Through which a song-tide flows;
 Your voices greet me in the woods,
 On every wind that blows!
 I dream that heaven invites you
 To bid the earth "good-by";
 For in your wings you seem to hold
 A portion of the sky!

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Oh, happy band of bluebirds,
 You could not long remain
 To flit across the fading fields
 And glorify the grain. . . .
 You leave melodious memories,
 Whose sweetness thrills me through;
 Ah, if my songs were such as yours,
 They'd almost touch the Blue!

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What effect does the song of the bluebirds have on the author?
2. What is the message which the bluebirds convey in their music?
3. Compare "A Band of Bluebirds" with "The Daffodils." Which poem do you like better, and why? Each gives us the impression of a poet.



POEMS OF LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM

PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

This pledge of loyalty is made by schoolchildren throughout the country. In its few lines it presents the ideals and aspirations of our great republic, of which our flag is the symbol.

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America,
 And to the Republic for which it stands —
 One nation — indivisible —
 With Liberty and Justice for all.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By JOHN McCRAE (1872-1918)

Some of the fiercest battles of the war were fought in Flanders, the "battleground of Europe." Crimson poppies, the emblems of sleep, bloom in wild profusion, and white crosses mark the graves of thousands of soldiers who lie buried there. The author of this poem, an officer in the medical corps of the Canadian Army, was deeply moved by this impressive sight. His poem portrays the spirit of those who died in the battles on that field. They are voicing an appeal to carry on. The author himself died at the front in January, 1918.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
 Between the crosses, row on row,
 That mark our place; and in the sky
 The larks still bravely singing fly,
 Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
 We are the dead. Short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
 To you from falling hands we throw
 The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
 If ye break faith with us who die,
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields.

THIS CRIMSON FLOWER

By C. B. GALBREATH (1858-)

Many poems were written in answer to the appeal of "In Flanders Fields." One of the best known is that by Galbreath. He assures those who died in battle that their work is being carried on by the living.

In Flanders fields, the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom,
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well.
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.
Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe or sleep with you
In Flanders fields.

AMERICA

By SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH (1808-1895)

Our national hymn was written by a classmate of another well-known American poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is said that the author came across a German version of "God Save the King" and thought of making an American song to fit the tune of that famous English anthem. Soon "America" was written. It is now sung on practically every patriotic occasion, and every American should learn both the words and the tune.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Make a list of patriotic songs which are sung throughout the land.
2. What pictures of American landscapes are suggested in the second stanza?
3. Every boy and girl should be sure of the words of this song.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1780-1843)

All Americans know and love this song of ours — "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was written under stirring circumstances in 1814, during the course of the struggle known as the War of 1812. The author, Francis Scott Key, a lawyer of Baltimore, went aboard the British admiral's fleet in

the harbor to arrange for an exchange of prisoners. He was detained on board ship during the night, while the British fleet bombarded Fort McHenry. During that trying night, Key strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of our flag. With the first rays of dawn, he saw that the flag was still flying, and in his joy and pride he sat down and wrote these verses. The words were set to an old English air, and soon the song was known and loved all over America.

I

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous flight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

CHORUS

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

II

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.

CHORUS

'Tis the star-spangled banner, Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

III

Oh! thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a Nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."

CHORUS

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Memorize the poem, especially the first and third stanzas, and be prepared to sing it as well as you possibly can.
2. Explain in your own words the meaning of the following lines:

Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."

CONCORD HYMN

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

This poem was written to celebrate the completion on July 4, 1836, of a battle monument in honor of a great event in our history, and to interpret the meaning of that event—the stand of the minute men against the British troops at Concord at the opening of the Revolution. The poet used the simplest words and expressions; yet the result was perfect form and sincere emotion. Note the choice of words in the first stanza and the rugged force of the meter, expressive of the "embattled farmers."

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may her dead redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the most famous line of this poem? Explain its meaning.
2. Explain the meaning of the second stanza. What idea about life does it suggest?
3. Explain the meaning of the last stanza.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

By KATHARINE LEE BATES (1859-)

Love of country is a theme which has inspired many fine poems. This lyric depicts the beauties of our land and presents in a glowing light those American ideals and aspirations which have helped to make our country what it is today. Like "America," it has become widely known as a hymn of praise and love, and as such is sung by school children throughout the land. "That the hymn has gained, in these twenty-odd years, such a hold as it has upon our people, is clearly due to the fact that Americans are at heart idealists, with a fundamental faith in human brotherhood."

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

“ ‘America the Beautiful’ was written in its original form in the summer of 1893. I was making my first trip west. After visiting at Chicago the World’s Fair, where I was naturally impressed by the symbolic beauty of the White City, I went on to Colorado Springs. Here I spent three weeks or so under the purple range of the Rockies, which looked down with surprise on a summer school.

“ We strangers celebrated the close of the session by a merry expedition to the top of Pike’s Peak, making the ascent by the only method then available for people not vigorous enough to achieve the climb on foot nor adventurous enough for burro-riding. Prairie wagons, their tail-boards emblazoned with the traditional slogan, ‘Pike’s Peak or Bust,’ were pulled by horses up to the half-way house, where the horses were relieved by mules. It was then and there, as I was looking out over the sea-like expanse of fertile country spreading away so far under those ample skies, that the opening lines of the hymn floated into my mind. When we left Colorado Springs the four stanzas were pencilled in my notebook, together with other memoranda, in verse and prose, of the trip. The hymn as printed above is the final version.”

KATHARINE LEE BATES

AMERICA FOR ME

By HENRY VAN DYKE (1852—)

The poet, a famous author, preacher, and statesman, had been the United States minister to Holland for four years. Finally he began to yearn for his own homeland across the sea. *Europe is beautiful*, he says, but nothing can surpass the wonders of his own country. The poem is an expression of his joyful feelings at the thought of returning to the land of his birth, America.

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings —
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free —
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

THE NAME OF FRANCE

By HENRY VAN DYKE (1852—)

When the United States entered the World War, everybody was caught by a great wave of enthusiasm which swept over the country. France, one of the Allies which suffered most from the ravages of the war, was acclaimed on all sides as a martyr to the cause of civilization and humanity. This poem, by that famous author and statesman, Henry Van Dyke, expresses this exalted feeling of sympathy for France.

Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art —
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right —
A name like a star, a name of light.

I give you *France!*

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood —
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong —
A name that rings like a battle-song.

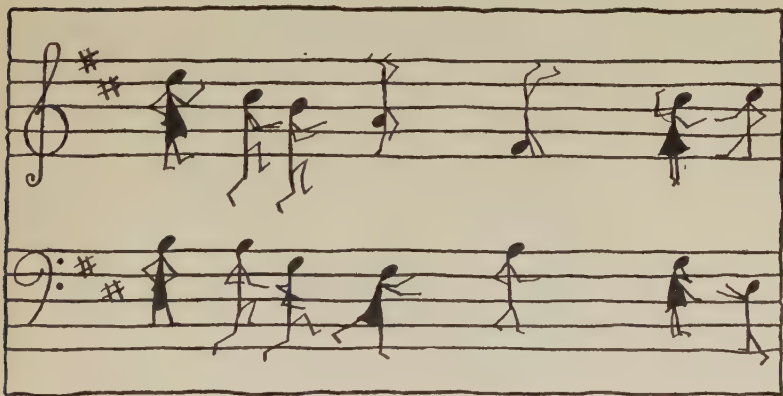
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword —

A name that calls on the world to share
 In the burden of sacrificial strife
 Where the cause at stake is the world's free life
 And the rule of the people everywhere —
 A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.
 I give you *France!*

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Explain the meaning of the first stanza. What sentiments are expressed in the last stanza?
2. What effect is produced by the repetition of certain words and phrases?



SONGS: POEMS WRITTEN FOR MUSIC

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

By JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)

Addison received the inspiration for this wonderful hymn from Psalm XIX, which says that "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." He sees in every act of Nature, in every movement of the planets, the hand of God.

The spacious firmament on high
 With all the blue ethereal ¹ sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim:
 Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And, nightly, to the listening Earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ² ball?
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs ³ be found:
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is divine."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

By STEPHEN C. FOSTER (1826-1864)

There are more beautiful melodies and greater poems than the words and music of this song, but in few other songs does one find so perfect a harmony between the two. Without the music the words may seem ordi-

¹ Light, airy; pertaining to the heavens.

² Earthy.

³ Spheres, globes; hence heavenly bodies.

nary. When sung, they seem suddenly to become full of color and emotion. The theme is the plaint of the negro, a wanderer longing for home and home folks. Every line calls up pictures of the poor southern negro and his family. Foster's songs are the nearest approach to folk songs that we have.

Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
 Far, far away;
 Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
 Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation,
 Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.

REFRAIN

All de world am sad and dreary,
 Ebrywhere I roam.
 Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All around de little farm I wander'd
 When I was young;
 Den many happy days I squander'd,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing wid my brudder,
 Happy was I;
 Oh, take me to my kind old mudder,
 Dere let me live and die!

One little hut among de bushes,
 One dat I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a-humming,
 All round de comb?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming
 Down in my good old home?

HOME, SWEET HOME

By JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792-1852)

This beautiful and touching melody expresses the poet's longing and desire to return to the home of his childhood and to see once again the familiar and well-loved scenes where he grew to manhood. Many have been the persons who, with tears in their eyes, have echoed the yearnings of the poet as they thought of home when in foreign lands. The author wrote sadly, "The world has sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer since my boyhood."

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call —
Give me them! — and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!



POEMS TO MAKE YOU LAUGH

In addition to the serious poems grouped in the narrative and lyric sections, this book has set aside some pages for nonsense verse. "It takes a man of sense to write nonsense." Some of the best writers of such poetry are Thomas Hood, Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, Arthur Guiterman, Gelett Burgess, Christopher Morley, Hilaire Belloc, and Walter de la Mare.

JOHN GILPIN

By WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

It seems strange that a man who suffered from melancholy should write a poem as humorous as this. But that is the story. One day a friend of the poet attempted to cheer him up by telling him of John Gilpin's ride. Cowper was so amused that he decided to write a ballad with the ride as subject.

John Gilpin was a citizen
 Of credit and renown;
 A trainband captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
 "Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

"Tomorrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself, and children three
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we."

He soon replied — "I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear;
 Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
 As all the world doth know;
 And my good friend the calender
 Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin — "That's well said;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane;
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

“ Good lack ! ” quoth he, “ yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.”

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o’er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So “ Fāir and softly,” John he cried;
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,

What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed;
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, " Well done ! "
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
" He carries weight ! " " He rides a race ! "
" 'Tis for a thousand pound ! "

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen;
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here’s the house! ”
They all at once did cry;
“ The dinner waits, and we are tired.”
Said Gilpin — “ So am I.”

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? His owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender’s,
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

“ What news? what news? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all? ”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke :

“ I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here —
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word.
But to the house went in ;

When straight he came, with hat and wig —
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit :
“ My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

“ But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John — “ It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,
 " I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here ;
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah ! luckless speech and bootless boast,
 For which he paid full dear ;
For while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why ? They were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
 She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell,
" This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised a hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space,
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

By LEWIS CARROLL (1832-1898)

Charles L. Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, was singularly gifted as a writer of humorous stories and poems. His most famous nonsense books are *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*. There is hardly a boy or girl who has not read at least one of these books.

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun!”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand:
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it would be grand!”

“If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“That they could get it clear?”
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“O Oysters, come and walk with us!”
The Walrus did beseech.
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said :
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat :
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four ;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low :
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

“ The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“ To talk of many things :
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings.”

“ But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“ Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat ! ”
“ No hurry ! ” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"

"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"

The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice.

I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick.

After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"

The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."

With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!"

Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What stanzas appeal to you as most humorous?
2. Why does the old oyster refuse to leave the oyster bed?
3. What moral is hidden beneath the nonsense?

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT

By JOHN HAY (1838-1905)

This humorous modern ballad relates the story of a king who imagined himself afflicted with some terrible disease. How he allowed himself first to be humored by quacks and then how he finally discovered the true cure is very well told.

*Fytte ye Firste: wherein it shall be shown how ye Truth is too
mightie a Drugge for such as be of feeble temper.*

The King was sick. His cheek was red
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat, —
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble,
If they recovered they paid him well,
If they died their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, " You're as sound as a nut."
 " Hang him up," roared the King in a gale,
 In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
 The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
 And thus his prescription ran,—
 The King will be well, if he sleeps one night
 In the Shirt of a Happy Man.

*Fytte ye Seconde: telleth of ye search for ye Shirte and how it was
 nigh founde but was notte, for reasons which are sayd or sung.*

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
 And fast their horses ran,
 And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
 But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
 And rich who thought they were poor;
 And men who twisted their waists in stays,
 And women that short hose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
 And both bemoaned their lot;
 For one had buried his wife, he said,
 And the other one had not.

At last as they came to a village gate,
 A beggar lay whistling there;
 He whistled and sang and laughed and rolled
 On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
 At the scamp so blithe and gay;
 And one of them said, " Heaven save you, friend!
 You seem to be happy today."

“O yes, fair sirs,” the rascal laughed
And his voice rang free and glad,
“An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad.”

“This is our man,” the courier said ;
“Our luck has led us aright.
“I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt tonight.”

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black ;
“I would do it, God wot,” and he reared with the fun,
“But I haven’t a shirt to my back.”

*Fytte ye Thirde: Shewing how Hys Majestie ye King came at last
to sleepe in a Happie Man his Shirte.*

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom ;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled
In his own appointed way ;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the King was well and gay.

THE TWINS

By HENRY S. LEIGH (1837-1883)

The close resemblance of twin brothers and the mistakes arising from it have offered a rich soil for humor in prose, poetry, and the drama. The poem given below is an example of this sort of humor.

In form and feature, face and limb,
 I grew so like my brother,
 That folks got taking me for him,
 And each for one another.
 It puzzled all our kith and kin,
 It reached an awful pitch;
 For one of us was born a twin,
 Yet not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),
 Before our names were fixed,
 As we were being washed by nurse
 We got completely mixed;
 And thus, you see, by Fate's decree,
 (Or rather nurse's whim),
 My brother John got christened *me*,
 And I got christened *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogg'd
 My footsteps when at school,
 And I was always getting flogg'd,
 For John turned out a fool.
 I put this question hopelessly
 To every one I knew —
 What *would* you do, if you were me,
 To prove that you were *you*?

Our close resemblance turned the tide
 Of my domestic life;
 For somehow my intended bride
 Became my brother's wife.

In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistake went on;
And when I died — the neighbors came
And buried brother John!

SUFFERING

By NATHALIA CRANE (1913—)

A little adventure is told in such a droll way in the following poem that it instantly tickles our sense of humor. This selection is from a book of poems written by Nathalia Crane and published when she was only eleven years old.

I sat down on a bumble bee
In Mrs. Jackson's yard.
I sat down on a bumble bee;
The bee stung good and hard.

I sat down on a bumble bee
For just the briefest spell,
And I had only muslin on,
As any one could tell.

I sat down on a bumble bee,
But I arose again;
And now I know the tenseness of
Humiliating pain.

IN DEFENSE OF CHILDREN

By ARTHUR GUTTERMAN (1871—)

Though parents think their children rude,
Especially about their food,

And call their table manners low,
I really have not found them so.

I never yet have known a boy,
 From Skaneateles to Troy,

 From Sacramento to New York,
 Who took his porridge with a fork;

 Nor any girl beneath the moon
 Who managed mince-pie with a spoon;

 Nor any child, in all my life,
 That ate its ice-cream with a knife!

THE BALLAD OF DENNIS MCGINTY

By DANA BURNET (1888-)

This rollicking ballad in Irish brogue gives us a fine picture of a girl whose ambition dwindles as she grows older and older and finds herself still unmarried. She who would first marry none but a king finally marries the humble but patient Dennis McGinty.

"I will marry none but a King," she said,
 Wid a flash av her eye, and a toss av her head;
 (And she was but barely turned twinty).
 And all av the lads who came ridin' down,
 They smothered their sighs and wint back to town —
 All excipt Dennis McGinty.

"I will have me a riyal Prince to wed,
 A Prince on a milk-white steed," she said;
 (And she was then two-and-twinty).
 And all av her lovers, they looked at their nags,
 And fled wid their hear-rts in their saddle-bags,
 All excipt Dennis McGinty.

"I will marry a landed lord," she cried,
 "Wid castles tall and acres wide;"
 (And she was then four-and-twinty).
 But all av her gallants, they turned away,
 For divil a bit av a castle had they,
 All excipt Dennis McGinty.

" I will marry the bravest who comes," she sighed,
 " The man av most courage shall have me to bride ;"
 (And she was then six-an-twenty).
 And out came the weapons for miles around,
 And all the lads fought till they fell to the ground —
 All excipt Dennis McGinty.

" At least I will marry a man," she said,
 Wid a blush to her cheek and a hang to her head ;
 (And then she was eight-and-twenty).
 But there wasn't the likes av a marryin' lad
 Left alive in the land — excipt wan, bedad,
 And — she married Dennis McGinty.

NONSENSE RHYMES *

By GELETT BURGESS (1866—)

These are just what the title says they are — nonsense rhymes. A little nonsense now and then fills a want which we often feel, and poets like Burgess endeavor to satisfy it. He has succeeded admirably in rhymes which are perfect examples of that art.

I

*On DIGITAL EXTREMITIES:
 A Poem, and a Gem It Is!*

I'd Rather have Fingers than Toes;
 I'd Rather have Ears than a Nose;
 And As for my Hair,
 I'm Glad it's All There;
 I'll be Awfully Sad, when it Goes!

II

*THE PURPLE COW'S Projected Feast:
 Reflections on a Mythic Beast,
 Who's quite Remarkable, at Least.*

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I never saw a Purple Cow,
 I never hope to see one;
 But I can tell you, anyhow,
 I'd rather see than be one!

THREE FAMOUS LIMERICKS

By COSMO MONKHOUSE (1840-1901)

Limericks appeal to all, both young and old. How often have children spent hours reading limericks, and laughing themselves sick at the extremely funny situations and phrasing. Following are three typical examples.

I

There was a young lady of Niger
 Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
 They returned from the ride
 With the lady inside,
 And the smile on the face of the tiger.

II

The poor benighted Hindoo,
 He does the best he kindo;
 He sticks to caste
 From first to last;
 For pants he makes his skindo.

III

A lady there was of Antigua,
 Who said to her spouse, "What a pig you are!"
 He answered, "My queen,
 Is it manners you mean,
 Or do you refer to my figuah?"

TWO TRICKY LIMERICKS

By CAROLYN WELLS (1868?—)

These limericks produce a humorous effect by puns. A pun is the humorous use of a word to suggest different meanings, or of words of the same sound with different meanings. So great a poet as Shakespeare was not afraid to sprinkle his lighter passages with puns as thickly as plums in a pudding.

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
“ Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot? ”

A canner, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
“ A canner can can
Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he? ”

SOME LIMERICKS *

There once was a man of Calcutta
Who spoke with a terrible stutter.
At breakfast he said,
“ Give me b-b-bread,
And b-b-b-b-b-butter.”

There was an old man of Blackheath,
Who sat on his set of false teeth.
Said he with a start,
“ O Lord, bless my heart!
I've bitten myself underneath! ”

* From Louis Untermeyer's *This Singing World*.

There was an old man of Peru,
Who dreamt he was eating his shoe,
He woke in the night
In a terrible fright —
And found it was perfectly true!

There was a young lady of Lynn,
Who was so uncommonly thin
That when she essayed
To drink lemonade,
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

AN EGGSTRAVAGANCE

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher
Called a hen a most elegant creature.
The hen, pleased with that,
Laid an egg in his hat —
And thus did the hen reward Beecher!

GENERAL REVIEW TOPICS IN POETRY

1. Each member of the class will choose one poem about Nature, practice reading it aloud, and then read it to the class.
2. Choose the funniest poem in the book.
3. Each pupil should write the title of the poem that he liked best, with the name of its author.
4. Prepare a program for Arbor Day and choose selections from the poetry in this book suitable for the occasion.
5. Make a list of poems in this book under the following headings:
 - a. Those I have enjoyed most.
 - b. Those that have made me think most.
 - c. Those most worth memorizing.
6. Choose and read aloud to the class one of the poems from the Home Reading List in poetry. Give your class the idea of the poem as you see it.
7. Pick out poems which show how a poet can give meaning to the simple things of life.

8. Have a committee tabulate the vote of the class on the following questions about the poetry in this book:

- a. The funniest poem.
- b. The saddest.
- c. The hardest to read.
- d. The easiest to read.

9. Make a collection of quotations which you might call "Lines I Like Best from Poems I have Read."

10. Name the title of the poem and the author of each quotation below:

- a. The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.
- b. Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
- c. Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
- d. Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
- e. This is my own, my native land.
- f. I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills.
- g. For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.
- h. O beautiful for spacious skies!
- i. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
- j. Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

HOME READING

BOOKS OF POETRY OLD AND NEW

Broadhurst and Rhodes	<i>Verse for Patriots</i>
Crane, Nathalia	<i>Janitor's Boy</i>
Davis, Mary G.	<i>Girl's Book of Verse</i>
De la Mare, Walter	<i>Come Hither</i>
Field, Eugene	<i>Poems of Childhood</i>
Fish, H. D.	<i>Boy's Book of Verse</i>
Gordon and King	<i>Verse of Our Day</i>
Guiterman, Arthur	<i>The Mirthful Lyre</i>
	<i>Ballads of Old New York</i>
Huber, Bruner, Curry	<i>Poetry Book (Books 7-8)</i>
Jerrold, Walter	<i>Book of Story Poems</i>
Kipling, Rudyard	<i>Songs for Youth</i>
Lieberman, Elias	<i>Poetry for Junior High Schools</i>
	(Books I and II)
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth . .	<i>Complete Poems</i>
Lowell, James Russell	<i>Complete Poems</i>

Matthews, Brander	<i>Poems of American Patriotism</i>
Morley, Christopher	<i>Rocking Horse</i>
Morris and Adams	<i>It Can Be Done</i>
Noyes, Alfred	<i>Complete Poems</i>
Olcott, Frances Jenkins	<i>Story-Telling Poems</i>
Palgrave, Francis T. . . .	<i>Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics</i>
Repplier, Agnes	<i>Book of Famous Verse</i>
Riley, James Whitcomb	<i>Child Rhymes</i>
Stempel, Guido H. . . .	<i>Book of Ballads</i>
Stevenson, Burton E. . . .	<i>Home Book of Verse</i>
Teasdale, Sara	<i>Rainbow Gold</i>
Teter, George	<i>One Hundred Narrative Poems</i>
Thompson, Blanche J. . . .	<i>Silver Pennies</i>
Untermeyer, Louis	<i>Modern American Poetry</i> <i>Modern British Poetry</i> <i>This Singing World</i> <i>Yesterday and Today</i>
Wells, Carolyn	<i>A Book of Humorous Verse</i>
Whittier, John Greenleaf	<i>Complete Poems</i>
Wiggin, Kate Douglas, and Smith, Nora A.	<i>Golden Numbers</i> <i>Pinafore Palace</i> <i>Posy Ring</i>
Wynne, Annette	<i>For Days and Days</i>

DRAMA



DRAMA

A play or drama is a scene from life unfolded through the action and the dialogue of the persons in the story. In a play the dramatist says nothing himself, makes no explanations, but lets the characters and their actions speak for themselves. Therein he differs from the ordinary prose writer or the poet.

Plays may be read for pleasure as you read a novel or short story. The drama is a literary type which is growing more popular in the world of today, although it is one of the oldest and most popular forms of literature. In earlier days, in the time of Shakespeare especially, most plays were written in verse. Today, almost all dramas are in prose.

A drama is a story of life told through the speeches and actions of characters. Action is its life-blood. The very word "drama" means to do or act.

The beginning of drama was the speech of the cave man to his companions sitting about the camp-fire. The next step came with dialogue, when a second person replied, and the two had a conversation. Then followed the play of many characters, acting out a thrilling story that kept the listeners in suspense.

In later school years, you will study the technique of the drama. You will learn then the principles on which the story of a drama is divided into acts and scenes, as the story of a novel is divided into parts or chapters.

In your reading of the novel and short story you learned how a story moves forward from introduction to climax. The writers of plays use the same methods in their construction as the authors of other narratives. Plays which we have inherited from an older day are divided into five acts. This is not a necessary plan, and it is rarely followed in modern plays which are usually limited to three acts. Many plays have been written in one act only. This book will limit itself to presenting an interesting group of one-act plays. The next will treat a complete Shakespearean play.

The plays here given should be acted in the classroom, first, in simple style, and then in costume before the assembly of students if possible.

THE THREE WISHES *

A FRENCH FOLK PLAY

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

The play given below is based on a folk tale which is to be found in one form or other in almost all the countries of Western Europe. It emphasizes the lesson that a person who has enough to satisfy his simple wants should not spend his life in making useless wishes for wealth and power far beyond his station in life. In this play, the plot is subordinated to the theme.

Characters

ANDRÉ RENAUD

LIZETTE, *his wife*

THE STRANGER

SCENE: *A Breton kitchen, the home of André Renaud and Lizette. A cobbled hearthstone at left. A shelf above it with iron candlesticks, and some bits of pewter ware. An iron pot simmers on the fire.*

In the background a door opening on the road without. On each side of the door small windows, curtained in chintz.

In the center of the room a plain pine table. On each side of the table two wooden chairs, very quaint in shape.

Against the right wall a spinning-wheel, a cupboard, and another chair. The room has an air of neatness and plain-living. At the rise of the curtain Lizette is lighting a candle which she places on the table. Its bluish flame sends a flickering shadow on one side of her white cap; while the other side of her cap catches a rosy reflection from the glow of the fire. Lizette's somewhat shrewish face is half-hidden as she bends. She wears a laced peasant bodice, woolen skirt, and wooden shoes.

* From *Silver Thread and Other Folk Plays* by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, copyright by Henry Holt and Company; copyright, 1910, by *The Churchman*.

André is poking the fire. He is costumed in the loose shirt, full breeches, and sabots of a man of his class.

The tableau is held for an instant after the curtain rises, so that the effect it presents is like a Boutet de Monvel painting.

LIZETTE (*shielding her candle with her hand*). Heaven save us, what a draught there is! I can scarcely strike a light! Draw the curtains fast, André!

ANDRÉ (*crossing to window*). Hark to the wind, Lizette! (*Looks out.*) You should see the leaves! They are dancing across the ground like so many children around a Fairy Tree. And, in spite of the gusts, there's not a cloud in the sky, and the road lies white and lonely in the moonlight.

LIZETTE (*going to and fro from cupboard with cups, plates, bread-platter, black bread, cheese, etc., which she places on the table*). And lonely and white it will be only a few weeks hence when the snow is at our very doors, and we with only enough wood to keep the hearth a-blaze. I wish we had such chimney-logs as they burn in the great château on the hill.

ANDRÉ (*grumbling*). Little good that will do us when we have nothing to roast on them. We've no fat fowls to be cooking every day, nor sweetbreads nor wines to be tempting our palates.

LIZETTE (*complainingly*). I wish we lived in a great house, André.

ANDRÉ. Or could ride in a coach like the viscount and his lady.

LIZETTE (*with a magnificent gesture*). Up the road to our château! Often I picture it! Ah, how I wish that it were true! Such sights as would draw all the neighbors! (*With emphasis.*) Rose-gardens!

ANDRÉ. Pasties!

LIZETTE. Terraces!

ANDRÉ. Truffles!

LIZETTE. I wish — (*The wind without gives a mocking, desirous shriek. Lizette starts.*)

ANDRÉ. It is only the wind, Lizette.

LIZETTE. Day of my life, but it makes me shiver! And yet you say it is a clear night, André?

ANDRÉ. Of a crystal clearness, Lizette. Clear as White Magic.

LIZETTE (*with a sniff*). White Magic, indeed!

ANDRÉ. Nay, now, Lizette, those words are ill-spoken. Does not Mammet Boison declare that on Autumn nights enchantments walk abroad, and that shadows are not the only things astir beneath the moon's light?

LIZETTE. Old wives' folly, André. Old wives' folly. Those who sit long by the hearthstone begin to tell tales and dream dreams! (*A knock on the door without.*) There now, André, there's some village gossip, I'll be bound. Open the door. It may be either Jacques or François.

THE STRANGER (*entering as André lifts the latch, garbed in leaf-brown, with a scarlet cap and swirling brown cloak that suggests a spirit of Fall*). Neither, good madam. You have quite mistaken.

LIZETTE (*hospitably*). Well, then, Monsieur, the welcome that we would have given to Jacques or François is given to you instead. Will you not sup with us?

THE STRANGER (*crossing to hearth*). I thank you, no. I have but little time to stay. I will but warm my hands and be going.

ANDRÉ. Are you strange to these parts, Monsieur?

LIZETTE (*aside*). Be still, André! He may know these parts as well as you!

THE STRANGER. I am as strange to them as the wind that blows to you from across the world, and as familiar with them as the smoke that rises from your chimney. (*As he speaks, Lizette looks at him in doubt as to how to take his words, a doubt which slowly gives place to belief and amazement.*)

ANDRÉ. Have you relatives hereabout, Monsieur?

THE STRANGER. Ay, truly. I am near kin to the Autumn leaves, and first cousin to the mists of evening.

ANDRÉ. The saints preserve us! (*Lizette still stares.*)

THE STRANGER. Often have I passed down the road by your door, and always have I heard you wishing, wishing. And since it is the way with wishes that sooner or later they must be fulfilled, I am come to make you a gift. And as sign and symbol that what I say is true, I bring you a branch from a Fairy Tree. (*Places branch with Autumn leaves on shelf above hearthstone, and then moves toward the door. Lizette in right foreground, and André in left foreground, take a step in the stranger's direction, their eyes never leaving his.*) Three wishes will I give you, and they will all come true, so look well how you do your wishing! (*He pauses by the door with arm upraised, the cloak falling back from it fantastically. The wind shrieks without, the door claps to again, and he is gone. For a moment André and Lizette stare at the place where the Stranger has been standing; then they glance at each other, and Lizette, with a toss of the head, recovers from her first stupor of surprise.*)

LIZETTE. Look well to the wishing, indeed! Are we likely to forget it? Come, draw up your chair, André. We can talk while we eat.

ANDRÉ. We did not even stop to thank him, Lizette, or to bid him good speed on his journey. (*They take their seats at table, but are much too excited to think of eating.*)

LIZETTE. Well, such news is enough to make one forget all manners. Think of it, André. Three wishes! What a stir we'll make among the neighbors! Marie Michaud will be green with envy. Think of all that we shall own.

ANDRÉ (*fired by visions of splendor*). We'll have a coach to ride in, Lizette.

LIZETTE. And I'll have a robe of satin.

ANDRÉ. A suit of velvet for me. Knee-breeches. Silver buckles. (*He rises; his supper lies forgotten.*)

LIZETTE (*also rises, forgetting her supper*). A necklace to go with my satins! A great house! Servants. A driveway. Such sights as will set folk a-staring. Picture it, André. Such splendor! O, it is wonderful, wonderful!

ANDRÉ (*nodding*). There's never been anything like it!

LIZETTE. Our pockets golden-lined. It is astounding, amazing!

ANDRÉ (*by hearthstone, stirring fire under pot*). And is it not of a drollness to think that tomorrow we shall be so rich, while tonight we sit here by the embers? Ah, how I wish there was a fine brown pudding in that pot, and then —— (*A moment's stupefaction. André and Lizette look at each other.*)

LIZETTE (*breaking out wildly*). André! André! A thousand pests upon you! You have used up one of our fine wishes, and what have you got for it? We might have been rich with that wish, or young, or long-lived, or a thousand other things, and now you have ruined it, ruined it!

ANDRÉ (*his back to the audience, peering into pot, his hands apparently shielding his eyes*). Well, I've had my wish, and you can have the other two. At least there is a pudding, Lizette.

LIZETTE (*outraged*). A pudding — a pudding! Ah, I could break my heart to see you so careless and stupid, staring into that pot as if it contained gold! Could you not *think*? Could you not *see* where your folly was leading you? Ill-luck go with you and your pudding! I wish it would stick to your nose and then you'd remember to —— Oh!! (*Shrieke, as André with a cry raises his head, the pudding firmly attached to his nose.*) André! André! The saints have mercy! What will become of us now?

ANDRÉ (*in a muffled voice*). Cut it! Cut it!

LIZETTE (*seizing knife from table, and vainly trying to do as he desires*). I cannot! I cannot!

ANDRÉ. Pull it, Lizette!

LIZETTE. It will not cut! It will not pull!

ANDRÉ (*imploring*). Try again, Lizette.

LIZETTE (*doing everything in her power and talking passionately*). Day of my heart! I can do nothing! Nothing! A thousand sorrows on the hour the Stranger came to us! What will the neighbors say when they see you? Oh, we shall be a laughing-stock! Even Marie will jeer at us! Oh, André, the nose seems to grow longer every moment!

ANDRÉ. Wish it off, then, Lizette. Wish it off. I gave you the other wishes, and now one word will set me free.

LIZETTE. Day of my life, do you think me crazed? Do you think I will waste the last wish of all?

ANDRÉ. Lizette, I implore you!

LIZETTE. Never!

ANDRÉ. Lizette, I beseech you!

LIZETTE. Never!

ANDRÉ. It was you who wished it on, Lizette.

LIZETTE. It was you, André, who called the pudding into the pot, not I.

ANDRÉ. That is true, Lizette. I cannot deny it. And yet one wish ——

LIZETTE. With that one wish we shall be rich and happy!

ANDRÉ. Happy! We're far from rich, Lizette, it is true; yet now that I think on it, we've always had enough.

LIZETTE (*greedily*). And now we'll have more!

ANDRÉ. Harken, Lizette! What's that? A sound? I thought I heard somebody tapping.

LIZETTE (*listening*). A footstep? Neighbors? There again there's tapping. (*André starts for the door. Lizette with a look of horror darts to him, utterly losing her head at the thought of the prying folk who may be without.*) André! André! Back! Back! I spoke in jest. Oh, not for all the riches in the world would I have the neighbors laugh at *you*! Oh, thank the saints

there is one wish left, and with that wish I wish that the pudding would go! (*The pudding drops off; Lizette opens the door.*) Why, there's not a soul in sight! 'Twas nought but that Autumn wind a-rattling at the latch.

ANDRÉ (*with instant remorse*). Lizette, Lizette, you have wasted your wishes!

LIZETTE (*wiping her eyes on her apron*). Wasted, indeed! Could you ride in a coach with a nose like that, or sit at a Lord Mayor's banquet?

ANDRÉ. Banquet, Lizette! Never speak to me of banquets! No, nor of puddings, be they great or small. My mind will never rest till I see this one is ashes. (*Pops it into fire.*)

LIZETTE. That's it, André. Make a good riddance.

ANDRÉ (*at hearthstone*). And the branch of the Fairy Tree, Lizette? What shall we do with it?

LIZETTE. If I were you, André, I would burn it, and that right quickly. I've had enough of magic for one evening.

ANDRÉ (*still holding branch*). Nay, look, Lizette, at the leaves of the Fairy Tree. See, one of them unrolls, and there is something written on it! (*Leaf unrolls, a kind of scarlet parchment.*)

LIZETTE (*holding candle*). Read it, André. You are a keener scholar than I.

ANDRÉ (*reads*). "André and Lizette, beware of too many wishes. It is better to have enough of anything than too much."

LIZETTE. That must be the Stranger's message to us, André.

ANDRÉ. To us and no other. (*Puts branch into fire.*)

LIZETTE (*putting down candle*). The Stranger spoke truth, André.

ANDRÉ (*rubbing his nose reflectively*). He did, indeed, Lizette.

LIZETTE. Let's eat our black bread and be thankful! (*They take their places at the table as the curtain falls.*)

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What were the three wishes? Explain the meaning of the writing on the parchment.
2. How is the uselessness of mere wishes brought out? Where is the idea best expressed in the play?
3. Discuss the characters of André and Lizette. Are they typical of many persons who waste time in vain longings for what they do not possess?
4. What three wishes would you have made?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Let a group of pupils learn the parts, rehearse the scenes, and present the play in the assembly or class.

THE SNOW WITCH*

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

Many persons are dissatisfied with their lot. They gaze with envy on other people and yearn to be in their place. This folk play of Russia shows us that it is best to be satisfied with one's lot, for the person we envy may bear a heavier burden than our own.

Characters in the Play

MARINA, *old peasant woman*

SILVER-SONIA, *the Snow Witch*

PAUL, *the sledge-driver*

PRINCESS VALESKA, *Russian noblewoman*

IVAN, *handsome soldier lad*

FOMA, *pretty village girl*

SCENE: *The home of Marina. A bare, plain room. A door in background, left. Beyond it a tiny window. A hearth at right with a chair beside it. Against the left wall a cupboard. Beneath the window a deal table. On it a few cups of earthenware,*

* Reprinted by arrangement with Henry Holt and Company.

and a small brass samovar. On the platter a loaf of black bread. At the rise of the curtain, Marina is looking out through the tiny window, breathing on it to get a clear space, for it is heavily frosted. The samovar is steaming; near it the wick of a squat brass lamp burns with a blue flame; the hooded hearth sends out a cheerful, rosy glow that gives the room an air of comfort, in spite of the meagerness of its furnishing.

MARINA [*rubbing at window*]. It is a fine night, and a cold. Ai! How sharp the stars are shining! They are as white as the snow that covers the steppes! ² And the snow—how it is whirling whenever the wind passes. Now it blows like a white scarf; now it seems to move and tower as if—— [*Turns, facing audience, and rubs her eyes.*] The whiteness must have blinded me; for I thought I saw the snow move like a human shape, a woman with a crown of frost-leaves. [*Turns again to window.*] No! No! I was but dreaming! There are the village lights, and there's no one passing, though I can hear the faint, far sound of music from where the lads and girls are dancing. [*Crosses to hearth.*] Dancing! No! No! Marina, your feet are too old for that! Your youth lies far behind you. You've only the singing steam and the fire to keep you company. [*Wind gives a gust, without.*] There's the wind again! 'Tis like a voice that's calling. [*Returns to window, rubs it, and peers out.*] There's the snow still whirling with the wind, and looking like—— [*Starts back from window.*] Nay, I was right! 'Twas something moving! [*Peers again.*] Now, as I live, it is the Snow Witch whom folk call Silver-Sonia—she who goes abroad before the flakes come flying! I wonder why she is looking at my window!

SILVER-SONIA [*knocking at the door without*]. Marina! Marina! Let me in!

MARINA. She knocks! She calls me! [*Hesitates.*] Shall I open the door, or no? All the Snow Witch ever does is to wander about before a storm. [*Silver-Sonia knocks again.*] I never heard of her working harm to any one; so why should I grudge to lift the latch? [*Opens the door.*]

² The plains of Russia.

SILVER-SONIA [*crossing the threshold, a white-clad glittering figure, wreathed with frost, and with something very stately in her bearing*]. There are good witches and evil witches, Marina. All those who live in Bitter Russia know it well. And they know, too, that I have never used my powers for aught save the sheltering of the furry folk of the forest, and the enlightening of those who live in villages. I am a prophecy, a warning. When folk see me, they say: "A storm is coming. Let us put off our journey till it passes." Sometimes I tread the deserted highway. Sometimes I pause at the hearths of humans. Tonight I saw the friendly gleam of your window, and I said: "Marina is alone. She will make me welcome." [*Turns to Marina, who has backed away from her, somewhat over-awed.*] It is not of my will I go a-roving; but when the wild winds blow I feel their echo here in my heart. Then must I forth, whether I will or no.

MARINA [*timidly*]. Is there to be a storm tonight?

SILVER-SONIA. Nay. But tomorrow the clouds will gather, and there will be a snowstorm. Tonight, 'tis sharp and clear! Tomorrow — flakes a-flying! [*As she speaks the silverish gauze that floats from her sleeve whirls as with presage³ of coming storm as she raises her arm.*]

MARINA. You must see strange sights, Silver-Sonia!

SILVER-SONIA. I see the great white wastes where never a human stirs! I see the midnight forests black against the stars. I see the huddled villages with tiny lights in their windows. I see the bleak harvest fields, where the drifts lie deeply, and where the lone gray wolf is fleet as a moving shadow.

MARINA [*beginning to recover from her awe, and wake to a sense of manners*]. Will you not be seated, Silver-Sonia?

SILVER-SONIA. Beneath a roof? Nay, nay. I must be with the storm-wind. Yet ere I leave the steppes of the village I will return to you; for I see that my going grieves you, good Marina. And for those who love a hearth, what hearth could shine brighter! You must be happy in this home of yours, Marina.

³ Foreboding.

MARINA [*bitterly*]. Happy! An old woman happy! With all my years behind me, and no joy to come!

SILVER-SONIA. Yet you have many comforts, Marina.

MARINA. Comforts! To be living here old and lonely? Do you call that comfort? I've had my fill of such! If I were young, now, like some of our village girls, or rich like the Princess Valeska — [*Grumbles.*] There's not a soul hereabout but what must be happier than I!

SILVER-SONIA [*quietly*]. How would you like to change, Marina?

MARINA [*looking at Silver-Sonia, half-fascinated, half-fearful*]. Change — Do you mean — Have you power to make me change —

SILVER-SONIA. But lay your hand in the hand of the human whom you envy most, and then you will change places. Ah, I see! You only half-believe me. Look into my eyes, Marina. [*Marina does as she is bid.*] You do not doubt me now.

MARINA [*brushing her hand across her own eyes and speaking to herself*]. There is magic in her eyes! They are like deep wells with stars in them!

SILVER-SONIA. Now you can change your lot, Marina. You can be another than yourself.

MARINA [*joyfully*]. And some one else will be changed into poor old Marina! [*Suddenly pausing in her delight.*] But what would a neighbor do if she were changed to Marina? Would she look like me? Would she talk like me? And what would the neighbors say if she told them that she was no longer herself, though she stood in my skin?

SILVER-SONIA. They would say, "Poor Marina has gone mad today. The White Fox has bitten her."

MARINA [*again overjoyed*]. So they would! So they would! None would know I had done it! Oh, to think I can change from being myself! It is a great gift you have given me!

SILVER-SONIA [*at door*]. When I return I will find how you have used my gift. I will know whose lot in life you have chosen for your own! Choose wisely, Marina Machinoff! [*Exit Sonia.*]

MARINA. Choose! I've the whole village to choose from! [*Suiting her step and actions to the words.*] Young women, old women, middle-aged! I can be what I like! Only to lay my hand in the hand of the one I envy most! [*A light breaking over her face.*] Why, I can be a man! [*Again suiting her action to the word as she walks up and down.*] A soldier, a sledge-driver, a mojuk! And when we have changed places, how the soldier will rage to find himself in petticoats! Knitting instead of marching! [*Laughs to herself.*] Ai! What a jest it would be! I'll place my hand in his, so! And then—— [*Laughs to herself, and then wipes her eyes.*] But, after all, it is better to stay a woman. [*Sits by hearth.*] Now, let me see, who shall I be? [*Telling off her neighbors on her fingers.*] Marya Topliff? No! No! Her nose is far too long! Alla Povlova? But her step is halting. Besides, they're poor. And to be happy one must be rich and noble. Hark! [*Nearer and nearer come the sounds of sleighbells.*] Sleighbells! And of silver! Who can be passing? Can it be some one with whom I might change places? [*There comes the sound of a whip-handle knocking on the door. Marina hastens to open it, and Paul, the sledge-driver, stands on the threshold, wrapped in furs.*]

PAUL. Have you a fire here? Fire and shelter for the Princess Valeska?

MARINA [*overcome*]. The Princess! [*Paul stands back. The Princess enters. She is richly garbed, and, after a glance about the room, sweeps to the fire at left.*] Excellency, all that I have is at your Excellency's service. [*Looks at Paul.*] Your Excellency's sledge-driver?

PRINCESS VALESKA [*at fire*]. Let him wait without. [*Exit Paul.*]

MARINA [*to herself*]. To be a sledge-driver! Not for a thousand kopecs ⁴ would I lay my hand in his!

⁴ A kopec is a Russian coin of small value.

PRINCESS VALESKA [*at fire*]. Good peasant ——

MARINA [*starting forward*]. Can I serve your Excellency?

PRINCESS VALESKA [*who has unfastened her cloak*]. The warmth of your fire has served me, good peasant, and I must be going on. How do they call you?

MARINA [*bowing humbly*]. They call me Marina, Excellency. Will your Excellency taste my tea? It is all I have to offer.

PRINCESS VALESKA [*more to herself than to Marina*]. No! No! I only want the warmth. I am afraid of the night. I shiver through my furs.

MARINA. You fear the night, Excellency?

PRINCESS VALESKA. The night and the robbers.

MARINA [*startled*]. Robbers!

PRINCESS VALESKA. It comes of having gold and jewels. Always they follow me. Sometimes they start like shadows from the edge of the forest, and sometimes they gallop after me to my very doors.

MARINA [*gasping*]. Shield us! Have mercy! I should die of terror!

PRINCESS VALESKA [*shuddering*]. Even in my dreams I see them — their greedy, cruel eyes. Why, have *you* never shaken in your sleep, good mother?

MARINA [*vehemently*]. Oh, never, never, never!

PRINCESS VALESKA. Have you never driven homeward with your heart thudding with fear? Ah, I see! Peace dwells beneath your roof! A Princess must go like a Princess; but a peasant is safe from danger. It is a free and happy moment I have spent with you, Marina, and therefore you may take my fingers within your own. You may kiss my hand.

MARINA [*starting forward, and then drawing back as she remembers*]. Oh, no, no, no! I mean — I kiss your fingers, Excel-

lency! [*With her hands held tightly behind her back, Marina bends over the Princess's outstretched hand.*] How should I touch so snowy a hand as yours with a palm that is as rough as mine! [*Kisses the Princess's hand.*] The honor overcomes me!

PRINCESS VALESKA. My cloak, Marina.

MARINA [*assisting her*]. May your Excellency speed well and safely!

PRINCESS VALESKA. I thank you. [*Exit Valeska. Sleighbells grow fainter and fainter.*]

MARINA. If she had made me put my hand in hers — Ah, I shiver to think of it! Darkness and robbers! [*Shivers again.*] I would not be the Princess for a thousand rubles! ⁵ [*Dance music begins outside, drawing nearer and nearer.*] It is always ill luck to be a woman. If I were only a lad, with the world before me! There's Ivan now — So tall, so strong, so handsome! He'd be the match for a dozen robbers!

IVAN [*laughing in doorway*]. Why, so he would, dushenka, unless they were a match for him. [*Dance music grows nearer.*]

MARINA. Oh, Ivan, how you startled me!

IVAN. Did you not hear me knock? The world is full of surprises!

MARINA. It is, indeed. What would you say, now, Ivan, if you should find yourself turned into an old woman like me? [*Folds her arms and regards him.*]

IVAN [*folding his arms and regarding her*]. And what would you say if you found yourself a soldier? Ah, you think I look wonderful now with the cloak and the clanking sword; but you should see us on the march with our shoes frozen to our feet, and nothing to eat except crusts and snow! You would not envy us then, I give you my hand upon it! [*Stretches out his hand.*]

MARINA [*starting back*]. No! No! Do not give me your hand. I will take your word. I will take your word. Listen!

⁵ A ruble is a Russian coin formerly worth about fifty cents.

There's music, Ivan. The dancers must be coming here! [*With a gay shout Marina's door is opened, and the dancers dance in and fill the room, lads and girls in peasant costumes. As they pass Marina she reaches out her hand and stays one of the girls.*]

MARINA. There is no one here as beautiful, as light of foot as you, pretty Foma. Will you lay your hand in mine and take a step or two with an old woman?

FOMA [*stretching out her hand, and then pausing as there comes the far-off howl of a wolf*]. What sound is that?

IVAN [*jesting*]. The Were Wolf ⁶ is calling you, Foma.

MARINA [*starting back*]. Heaven save us! You cannot mean what you are saying! It is not true that the wicked powers of the forest have cast a spell on Foma?

FOMA [*holding out her hand*]. Come, neighbor Marina, the music is calling us!

MARINA [*drawing back*]. No! No! My feet are too old for dancing. I spoke in jest, pretty Foma. [*Foma turns away, laughing, and joins the other dancers. The village fiddler has been unflagging in his music, and Foma, with the others, turns towards the door. One by one all the dancers cross the threshold and disappear into the night, save Ivan, who lingers for a moment with Marina.*]

MARINA [*anxiously*]. And you, too, spoke in jest, did you not, Ivan? It is not true that the powers of the forest have put a spell on Foma?

IVAN [*half-smiling, half-serious*]. You cannot tell about another's life, good neighbor. There are dark spells woven in the shadow, and bright spells woven in the sun. No life is all sun or all shadow. [*Exit Ivan.*]

MARINA [*coming slowly and thoughtfully back to the center of the room*]. I do not know whether he be in jest or in earnest; but of one thing am I certain: I will not try to change places with any.

⁶ The legendary Were Wolf was a doomed soul in the body of a wolf.

The Princess is always in terror ; Ivan must suffer as he marches ; and Foma — Was it true about the Were Wolf or was Ivan jesting, I wonder ? Well, be that as it may, I am glad I did not lay my hand in hers. No ! No ! It is better to be just one's self, with one's own burdens !

SILVER-SONIA [*entering softly*]. Well spoken, Marina ! I see you have learned true wisdom. See you, the fire has burned low, and the charm has ended. You may lay your hand in mine without fear. Look once again into my eyes, Marina. [*Marina does as she is bid. Sonia slips a white ring into Marina's hand, and then goes softly out the door.*]

MARINA [*delighted*]. A ring ! A gift from Silver-Sonia ! What says it ? [*Reads.*]

Choose not another's lot or pelf,
Happiness lies within thyself !

I am thinking the Snow Witch speaks truly !

CURTAIN

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Do you think that Marina's final choice was wise ? Why ?
2. Have you ever felt dissatisfied with your lot ? What would you choose to be ? What would be the advantages of such a change ? The disadvantages ?

VOLUNTEER WORK

3. If possible, let pupils memorize the parts and present the play before the school.

HOME READING

BOOKS OF PLAYS AND DRAMATIZATIONS OF STORIES

Barnum, M. D.	.	.	.	.	<i>School Plays for All Occasions</i>
Butler, Mildred A.	.	.	.	.	<i>Literature Dramatized</i>
Cohen, Helen Louise	.	.	.	.	<i>The Junior Play Book</i>

Comstock, F. A. . . .	<i>Lady of the Lake</i> (Sir Walter Scott)
Dickens, Charles	<i>Short Plays from Dickens</i>
Garnett, Louise A. . . .	<i>Three to Make Ready</i>
Harris, Francis H. . . .	<i>Plays for Young People</i>
Isaac, F. J.	<i>Tony Sarg Marionette Book</i>
Jagendorf, M. A.	<i>One Act Plays for Young Folks</i>
Krohn, Josephine E. . . .	<i>Old King Cole and Other Mediaeval Plays</i>
Lord, Katherine	<i>Little Play Book</i>
Lutkenhaus, Anna	<i>Story and Play Readers, Vol. I.</i>
Mackay, Constance D'Arcy	<i>Plays of the Pioneers</i> <i>Patriotic Plays and Pageants</i>
Merington, Marguerite	<i>Festival Plays</i>
Moses, Montrose J.	<i>A Treasury of Plays for Children</i>
Smith, Evelyn	<i>Form Room Plays — Senior Book</i>
Thomas, C. S.	<i>Atlantic Book of Junior Plays</i>

BIBLIOGRAPHY *

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO SEVENTH AND EIGHTH YEAR PUPILS

TALES OF PIRATES

Kempton, Kenneth Payson	<i>Phantom Gold</i>
Lesterman, John	<i>Adventures of a Trafalgar Lad</i>
Paine, Ralph D.	<i>Blackbeard, Buccaneer</i>
Pease, Howard	<i>Tattooed Man</i>
Sabatini, Rafael	<i>Captain Blood</i>
Smith, Arthur H.	<i>Porto-Bello Gold</i>
Stevenson, Robert Louis	<i>Kidnapped</i>
Stockton, Frank R.	<i>Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast</i>

BY-GONE DAYS

Bennett, John	<i>Master Skylark</i>
Buchan, John	<i>Path of the King</i>
Chambers, Robert W.	<i>Cardigan</i>
Dix, Beulah Marie	<i>Little Captive Lad</i>
	<i>Merrylips</i>
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan	<i>White Company</i>
Haggard, H. Rider	<i>Allan Quartermain</i>
Knapp, Adeline E.	<i>Boy and the Baron</i>
Knipe, E. A., and A. A. Knipe	<i>Diantha's Quest</i>
Marshall, Bernard	<i>Cedric, the Forester</i>
Masefield, John	<i>Jim Davis</i>
	<i>Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger</i>
Pulsiford, Henry A.	<i>Old Brig's Cargo</i>
Pyle, Howard	<i>Merry Adventures of Robin Hood</i>
Skinner, Constance	<i>White Leader</i>
Stevenson, Robert Louis	<i>Black Arrow</i>
Sublette, C. M.	<i>Scarlet Cockerel</i>
Tomlinson, E. T.	<i>Princeton Boy Under the King</i>
Twain, Mark	<i>Prince and the Pauper</i>
White, Edward Lucas	<i>Andivius Hedulio</i>
Whitehead, A. C.	<i>Standard Bearer</i>

GIRL LIFE

Adams, Katherine	<i>Toto and the Gift</i>
Alcott, Louisa M.	<i>Old-Fashioned Girl</i>
Brown, Alice	<i>Secret of the Clan</i>

* Briefer lists for home reading will be found throughout the book.

Brown, Helen	<i>College Girls</i>
Clarke, Rebecca	<i>Doctor's Daughter</i>
Forbes, Helen Cady	<i>Mary and Marcia, Partners</i>
Garland, Hamlin	<i>Daughter of the Middle Border</i>
Gates, Eleanor	<i>Biography of a Prairie Girl</i>
Jewett, Sarah Orne	<i>Betty Leicester</i>
Lee, M. C.	<i>Quaker Girl of Nantucket</i>
Nash, Harriet A.	<i>Polly's Secret</i>
Price, Edith B.	<i>John and Susanne</i>
Seaman, Augusta H.	<i>Boarded-Up House</i>
Skinner, Constance Lindsay	<i>Becky Landers, Frontier Scout</i>
Webster, Jean	<i>Daddy-Long-Legs</i>
	<i>Dear Enemy</i>
Wiggin, Kate Douglas	<i>Polly Oliver's Problem</i>
	<i>Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm</i>

PIONEER LIFE

Austin, Mrs. J. G.	<i>Standish of Standish</i>
Baillie, W. A.	<i>Camps in the Rockies</i>
Connor, Ralph (C. W. Gordon)	<i>Man from Glengarry</i>
Cooper, James Fenimore	<i>Last of the Mohicans</i>
Custer, Elizabeth B.	<i>Boots and Saddles</i>
Garland, Hamlin	<i>Son of the Middle Border</i>
Hough, Emerson	<i>Covered Wagon</i>
	<i>54-40 or Fight</i>
Roosevelt, Theodore	<i>Ranch Life and Hunting Trail</i>
Schultz, James W.	<i>Bird Woman</i>
Stewart, Elinore P.	<i>Letters of a Woman Homesteader</i>
Twain, Mark	<i>Roughing It</i>
White, Stewart Edward	<i>Blazed Trail</i>
	<i>Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout</i>

BOY LIFE

Boyesen, Hjalmar	<i>Against Heavy Odds</i>
Buchan, John	<i>Hunting Tower</i>
Crump, Irving	<i>Og, Boy of Battle</i>
Davis, Richard Harding	<i>Stories for Boys</i>
Hughes, Thomas	<i>Tom Brown's School Days</i>
Kipling, Rudyard	<i>Kim</i>
Mukerji, Dhan Gopal	<i>Hari, the Jungle Lad</i>
Page, Thomas Nelson	<i>Two Little Confederates</i>
Stockton, Frank R.	<i>A Jolly Fellowship</i>
White, Stewart Edward	<i>Simba</i>

HISTORICAL NOVELS

"Romance is the poetry of literature." — MADAME NECKER

Bennett, John	<i>Master Skylark</i>
Blackmore, R. D.	<i>Lorna Doone</i>

Boyd, James	<i>Drums</i>
Chambers, Robert W.	<i>Little Red Foot</i>
Dickens, Charles	<i>Barnaby Rudge</i>
	<i>Tale of Two Cities</i>
Doyle, Arthur Conan	<i>Exploits of Brigadier Gerard</i>
Dumas, Alexandre	<i>Three Musketeers</i>
	<i>Twenty Years After</i>
Ford, Paul Leicester	<i>Janice Meredith</i>
Gras, Felix	<i>Reds of the Midi</i>
Hugo, Victor	<i>Notre Dame de Paris</i>
Johnston, Mary	<i>To Have and to Hold</i>
Kingsley, Charles	<i>Westward Ho!</i>
Mitchell, S. Weir	<i>Adventures of François</i>
	<i>Hugh Wynne</i>
Runkle, Bertha	<i>Helmet of Navarre</i>
Sienkiewicz, Henryk	<i>With Fire and Sword</i>
Singmaster, Elsie	<i>Emmeline</i>
Smith, F. Hopkinson	<i>Kennedy Square</i>
Snedeker, C. D.	<i>Spartan, The</i>
Stevenson, Robert Louis	<i>Black Arrow</i>
	<i>David Balfour</i>
Thompson, Maurice	<i>Alice of Old Vincennes</i>
Twain, Mark	<i>Prince and the Pauper</i>
Weymann, Stanley	<i>Gentleman of France</i>

BOOKS OF SENTIMENT

Abbott, Eleanor Hallowell	<i>Molly Make-Believe</i>
Allen, James Lane	<i>Kentucky Cardinal</i>
Bacheller, Irving	<i>Man for the Ages</i>
	<i>Dri and I</i>
Bailey, Temple	<i>Trumpeter Swan</i>
Barr, Amelia E.	<i>Bow of Orange Ribbon</i>
	<i>Trinity Bells</i>
Barrie, James M.	<i>Little Minister</i>
Brontë, Charlotte	<i>Jane Eyre</i>
Brush, C. P.	<i>Colonel's Opera Cloak</i>
Catherwood, Mary	<i>Romance of Dollard</i>
Davis, Richard Harding	<i>Princess Aline</i>
Farnol, Jeffery	<i>Amateur Gentleman</i>
	<i>Broad Highway</i>
Forman, H. J.	<i>Man Who Lived in a Shoe</i>
Fox, John, Jr.	<i>Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come</i>
Frederic, Harold	<i>In the Valley</i>
Gaskell, Mrs.	<i>Cranford</i>
Harrison, Henry Sydnor	<i>Queed</i>
Hope, Anthony	<i>Prisoner of Zenda</i>
Hough, Emerson	<i>Covered Wagon</i>
Jackson, Helen Hunt	<i>Ramona</i>
Johnston, Mary	<i>To Have and to Hold</i>

Kyne, Peter B.	<i>Cappy Ricks</i>
Lincoln, Joseph C.	<i>Galusha the Magnificent</i>
Martin, Helen R.	<i>Tillie, a Mennonite Maid</i>
Montgomery, L. M.	<i>Anne of Green Gables</i>
Norris, Kathleen	<i>Mother</i>
Orczy, E. (Baroness)	<i>Scarlet Pimpernel</i>
Page, Thomas Nelson	<i>Red Rock</i>
Reade, Charles	<i>Cloister and the Hearth</i>
Rice, Alice Hegan	<i>Lovey Mary</i>
Runkle, Bertha	<i>Helmet of Navarre</i>
Sabatini, Rafael	<i>Scaramouche</i>
Tarkington, Booth	<i>Monsieur Beaucaire</i>
Thompson, Maurice	<i>Alice of Old Vincennes</i>
Webster, Jean	<i>Daddy-Long-Legs</i>
Wilson, Harry Leon	<i>Merton of the Movies</i>
Wister, Owen	<i>Virginian, The</i>

TRAVEL BOOKS — "THE WANDERLUST SHELF"

Beebe, William	<i>Jungle Peace</i>
Bishop, Farnham	<i>Panama, Past and Present</i>
Boni and Liveright (publishers)	<i>These United States</i>
Branch, Douglas	<i>Cowboy and His Interpreters</i>
Buchan, John	<i>Last Secrets</i>
Dana, Richard Henry	<i>Two Years Before the Mast</i>
Dodge, Mary Mapes	<i>Land of Pluck</i>
Du Chaillu, Paul	<i>Country of the Dwarfs</i>
	<i>Land of the Long Night</i>
	<i>Lost in the Jungle</i>
Franck, Harry A.	<i>Working My Way Around the World</i>
Hall, Jennie	<i>Buried Cities</i>
Hartley, George Inness	<i>Boy Hunters of Demerara</i>
Grey, Zane	<i>Roping Lions in the Grand Canyon</i>
Lavarre, William	<i>Up the Mazaruni for Diamonds</i>
Loring, J. A.	<i>African Adventure Stories</i>
Lummis, Charles F.	<i>Some Strange Corners of Our Country</i>
Marr, J. W. S.	<i>Into the Frozen South</i>
Mitton, G. E.	<i>Book of London for Young People</i>
Parkman, Francis	<i>Oregon Trail</i>
Putnam, David Binney	<i>David Goes Voyaging</i>
	<i>David Goes to Greenland</i>
Rawson, Kenneth Langley	<i>Boy's-Eye View of the Arctic</i>
Roosevelt, Kermit	<i>Happy Hunting Grounds</i>
Roosevelt, Theodore	<i>Ranch Life and Hunting Trail</i>
Sedgwick, Anne Douglas	<i>Childhood in Brittany</i>
Shackleton, Sir Ernest	<i>South</i>
Slocum, Capt. Joshua	<i>Sailing Alone Around the World</i>
	<i>Around the World in the Good Sloop</i>
	<i>Spray</i>
Stanley, Henry M.	<i>How I Found Livingstone</i>

Stanley, Henry M.	<i>My Black Companions; Their Strange Stories</i>
Starr, Frederick	<i>Strange Peoples</i>
Stuck, Hudson	<i>Ten Thousand Miles in a Dog Sled</i>
Tomlinson, E. T.	<i>Places Young Americans Want to Know</i>
Tomlinson, H.	<i>Sea and the Jungle</i>
Turley, Charles	<i>Voyages of Captain Scott</i>
Twain, Mark	<i>Roughing It</i>
	<i>Tramp Abroad</i>
Wallace, Dillon	<i>Lure of the Labrador Wild</i>
White, Stewart Edward	<i>Blazed Trail</i>
Williams, Archibald	<i>Romance of Early Exploration</i>
	<i>Romance of Modern Exploration</i>

HALF A HUNDRED SEA YARNS

Borup, George	<i>Tenderfoot with Peary</i>
Bullen, Frank T.	<i>Cruise of the Cachalot</i>
Connelly, James B.	<i>Out of Gloucester</i>
Cooper, James Fenimore	<i>Pilot, The</i>
Dana, Richard Henry	<i>Two Years Before the Mast</i>
Defoe, Daniel	<i>Robinson Crusoe</i>
Drysdale, W.	<i>Beach Patrol</i>
Duncan, Norman	<i>Adventures of Billy Topsail</i>
	<i>Billy Topsail, M.D.</i>
French, Joseph Lewis	<i>Great Sea Stories</i>
Frothingham, J. P.	<i>Sea-Wolves of Seven Shores</i>
Grenfell, Wilfred T.	<i>Adrift on an Ice Pan</i>
Hawes, Charles Boardman	<i>Mutineers</i>
Hopkins, John	<i>She Blows! and Sparm at That!</i>
Hugo, Victor	<i>Tollers of the Sea</i>
Janvier, Thomas A.	<i>In the Sargasso Sea</i>
Kingsley, Charles	<i>Westward Ho!</i>
Kipling, Rudyard	<i>Captains Courageous</i>
	<i>Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Scoutmasters</i>
	<i>Seven Seas</i>
London, Jack	<i>Cruise of the Snark</i>
	<i>Sea Wolf</i>
	<i>Tales of the Fish Patrol</i>
Marryat, Capt. Frederick	<i>Masterman Ready</i>
	<i>Mr. Midshipman Easy</i>
Masefield, John	<i>Jim Davis</i>
Melville, Herman	<i>Moby Dick</i>
	<i>Typee</i>
	<i>Dormates</i>
Munroe, Kirk	<i>Call of the Offshore Wind</i>
Paine, Ralph D.	<i>Lost Ships and Lonely Seas</i>
	<i>Privateers of Our Coast</i>
Pearson, E. L.	<i>Voyage of the Hoppergrass</i>

Pyle, Howard	<i>Jack Ballister's Fortunes</i>
Riesenberg, Felix	<i>Under Sail</i>
Robertson, Morgan	<i>Spun Yarn Sea Stories</i>
Russell, W. Clark	<i>Wreck of the Grosvenor</i>
Sabatini, Rafael	<i>Sea Hawk</i>
Scott, Michael	<i>Tom Cringle's Log</i>
Seawell, M. E.	<i>Little Jarvis</i>
	<i>Paul Jones</i>
	<i>Rock of the Lion</i>

Sea Stories Retold from "St. Nicholas"

Slocum, Joshua	<i>Sailing Alone Around the World</i>
Stevenson, Robert Louis	<i>Treasure Island</i>
Stockton, Frank R.	<i>Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast</i>
Tomlinson, P. G.	<i>To the Land of the Caribou</i>
Turley, C.	<i>Voyages of Captain Scott</i>
Verne, Jules	<i>Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea</i>
Wyss, J. D.	<i>Swiss Family Robinson</i>

GATEWAYS TO THE WONDERLAND OF SCIENCE

Bolton, Sarah K.	<i>Famous Men of Science</i>
Bond, A. Russell	<i>On the Battle Front of Engineering</i>
	<i>Pick, Shovel and Pluck</i>
Bostock, F. C.	<i>Training of Wild Animals</i>
Clark, C. C.	<i>Astronomy from a Dipper</i>
Darrow, Floyd L.	<i>Boy's Book of Great Inventions</i>
Dixon, Royal	<i>Human Side of Animals</i>
Fabre, Jean Henri	<i>Insect Adventures</i>
	<i>Our Humble Helpers</i>
	<i>Wonder Book of Chemistry</i>
Hammond, John Winthrop	<i>Magician of Sciences (Steinmetz)</i>
Hawksworth, Hallam	<i>Strange Adventures of a Pebble</i>
Holland, Rupert S.	<i>Historic Inventions</i>
Hornaday, William T.	<i>Two Years in the Jungle</i>
Hudson, W. H.	<i>Adventures Among Birds</i>
Long, W. S.	<i>Wood Folks at School</i>
Maeterlinck, Maurice	<i>Children's Life of the Bee</i>
Mayer, Charles	<i>Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles</i>
Mills, John	<i>Letters of a Radio Engineer to His Son</i>
Morgan, Alfred P.	<i>Home Book of Science and Construction</i>
Mowry, William A., and Arthur M.	<i>American Inventions and Inventors</i>
Serviss, Garrett P.	<i>Astronomy with the Naked Eye</i>
Seton, Ernest Thompson	<i>Wild Animals I Have Known</i>
Sharp, Dallas Lore	<i>Watcher in the Woods</i>
Slosson, Edwin E.	<i>Keeping Up with Science</i>
Smith, J. R.	<i>Story of Iron and Steel</i>
Thomson, J. Arthur	<i>New Natural History</i>
Towers, Walter Kellogg	<i>From Beacon Fire to Radio</i>

Turner, Charles	<i>Aircraft To-day</i>
Waterloo, Stanley	<i>Story of Ab</i>
Williams, Archibald	<i>Conquering the Air</i>
Wright, H. C.	<i>Children's Stories of the Great Scientists</i>

DOG STORIES

Baynes, Ernest Harold	<i>Polaris</i>
Caldwell, Frank	<i>Wolf, the Storm Leader</i>
Curwood, Oliver	<i>Kazan</i>
Darling, E. B.	<i>Baldy of Nome</i>
Davis, Richard Harding	<i>Bar Sinister</i>
Dodge, Louis	<i>Nancy</i>
Dyer, Walter A.	<i>Many Dogs There Be</i>
	<i>Gulliver, the Great</i>
	<i>Dogs of Boyhood</i>
Hawkes, Clarence	<i>Pep</i>
Hooker, Forrestine C. . . .	<i>Prince Jan</i>
Ives, Sarah N.	<i>Dog Heroes of Many Lands</i>
Lofting, Hugh	<i>Story of Dr. Doolittle</i>
London, Jack	<i>Jerry of the Isles</i>
	<i>White Fang</i>
	<i>Call of the Wild</i>
McSpadden, J. Walker	<i>Famous Dogs in Fiction</i>
Massingham, H.	<i>Dogs, Birds and Others</i>
Muir, John	<i>Stickeen</i>
Ollivant, Alfred	<i>Bob, Son of Battle</i>
Ouida (Louise de la Ramée)	<i>Dog of Flanders</i>
Saunders, Marshall	<i>Beautiful Joe</i>
<i>Stories of Brave Dogs Retold from "St. Nicholas"</i>	
Terhune, Albert Payson	<i>Lad</i>
	<i>Bruce</i>

HUMOROUS STORIES

Boyer, Wilbur S.	<i>Johnny Kelly</i>
Butler, Ellis Parker	<i>Swatty</i>
	<i>Pigs Is Pigs</i>
Carroll, Lewis	<i>Through the Looking-Glass</i>
	<i>Alice in Wonderland</i>
Daudet, Alphonse	<i>Tartarin of Tarascon</i>
Habberton, John	<i>Helen's Babies</i>
Johnson, Owen	<i>Prodigious Hickey</i>
	<i>Stover at Yale</i>
	<i>Tennessee Shad</i>
	<i>Varmint, The</i>
Lincoln, Joseph C.	<i>Mr. Pratt</i>
Lofting, Hugh	<i>Dr. Doolittle</i>
	<i>Dr. Doolittle's Circus</i>
Rice, Alice Hegan	<i>Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch</i>

Richards, Laura E.	<i>Mrs. Tree</i>
Stockton, Frank R.	<i>Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine</i>
Tarkington, Booth	<i>Penrod</i> <i>Penrod and Sam</i> <i>Seventeen</i>
Train, Arthur	<i>Tutt and Mr. Tutt</i>
Twain, Mark	<i>Innocents Abroad</i> <i>Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court</i>
Wiggin, Kate D., and Smith, Nora A.	<i>Tales of Laughter</i>
Wilson, Harry Leon	<i>Ruggles of Red Gap</i> <i>Wrong Twin</i>

MYTHOLOGY, LEGENDARY HISTORY, FOLK-LORE

Arabian Nights' Entertainments

Baker, Rannie	<i>In the Light of Myth</i>
Baldwin, James	<i>Old Stories of the East</i> <i>Story of Roland</i> <i>Story of Siegfried</i>
Barrie, Sir James M.	<i>Little White Bird</i>
Benét, William Rose	<i>Flying King of Kurio</i>
Bulfinch, Thomas	<i>Age of Fable</i> <i>Legends of Charlemagne</i>
Church, Alfred J.	<i>Heroes of Chivalry and Romance</i>
Colum, Padraic	<i>At the Gateways of the Dawn</i> <i>Bright Islands</i> <i>Island of the Mighty</i>
Converse and Parker	<i>Myths and Legends of the Iroquois</i>
Dale, Edward Everett	<i>Tales of the Typee</i>
Darton, F. J. Harvey	<i>Wonder Book of Old Romance</i>
Eastman, C. A., and E. G.	<i>Wigwam Evenings</i>
Gayley, Charles M.	<i>Classic Myths in English Literature</i>
Guerber, H. A.	<i>Myths of Greece and Rome</i>
Harris, Joel Chandler	<i>Nights with Uncle Remus</i>
Hawthorne, Nathaniel	<i>Wonder Book</i>
Hearn, Lafcadio	<i>Japanese Fairy Tales</i> <i>Some Chinese Ghosts</i>
Houghton, Louise Seymour	<i>Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales</i>
Housman, Laurence	<i>Doorway in Fairyland</i> <i>Moonshine and Clover</i>
Jacobs, Joseph	<i>Book of Wonder Voyages</i> <i>English Fairy Tales</i>
Kipling, Rudyard	<i>Puck of Pook's Hill</i>
Lang, Andrew	<i>Red Book of Romance</i> <i>Tales of Troy and Greece</i>

Lanier, Sidney	<i>Boy's King Arthur</i> <i>Knightly Legends of Wales</i>
Linderman, Frank	<i>Indian Lodge-Fire Stories</i>
Mabie, Hamilton Wright	<i>Legends Every Child Should Know</i> <i>Norse Stories</i>
McManus, Seumas	<i>Donegal Fairy Tales</i>
Olcott, Frances J.	<i>Bible Stories to Read and Tell</i>
Ozaki, Yei Theodora	<i>Japanese Fairy Book</i>
Peabody, Josephine Preston	<i>Old Greek Folk Tales</i>
Pyle, Howard	<i>Merry Adventures of Robin Hood</i> <i>Story of King Arthur and His Knights</i> <i>Story of the Grail</i>
Reed, E. A.	<i>Persian Literature, Ancient and Modern</i>
Ryder, Arthur W.	<i>Gold's Gloom</i>
Skinner, C. M.	<i>Myths and Legends of the Flowers, Trees, Fruits and Plants</i>
Steel, F. A.	<i>Tales of the Punjab</i>
Stephens, James	<i>Irish Fairy Tales</i>
Stevens, James	<i>Paul Bunyan</i>
Tappan, Eva March	<i>Old World Hero Stories</i>
Wilmot-Buxton, E. M.	<i>Stories of Norse Heroes</i>

MAGAZINES

<i>Bird Lore</i>	Audubon Societies National Association, 1974 Broadway, New York
<i>Boys' Life</i>	200 Fifth Avenue, New York
<i>Child Life</i>	Rand McNally, Chicago
<i>Current Events</i>	460 Fourth Avenue, New York
<i>Current History</i>	New York Times, New York
<i>Field and Stream</i>	45 West Forty-fifth Street, New York
<i>Literary Digest</i>	Funk and Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York
<i>Little Folks</i>	T. E. Cassino Company, Salem, Mass.
<i>National Geographic Magazine</i>	National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.
<i>Nature Magazine</i>	American Nature Association, Washing- ton, D. C.
<i>Our Dumb Animals</i>	Published for the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by the American Humane Education Society, Boston
<i>Popular Mechanics</i>	Popular Mechanics Magazine, 1 Madison Avenue, New York
<i>Popular Science Monthly</i>	Popular Science Publishing Company, Inc., 242 Fourth Avenue, New York.
<i>Radio Broadcast</i>	Doubleday, Page and Company, New York
<i>Scientific American</i>	24 West Fortieth Street, New York

Something to Do
St. Nicholas

The American Boy
The American Girl
The Mentor
The Scholastic
World's Work
Youth's Companion

Bennett Publishing Company, Boston
Century Company, 353 Fourth Avenue,
New York
Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit,
670 Lexington Avenue, New York
250 Park Avenue, New York
Pittsburgh, Pa.
285 Madison Avenue, New York
Perry Mason, Boston

REFERENCE BOOKS FOR TEACHERS

NOTE. In the following list, *S* indicates stories and prose; *P*, poetry; *D*, drama, and * general books of most value.

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|---|---|
| <i>S</i> Adler, Felix (Appleton) . . . | <i>Moral Instruction of Children</i> |
| * Barnes, Walter (World Book) . . . | <i>Types of Children's Literature</i> |
| <i>D</i> Barrett, H. Clark (Little) . . . | <i>How to Produce Amateur Plays</i> |
| * Bates, Arlo (Houghton) . . . | <i>Talks on the Teaching of Literature</i>
(Chapters I-IV) |
| <i>D</i> Bates and Orr (Ginn) . . . | <i>Pageants and Pageantry</i> |
| Bennett, Arnold (Doran) . . . | <i>Literary Taste and How to Form It</i> |
| Bobbitt, Franklin (Houghton) . . . | <i>The Curriculum</i> (Chapter XVIII) |
| * Bolenius, Emma (Houghton) . . . | <i>Teaching Literature in the Grammar</i>
<i>Grades</i> |
| Bonner, M. A. (Funk) . . . | <i>A Parent's Guide to Children's Read-</i>
<i>ing</i> |
| <i>S</i> Boone, W. A. (Harcourt, Brace) . . . | <i>Children's Stories and How to Tell</i>
<i>Them</i> |
| <i>D</i> Chubb, Percival (Harper) . . . | <i>Festivals and Plays</i> |
| * Chubb, Percival (Macmillan) . . . | <i>The Teaching of English</i> |
| Colby, J. Rose (Houghton) . . . | <i>Literature and Life in the School</i> |
| * Corson, Hiram (Macmillan) . . . | <i>The Voice and Spiritual Education</i> |
| <i>S</i> Cross and Statler (Row) . . . | <i>Story Telling for the Upper Grades</i> |
| * Curry and Clippinger, E. E.
(Rand) . . . | <i>Children's Literature</i> (handbook for
teachers) |
| <i>P</i> Eastman, Max (Scribner) . . . | <i>The Enjoyment of Poetry</i> |
| <i>P</i> Fairchild, Arthur H. H. (Hough-
ton) . . . | <i>The Teaching of Poetry</i> |
| Hayward, F. H. (Macmillan) . . . | <i>The Lesson in Appreciation</i> |
| <i>D</i> Hazeltine, A. I. (Amer. Lib.) . . . | <i>Plays for Children</i> (an annotated
index) |
| <i>D</i> Hilliare, McCormick and Ogle-
boy (Macmillan) . . . | <i>Amateur and Educational Dramatics</i> |
| <i>S</i> Houghton, L. S. (Scribner) . . . | <i>Telling Bible Stories</i> |
| Hudson, W. H. (Heath) . . . | <i>An Introduction to the Study of Lit-</i>
<i>erature</i> (revised edition) |
| Klapper, Paul (Appleton) . . . | <i>Teaching Children to Read</i> (Chapter
XIII) |
| * Leonard, S. A. (Lippincott) . . . | <i>Essential Principles of Teaching Read-</i>
<i>ing and Literature</i> |

- * McClintock, P. L. (Houghton) . . . *Literature in the Elementary Schools*
 D Mackay, Constance (Holt) . . . *How to Produce Children's Plays*
 D Matthews, J. Brander (Houghton) . . . *A Study of the Drama*
 P Mearns, Hughes (Doubleday) . . . *Creative Youth*
 Moore, Anne Carroll (Doran) . . . *The Roads to Childhood*
 Moore, Anne Carroll . . . *New Roads to Childhood*
 Moses, Montrose (Mitchell Kennerley) . . . *Children's Books and Reading*
 National Society for the Study of Education (Public School Publishing Co.) . . . *Twenty-fourth Year Book* (1925. Part I)
 D Ogleboy, Kate (Wilson) . . . *Plays for Children* (a selected list)
 Parker, S. C. (Ginn) . . . *Types of Elementary Teaching and Learning* (Chapter XIV)
 Perry, Bliss (Houghton) . . . *A Study of Prose Fiction*
 Pritchard, F. H. (Crowell) . . . *A Study of Poetry*
 Quiller-Couch, Sir A. T. (Putnam) . . . *Training in Literary Appreciation*
 Repplier, Agnes (Houghton) . . . *Lecture III, "Children's Reading," in On the Art of Reading*
"What Children Read," in Books and Men
School and Society (April 7, 1923) . . . *"When Children Read for Fun"*
 Scudder, H. E. (Houghton) . . . *Literature in the Schools*
 Simons-Orr (Scott) . . . *Dramatization*
 Smith, C. Alphonse (Doubleday) . . . *What Can Literature Do for Me?*
 S Smith, N. A. (Doubleday) . . . *Old, Old Stories from the Old, Old Book*
 S Stewart, Mary (Revell) . . . *Tell Me a True Story*
 Strayer and Norsworthy (Macmillan) . . . *How to Teach* (Chapters V and VIII)
 * Terman and Lima (Appleton) . . . *Children's Reading: A Guide for Parents and Teachers*
 * Uhl, W. L. (Silver) . . . *The Materials of Reading*
 Washburne and Vogel (Amer. Lib. Assn.) . . . *Winnetka Graded Book List*
 Woodberry, George E. (Harcourt, Brace) . . . *The Appreciation of Literature*
 D Woodbury, Sarah (Baumgardt) . . . *Dramatization in Grammar Grades*

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